THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A° D° 1728 by B. Franklin

NOTICE TO READER. When you finish reading this magazine, place a U. S. 1-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors destined to proceed overseas.
NO WRAPPING—NO ADDRESS.
A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General.

AUGUST 24, 1918

5c. THE COPY
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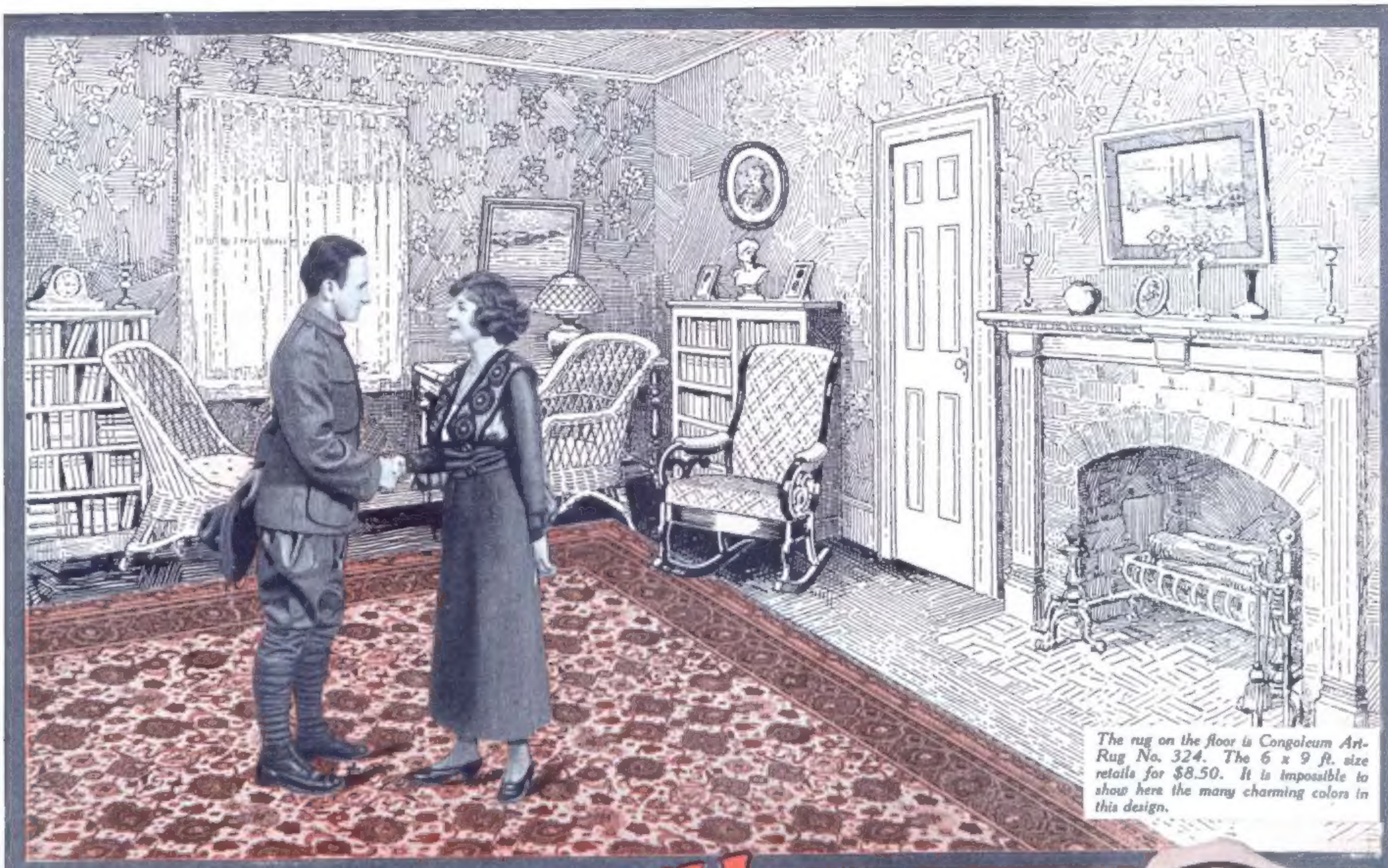
DRAWN BY
SARAH S. STILWELL WEBER

Twenty-Three and a Half Hours' Leave
By Mary Roberts Rinehart.

Young Black Joe—By Irvin S. Cobb



The rug on the floor is Congoleum Art-Rug No. 324. The 6 x 9 ft. size retails for $8.50. It is impossible to show here the many charming colors in this design.

CONGOLEUM
Gold Seal
ART-RUGS

ART-RUGS AND FLOOR-COVERINGS
CONGOLEUM
GOLD SEAL
GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED
A DAMP CLOTH WILL REMOVE SOIL IF IT STANDS NO SHOWS

"Doing Your Bit" in Household Economy

EVERY woman who buys a Congoleum Art-Rug is doing her bit in two ways to help the boys at the front.

First, she is saving *wool*, so necessary to keep the soldiers warm in the trenches this winter.

Second, she is cutting down household expense for floor-coverings and can devote the savings to buying Liberty Bonds or War Saving Stamps.

And after using them, she will discover to her great satisfaction that Congoleum Art-Rugs are really better than medium-priced fabric rugs from all *practical* standpoints, because (1) they lie perfectly flat without fastening; (2) they are made of sanitary materials; (3) with a firm, durable surface that does not gather dust and dirt, and therefore (4) they never have to be swept or beaten—they can be kept clean and bright with a damp mop.

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Congoleum Art-Rugs are made in a wide variety of beautiful designs that have been originated for us by the foremost rug-artists of the country. The color-combinations are so varied that you will find appropriate rugs to harmonize with the decorations of any room.

All Popular Sizes

Congoleum Art-Rugs are made in all the popular sizes from 3 x 4½ feet up to 9 x 12 feet, offering just the right rug for every room where a low-priced floor-covering is desired.

Always Look for the Gold Seal

Don't buy inferior substitutes for Congoleum or you will be disappointed in many of the expectations mentioned above. So protect yourself by looking for the Gold Seal that is pasted on the face of every genuine Congoleum product. *Insist* on seeing it, or else look for the name "Congoleum" stamped on the back.

Send for Our Color-Charts

We have prepared three color-charts, one of Art-Rugs, one of Art-Carpets *(Three Yards Wide)* and one of Congoleum *(Two Yards Wide)*. Send today for one or all of them and you can see the patterns in the actual colors before you go to the store. Write your name and address on a postal card and mail it to our nearest branch office.

The New Congoleum Art-Carpets

Ask your dealer to show you this wonderful new floor-covering. It is the latest addition to the Congoleum line. Made in exceptional twelve-color designs in a special width of three yards which offers a seamless covering for the average room. Absolutely water-proof and needs no fastening. Retails at $1.10 per square yard.

Congoleum (Two Yards Wide)

This is our original line. It is made in the usual floor-covering width (two yards) and in a splendid range of beautiful designs suitable for the kitchen, pantry, bathroom, etc. Sold from the roll at $1.00 a square yard.

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Why paint or stain your old wooden floors? For little money you can lay Congoleum Rug-Borders, or "Rug-Surrounds," and secure the stylish hard-wood appearance. Congoleum Rug-Borders are washable and sanitary; lie flat without fastening. Made in rolls 36 and 24 inches wide at 75c and 60c per yard respectively. Your dealer will sell any length desired.

All prices subject to change without notice.

The Congoleum Company

Department of The Barrett Company

Philadelphia Chicago Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S. Toronto Boston San Francisco

Westclox

– the trade-mark on the dials of good alarm clocks

Time and the War

Food and bullets and dollars are vital factors in winning the war.

But time is even greater than these.

All the food, all the bullets and all the dollars in the world are valuable only as they get to the right place at the right time.

The clock will be the final judge.

Time is the only thing everyone can give; rich and poor alike.

A good clock is a conscientious time-saver. It will help you shoulder the added responsibilities that come in time of war.

It will help you get more things done by doing each thing on time.

Is your clock guarding your hours as it should? Have you weeded out each slacker-minute from your day?

This is your war; and your time will help win it.

Western Clock Co. – *makers of Westclox*

Big Ben Baby Ben Pocket Ben America Lookout Ironclad Bingo Sleep-Meter

La Salle, Ill. U. S. A. Factories at Peru, Ill.

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He knows that the dominant successes in advertising are built on dominant products; that a soap must be of extraordinary and exclusive excellence to justify the publicity which has made Ivory a household word.

Ivory Soap's prime factor of success is its unusual purity and mildness. These features are Ivory's alone. They are not duplicated elsewhere. And they are indispensable to complete safety and satisfaction in the bath, toilet, fine laundry work, and all particular cleaning.

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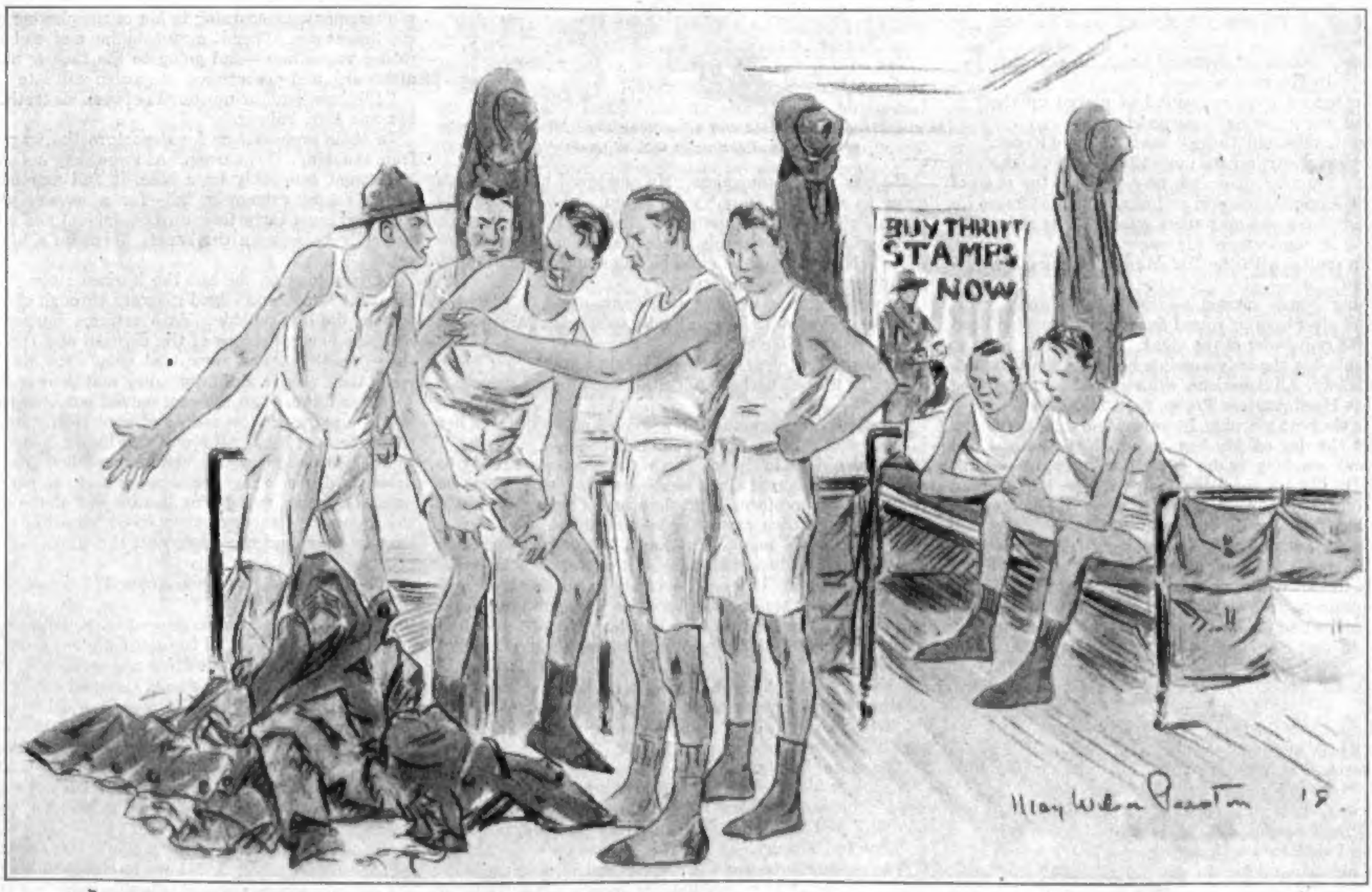
Twenty-Three and a Half Hours' Leave

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON



Black Despair Was in Sergeant Gray's Heart. "I've Got Leave, Fellows," He Appealed to the Other Noncoms. "I've Got an Engagement Too"

THE Headquarters Troop were preparing to leave camp and move toward the East, where at an Atlantic port they would take ship and the third step toward saving democracy. Now the Headquarters Troop are a cavalry organization, their particular function being, so far as the lay mind can grasp it, to form a circle round the general and keep shells from falling on him. Not that this close affiliation gives them any right to friendly relations with that aloof and powerful personage.

"It just gives him a few more to yell at that can't yell back," grumbled the stable sergeant. He had been made stable sergeant because he had been a motorcycle racer. By the same process of careful selection the chief mechanic had once kept a livery stable.

The barracks hummed day and night. By day boxes were packed, containing the military equipment of horses and men in wartime. By night tired noncoms pored over pay rolls and lists, and wrote, between naps on the table, such thrilling literature as this:

"Sergeant Gray: fr. D. to Awol. 10 A. M., 6—1—'18.

"Sergeant Gray: fr. Awol. to arrest, pp. 2. Memo. Hdq. Camp 6—1—'18 to 6—2—'18."

Which means, interpreted, that Sergeant Gray was absent without leave from duty at ten A. M. on the first of June, 1918, and that on his return he was placed under arrest, said arrest lasting from the first to the second of June.

On the last night in camp, at a pine table in a tiny office cut off from the lower squad room, Sergeant Gray made the above record against his own fair name, and sitting back surveyed it grimly. It was two A. M. Across from him the second mess sergeant was dealing in cans and pounds and swearing about a missing cleaver.

"Did you ever think," reflected Sergeant Gray, leaning back in his chair and tastefully drawing a girl's face on his left thumb-nail, "that the time would come when you'd be planning bran muffins for the Old Man's breakfast? What's a bran muffin, anyhow?"

"Horse feed."

"Ever eat one?"

"No. Stop talking, won't you?"

Sergeant Gray leaned back and stretched his long arms high above his head.

"I've got to talk," he observed. "If I don't I'll go to sleep. Lay you two dollars to one I'm asleep before you are."

"Go to the devil!" said the second mess sergeant peevishly.

"Never had breakfast with the Old Man, did you?" inquired Sergeant Gray, beginning on his forefinger with another girl's face.

There was no reply to his question. The second mess sergeant was completely immersed in beans.

"Think the Old Man likes me," went on Sergeant Gray meditatively. "It's about a week now since he told me I was a disgrace to the uniform. How'd I know I was going to sneeze in his horse's ear just as he was climbing on?"

"Suffering snakes!" cried the second mess sergeant. "Go to bed! You're delirious."

Sergeant Gray put a dimple in the girl's cheek and surveyed it critically.

"Yep. The old boy's crazy about me," he ruminated aloud. "Asked me the other day if I thought I'd fight the Germans as hard as I fought work."

"Probably be asking you to breakfast," observed the second mess sergeant, beginning on a new sheet. "He's in the habit of having noncoms to eat with him."

The subtlety of this passed over Sergeant Gray's head. He was carefully adding a small ear to his drawing, an ear which resembled an interrogation point. But a seed had been dropped on the fertile soil of his mind. He finished, yawned again and grinned.

"All right," he said. "*C'est la guerre*, as the old boy says. I'll lay you two dollars to one I eat breakfast with him within a month." His imagination grew with the thought. "Wait! I'll eat bran muffins with him at breakfast within a month. How's that?"

"It's simple damn foolishness," observed the second mess sergeant. "I'll take you if you'll go to bed and lemme alone."

"'Lemme,'" observed Sergeant Gray, "is probably Princeton. In Harvard we ——"

But the second mess sergeant had picked up the inkwell and was fingering it purposefully.

"All right, dear old thing," said Sergeant Gray.

And he rose, stretching his more than six feet to the uttermost. Then he made his way through the rows of beds to the sergeants' corner, and removing his blouse, his breeches, his shoes and his putties was ready for sleep. His last waking thought was of his wager.

"A bran muffin with the Old Man!" he chuckled. "A bran muffin! A ——"

Something heavy landed on his chest with a great thump, and after turning round once or twice settled itself there for the remainder of the night. Lying on his back, so as to give his dog the only possible berth on the tiny bed, Sergeant Gray, all-American athlete and prime young devil of the Headquarters Troop, went fast asleep.

Reveille the next morning, however, found him grouchy. He kicked the dog off his legs, to which the animal had retired, and reaching under his pillow brought out his whistle. He blew a shrill blast on it. The lower squad room groaned, turned over, closed its eyes. He blew again.

"Roll out!" he yelled in stentorian tones. "R-r-roll out, you dirty horsemen!"

Then he closed his eyes again and went peacefully to sleep. He dreamed that the general was carrying a plate of bran muffins to his bedside, and behind him was a pretty girl with coffee and an ear like an interrogation point. He wakened to find breakfast over and the cook in a bad temper.

"Be a sport, Watt," he pleaded. "Just a cup of coffee, anyhow."

"I fed your dog for you. That's all you get."

"I can't eat the dog."

"Go on out," said the cook. "This ain't the Waldorf-Astoria. Nor Childs' neither."

"Some day, on the field of honor," said Sergeant Gray, "you will lie wounded, Watt. You will beg for a cup of water, and I shall refuse it, saying ——"

"Give him something to get rid of him," the cook instructed his helper.

And Sergeant Gray was fed. As he drank his coffee he reflected as to his wager of the night before. It appealed to his sporting instinct but not to his reason. He had exactly as much chance to eat a bran muffin with the general as he had to sign peace terms with the Kaiser.

He drank his tepid coffee and surveyed his finger nails disconsolately. The faces had only partially disappeared during his morning's ablution.

"This is the life, Watt!" he said to the cook. "Wine, women and song, eh?"

But the cook was cutting his finger nails, preparatory to morning inspection.

Now the ink pictures on Sergeant Gray's finger nails had a certain significance. They bore, to be exact, a certain faint resemblance to a young lady whose photograph was now concealed against inspection in the sergeant's condiment can. The young lady in question had three days before wired the sergeant to this effect:

"Married Bud Palmer yesterday. Please wish me happiness."

To which, concealing a deep hurt, the sergeant had replied: "Praying earnestly for you both."

In the Elevator She Said Out of a Clear Sky: "You'll Have to Take That Raincoat Off, of Course"

He was, then, womanless. No one loved him. He was going to war, and no one would mourn him—except the family, of course. The effect of the tepid coffee on his empty stomach was merely to confirm his morning unhappiness. No one loved him and he had made a fool bet that by now was all over the troop.

At mess he knew what he stood committed to. "Please pass the bran muffins," came loudly to his ears. And scraps of conversation like this:

"But you see, dear old thing, I didn't know your horse was going to stick his head under my nose when I sneezed."

Or:

"But, my dear general, the weakness of the division lies in your staff. Now, if I were doing it ——"

By one o'clock in the afternoon the troop were ready to move. And Sergeant Gray went into the town. There he tried on a new uniform—and the story of Sergeant Gray's new uniform is the story of the bran muffins.

It was really a beautiful uniform. Almost it took away the sting of that telegram; almost it obliterated the memory of the wager. It spread over his broad shoulders and hugged his slim waist. The breeches were full above and close below. For the first time he felt every inch a soldier.

He carried the old uniform back to camp and gave it to the cook.

"Here, Watt!" he said. "You've been grumbling about clothes. Cut the chevrons off it, and it's yours."

"Well, look who's here!" said Watt admiringly. "Thought you fellows had to wear issue stuff."

"Laws are for slaves, Watt."

"Keep it nice," observed the cook gracelessly. "You'll need it for that breakfast with the general."

"Wait and see," said Sergeant Gray jauntily, but with no hope in his heart.

The new uniform was the cause of much invidious comment. Most of it resembled the cook's. But Sergeant Gray was busy. To pass inspection he was obliged to borrow from the neighboring beds, left unguarded, certain articles in which he was deficient, namely: Undershirt, cotton, one; socks, light wool, pairs, two; underbreeches, cotton, pairs, one.

Thus miscellaneously assembled he passed inspection. He drew a deep breath, however, when no notice was taken of the new and forbidden uniform and when the photograph of Mrs. Bud Palmer still lay rolled up and undiscovered in his condiment can.

During the afternoon he wandered over to the depot brigade and left his dog there with a lieutenant who had promised to look after him. The sense of depression and impending doom had overtaken him again. He stopped at the post exchange and bought a dozen doughnuts, which he carried with him in a paper bag.

"Might feed him one of these now and then," he suggested. "He's going to miss me like the devil. He's a nice mutt." His voice was a trifle husky.

"Not fond of bran muffins, I suppose?"

The lieutenant's voice was impersonal. Sergeant Gray eyed him suspiciously, but his eyes were on the dog.

"Don't know. Never tried them," he said, and walked off with great dignity.

So that was it, eh? It was all over the division already. Well, he'd show them! He'd ——

The general, on horseback and followed by his aids, went by. Sergeant Gray stopped and rigidly saluted, but the general's eyes and his mind were far away. Sergeant Gray looked after him with bitterness in his heart. Just at that moment he hated the Army. He hated the general. Most of all he hated to the depths of his soul those smug young officers who were the general's aids-de-camp, and who ate with him, and swanked in and out of Headquarters, and ordered horses from the troop stables whenever they wanted them, and brought in their muddy automobiles to be cleaned, and sat with their feet on the general's desk in his absence and smoked his cigarettes.

However, he cheered somewhat during the evening. They were ready to move. No more drill on hot and dusty parade grounds. No more long hikes. No more digging and shoveling and pushing of wagon trains out of the mud. No more infantry range, where a chap in the pit waved a red flag every time dust in a fellow's eyes caused a miss, and the men round hissed "Raspberry!" No more bayonet school, where one jabbed a bunch of green branches representing the enemy, and asked breathlessly how it liked it! "War's hell, you know, old top," he had been wont to say, and had given the bunch another poke for luck.

Before, ahead, loomed the port of embarkation. The one imminent question of the barracks was—leave. Were they to have leave or were they not? To Sergeant Gray the matter was of grave importance. Leave meant a call on Mrs. Bud Palmer, the faithless, in the new uniform, and the ceremonious returning to her of the photograph in the condiment can. Then it meant finding a nice girl—he was rather vague here—and going to the theater and supper afterward, and perhaps a roof garden still later.

"I'll show her," he muttered between his teeth. But the her was Mrs. Palmer.

In their preparations for departure the wager slipped from the minds of the troop. At two-thirty in the morning they went ostensibly on a hike, in full marching order, which meant extremely full—for a cavalry troop dismounted must carry their own equipment and a part that normally belongs on the horse. Went on a hike, not to return.

"Everything on me but the kitchen stove," grumbled Sergeant Gray, and edged gingerly through the doorway to join the line outside. With extreme caution, because only the entire balance of the division and the people in three near-by towns knew that they were moving, they made their way to a railway siding and there entrained.

It was dawn when the cars moved out. Sergeant Gray had secured a window seat, and kept it in spite of heroic efforts to oust him. All round was his equipment, packed tight, his saddlebags, his blanket roll, his rifle and bandoleer, a dozen oranges in a paper sack, as many doughnuts. Over and round him, leaning out of the window at the imminent danger of their lives, were the supply sergeant, the second mess sergeant, the stable sergeant and two corporals.

"Not crowded, are you, general?" asked the stable sergeant politely.

The title stuck. He was general to the entire troop after that: behind his back, to the enlisted men; to his face and very, very politely, to the other noncoms.

"Oh, go to hell!" they finally tortured out of him; and they retired, grinning, until some wit or other would walk down the aisle, salute gravely and say: "Wish to report that bran muffins are on the way, sir."

And as the train moved out the car took up that message of the artillery when a gun is fired. "On the way!" they yelled. "On the way! Bran muffin Number One on the way."

"Been pretty busy, haven't you?" he asked when at last the train had settled down to comparative quiet and the second mess sergeant was beside him.

"Not half as busy as you'll have to be if you're going to make good."

However, the troop's attention, fickle as the love of the mob, turned at last away from him and focused on the colored porter. They insisted that he was of draft age, and that it was the custom anyhow to take the train crew to France with the troops it carried. They suggested craps, and on his protesting that he had no money they forced him to turn his pockets out, at the point of a revolver. And boylike, having bullied him until he was pale, they loaded him with cigarettes, candy, fruit and abuse.

The Headquarters Troop had a train of their own. Up behind the engine was the baggage car, turned into a kitchen with field ranges set up and the cooks already at work. Behind was the long line of tourist sleepers, each with its grinning but slightly apprehensive porter. And at the rear, where general officers of importance are always kept in war, was a Pullman containing the divisional staff.

When breakfast, served from the baggage car, was being carried down the aisles the train pulled into a tunnel and stopped. It was a very hot day, and in through the open windows rolled black and choking clouds of smoke.

The troop coughed and cursed; but a moment later they burst into wild whoops of joy. The engine had pulled on a hundred yards or so, leaving the staff car in the tunnel.

The windows were full of jeering boys, eyes bent eagerly toward the rear. The end of the tunnel belched smoke like an iron furnace, and into it the joyous whoops of the troop penetrated like the maniacal yells of demons.

The general, who had just buttered a bran muffin, looked up and scowled. He took a bite of the muffin, but he was eating smoke.

"What the ——" he sputtered. "Get this car moved on, somebody!" he shouted.

The staff sat still and pretended it was not present.

"Wuff, wuff!" said the general in a furious cough. "Listen to those—wuff, wuff!—young devils! Move this train on, somebody! What have I got a staff for anyhow?"

The train stood still and conversation languished. There are only two things to be done when a general is angry: One is to get behind the furniture and pretend one is not there; the other is to distract his mind. The general's ire growing and the car remaining in the tunnel, an aid whom the general called Tommy when no one was near ventured to speak.

"Rather an amusing story going round, sir," he said. "Woof! One of the sergeants in the Headquarters Troop has made a wager—woof!—sir—that he ——"

"I don't want to hear anything about the Headquarters Troop," snarled the general. "Wuff! Bunch of second-story workers!"

The aid subsided. But somewhat later, when the car had moved on and the general was smoking an excellent cigar, the general said: "What was the wager, Tommy?"

"I believe, sir, it is to the effect that within a month this fellow will breakfast with you, sir. To be exact, will eat a bran muffin with you."

The general exhaled a large mouthful of smoke.

"*C'est la guerre!*" he said. He had been studying French for two weeks. "*C'est la guerre*, Tommy. Queer things happen these days. But I think it unlikely. Very, very unlikely."

II

SERGEANT GRAY was extremely contented. He sat back in his seat and alternately nibbled doughnuts and puffed at a cigarette. Before him, stretched as far as the limitations permitted, were two long and well-breeched legs, ending in tan shoes listed by the supply sergeant as "Shoes, field, pair, size 11 EE."

He had surreptitiously taken out Mrs. Bud Palmer's photograph and decided that her face was shallow. And after a moment's hesitation he had decided not to waste any part of his precious leave in returning it. So he had torn it into bits and thrown it out of the window. Then he had taken a piece of paper and, writing on it "This space to let," had placed it in the condiment can and put the can back in his saddlebags.

The reason of his content was that leave was now assured. At eleven o'clock that morning the general's field secretary had typed on a shaky field machine that set on an equally unsteady tripod the order that at the port of embarkation twenty per cent of the men would be allowed each day some twenty-three and a half hours' leave.

Wild cheers in each car had followed the reading of the order. Wild cheers and wild plans. Sergeant Gray dreamed, doughnut in one hand and cigarette in the other. Twenty-three and a half hours! A lot could happen in twenty-three and a half hours. His dreams were general rather than concrete. Girls, theaters and food comprised them. No particular girl, no particular theater, no particular food. He would call up some of the fellows from college, and they would have sisters. And when he had gone to the other side they would write to him.

He had no sentimental affiliations now. He had put all his eggs in one basket and the basket had been stolen.

"Lucky I'm not dependent on eggs for food!" he mused and, mistaking the hand in which he held the doughnut, bit vigorously into his cigarette.

Nevertheless his spirits grew lower as the day went on. It had occurred to him that all the fellows he had counted on for sisters would be in the Army, like himself. He cut off girls from his list, on that discovery; but food and theaters remained. He reflected rather defiantly that he could have a good time without girls; and then considered that a chap who lied to himself was in the class with a fellow who cheated at solitaire.

The day was hot. Kindly women at stations passed in sandwiches and coffee, and the troop, with the eternal appetite of twenty-odd, gorged themselves and cheered in overhanging pyramids from the windows. The corporals on guard between the cars slept on seats improvised of saddlebags, and between naps rolled cigarettes. And the noncoms in their corner inveigled the porter to a game of crap, and took from him his week's accumulation of tips.

At the end of the game Sergeant Gray took out his money and counted it.

"Looks like you'd be able to give the Old Man a right good breakfast," observed the stable sergeant.

"Oh, it's to be his breakfast," said Sergeant Gray recklessly.

"It is, is it?" The stable sergeant regarded him with admiration. "Want to bet on it?"

"Just as you like," was the cool answer.

"Look here," said the stable sergeant, aware of an audience. "I'll lay you five to one you don't breakfast with him at all; ten to one you don't do it on his invitation, and"—he hesitated for effect—"twenty to one you don't do it within a week."

"Good!" said Sergeant Gray, and laid some bills on his knee. "I'd wager I could pull the Crown Prince's nose at those odds. Then if I do breakfast with him within a week on his invitation you'll owe me a hundred and seventy-five dollars."

"I wish my money was as safe in the bank." But the stable sergeant was vaguely uncomfortable. Those college chaps had a way of putting things over. He went out on the platform and stared uneasily at the flying scenery.

Sergeant Gray folded his new uniform under the mattress of his berth that night. It was bad for the collar, but he did it lest worse befall it. He suspected the troop of jealous designs on it. But he could not fold himself away so easily, and lay diagonally, with two Number Eleven Double E feet in the aisle. At four in the morning he wakened, the cause being a dream that he had for some hours been walking in a puddle and needed to change his shoes.

Still only half awake, he looked at his feet, to perceive that some wag had neatly blackened them with shoe polish from the porter's closet. He immediately reached under his pillow for his whistle and blew a shrill blast on it, followed by a stentorian roar.

"Roll out, you dirty horsemen! R-r-roll out!" he yelled.

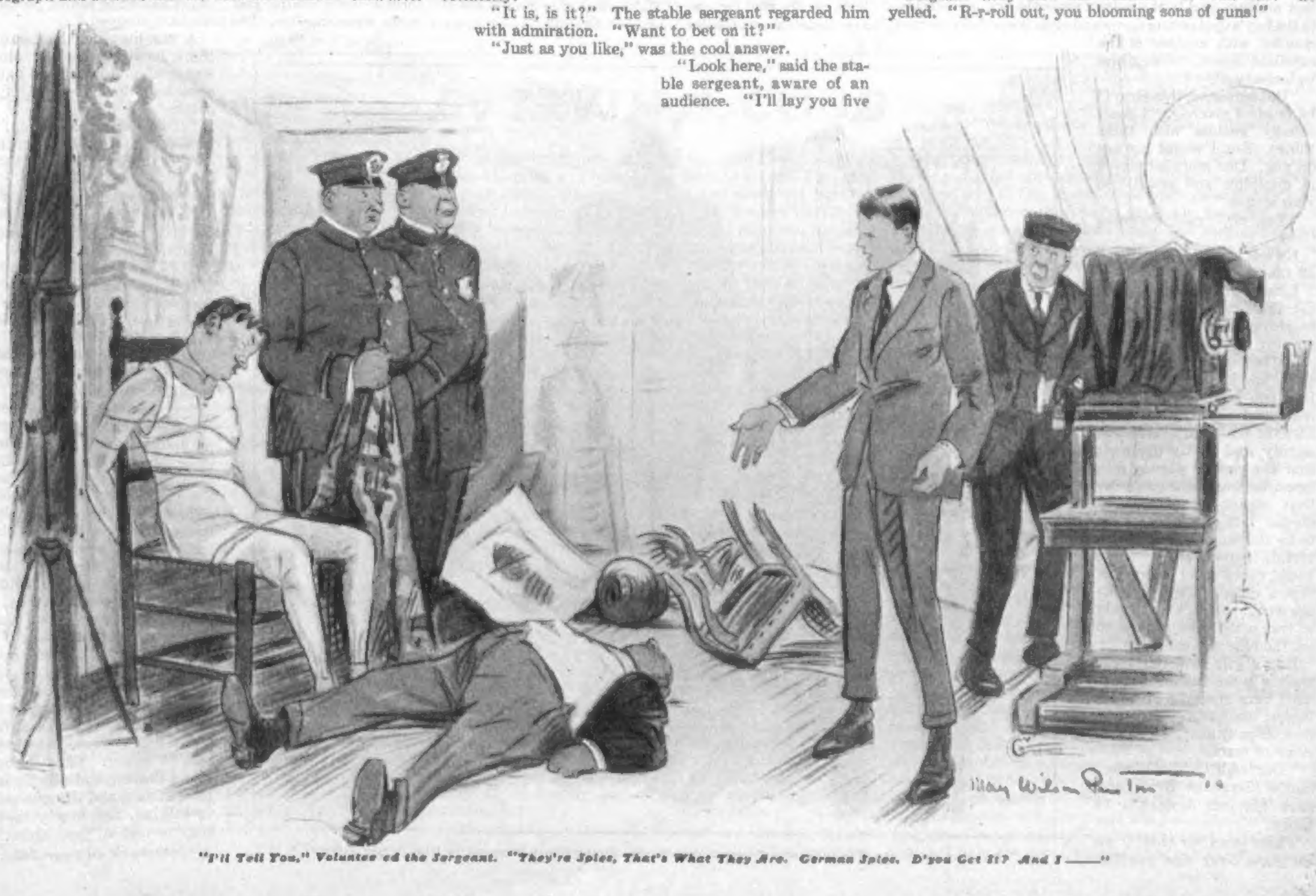
Still half asleep, they roused at the familiar sounds. Grunting and protesting they sat up. From the berth over him a corporal swung down two long bare legs and sat on the edge, yawning. Then somebody looked at a watch. There would have been a small riot, but the men were too sleepy and too relieved. They tumbled back, and Sergeant Gray lay on his pillow and grinned vindictively.

He did not go to sleep at once. He lay there and thought of his wager, and cursed himself for a fool. Then he dismissed that and thought of his twenty-three and a half hours' leave. If only there were a girl—a nice girl. He did not want the sort of girl a fellow picked up in the streets. He wanted a real girl, the sort a fellow could write to later on.

Little quickenings of romance stirred in his heart. A pretty girl, preferably small. He liked them little, with pointed chins. They had a way, the little girls with pointed chins, of looking up at a fellow ——

He wakened at seven. The troop were still sleeping, but from the baggage car ahead there floated back an odor of frying bacon, and on the platform of a station outside—for the train had stopped—the general was taking an airing.

Sergeant Gray blew his whistle. "R-r-roll out!" he yelled. "R-r-roll out, you blooming sons of guns!"



"I'll Tell You," Volunteered the Sergeant. "They're Spies, That's What They Are. German Spies. D'you Get It? And I ——"

And, to emphasize his authority, he lifted a strong and muscular pair of legs and raised the upper berth, in which the corporal still slept. Smothered sounds from above convincing him that his efforts had been successful he dropped the upper berth with a jerk.

"R-r-roll out, up there!" he yelled; and whistle in hand he lay back to the succulent enjoyment of an orange.

Across from him the stable sergeant had turned on his back for another nap. Through the curtains, opened against the heat, Gray could see that young gentleman's broad chest rising and falling slowly. The temptation and destiny were too strong for him. He bounced an orange on it, only to see it rebound through the window and to hear a deafening roar. The stable sergeant sat up, a hand on his chest and fire in his eyes. He blinked into the distorted face of the general, outside the window. The general was holding a hand to his left ear.

"Who threw that orange?" demanded the general.

"Wh-what orange, sir?"

"Don't lie to me. It came out of this window."

"I was asleep, sir. Something struck me on the chest. I didn't see it, sir!"

Behind his curtains Sergeant Gray had been struggling into his trousers. He emerged now, slightly pale but determined.

"I threw it, sir," he explained. "I had no idea—it bounced, sir."

The general surveyed him grimly.

"It's a curious thing, sergeant," he said, "that when there is any deviltry going on in the Headquarters Troop I find you at the bottom of it. Report to me in my car at eight o'clock."

Then he stalked away.

Down the car a sonorous bass spoke from behind a curtain: "The commanding general presents his compliments to Sergeant Gray, and will Sergeant Gray breakfast with him in his private car at eight o'clock?"

Sergeant Gray dressed hastily. There was the bitterness of despair in his heart, for he knew what was coming. He would have no twenty-three and a half hours' leave, no theaters, no decent food, no girl. And over his head still that idiotic bet.

"Oh, hell!" he muttered, and started back.

The general was still in a very bad temper, and his left ear was swollen and purple. He lost no time in the attack—he believed in striking swiftly and hard—and he read off, from an excellent memory, the tale of Sergeant Gray's various sins of commission. But he did not go so far as he meant to go, at that. In the first place Gray was an excellent noncom, and in the second place there was something in the boy's upstanding figure and clear if worried eyes that, coupled with another of the excellent cigars, inclined him to leniency.

"But remember this, Gray," he finished severely, "I don't usually meddle with these things. But I've got my eye on you. One more infraction of discipline and you'll lose your stripes."

"Yes, sir," said Sergeant Gray.

He was intolerably virtuous all that day.

Late that afternoon they detrained two miles from the new camp, and marched along, singing lustily songs that sound better than they look in print, and joyously stretching legs too long confined. It mattered nothing to them that the temporary camp was untidy and badly drained; that the general passing in a limousine was reading an order that meant an emergency abroad, into which they were to be thrown at once; that a certain percentage of them would never come back; and that a certain other percentage would return, never again to tramp the open road or to see the blue sky overhead.

But a girl in a little car trailing in the dust behind the staff cars thought of those things, and almost ran over the company goat, Eloise, because of tears.

"Darned little idiot!" murmured Sergeant Gray, and gave his last doughnut to Eloise.

There was no thrill, no increase over the regular seventy-six beats a minute of his heart to tell him that love had just passed by in a pink hat.

Until eight-thirty that night Sergeant Gray was obnoxiously virtuous. He had met an English noncom in the camp, and was studiously endeavoring to copy that gentleman's carriage and dignity. And the attraction of the new surroundings had turned the attention of the troop from him and his wager to other things. A discovery, too, of certain conditions in the barracks distracted them.

"A week here," growled the second mess sergeant, "and we'll all have to be dipped."

"Might as well get used to it, old son," said Sergeant Gray, and hummed a little ditty to the effect that "They are wild, simply wild, over me."

But with the falling of darkness the high spirits of the crowd broke loose. That night there was a battle royal in the barracks. The lower squad room, which housed among others the N. C. O's, decided to raid the two upper squad rooms. Word of this having been passed up, the upper squad rooms were prepared. At the top of the stairs were stationed the fire buckets, filled to the top, and a pile of coal stolen from the kitchen and secretly conveyed to the upper floor by means of baskets, a window and a rope.

Twice the lower squad reached the top of the staircase, amid wild yells and much splashing of water. The hall and stairs were running small rivers. Coals, recklessly flung down, were salvaged like hand grenades by the attacking force and thrown back again.

The noise penetrated to august quarters, and the sentry at the door, placed there for just such an emergency, having been infected with the mad desire to fight, and being at that moment in the act of climbing the coal rope to attack the enemy from the rear, an officer with a flash was at the door before he was seen.

Followed instantaneous quiet with the only sound the dripping of water down the stairs. Followed the silent retreat of the warriors to beds, into which they crept fully dressed. The officer moved through the lower squad room. It was extremely quiet save for an occasional deep-throated snore. The officer smiled grimly and went away.

And in the darkness Sergeant Gray sat up and felt of his right eye. In the early dawn, hearing the cooks stirring, he went across to the mess hall, a strange figure in his undergarments, with one eye closed and a bruise on his forehead as big as an egg. The cook eyed him angrily, and addressed him without regard to his dignity as a sergeant.

"Some o' you fellows get busy and bring back that coal you took last night," he said. "I got something else to do."

"Look here, Watt," said Sergeant Gray appealingly, "I'll get the coal for you all right. But give me a piece of raw beefsteak, won't you? Look at this eye."

"Pleased to see it," said the cook with a vindictive glare.

"Forget it, Watt. I'll get your coal. See here, I've got leave to-morrow, and I want to go to the city."

"Well, you can go, for all of me."

"I want," said Sergeant Gray plaintively, "to get my picture taken. I want to send it to my mother."

Suddenly the cook laughed. He leaned over the big serving counter and laughed until he was weak.

"Picture!" he said. "My word! She'll think the Germans have had you! Say, give me one, will you?"

He went to the refrigerator, however, and brought out a piece of raw beef.

It should have warned Sergeant Gray, lying sulkily on his cot through that bright spring day, the beef over his eye and attracting a multitude of flies, that no one else had suffered visible injury. The boys came and went blithely, each intent on his own affairs. United action had cleaned up the hallway and the stairs. But Sergeant Gray, picked out as Fate's victim, lay and dozed and struck at flies and—waited.

By night the swelling had gone, but a deep bluish shadow encircled the right eye. Frequent consultation of his shaving mirror told him that he would have the mark for days, but at least he could see. That was something. He got up after dusk and dressed in the new uniform. Then he wandered about the camp.

He felt very lonely. Most of his intimates were on leave. Round the camp the men lounged negligently. Someone with a mandolin was strumming it, and from the theater, where a movie show was going on, came the rattle of clapping hands. Sergeant Gray hesitated at the door, then he moved on.

What he wanted was someone to talk to, a girl preferably. He wandered past division headquarters, where the chief of staff stood inside a window rolling a cigarette; past the bull pen, surrounded by its fifteen feet of barbed wire and its military police.

At the edge of the camp he halted. From there one could see a brilliance reflected in the sky—the lights of the port of embarkation, ten miles away.

Sergeant Gray sighed and sat down on the road near an automobile. And somebody spoke to him.

"Can I take you anywhere?" asked the voice.

It was young and feminine. Something that had been aching in Sergeant Gray's deep chest suddenly stopped aching and leaped.

"Thanks," he said. "I'm not going anywhere in particular."

"I just thought"—explained the voice—"I'm waiting for the—for a relative and I might as well be taking people to the street-car line. The taxis have stopped."

A car leaving the camp threw its lights on her. She was small and young and had a pointed chin. Sergeant Gray got up.

"It's awfully good of you," he said. "If it isn't too much trouble I'll go to the end of the line."

"Get in," she said briefly.

Sergeant Gray sat back in the little car and drew a long breath.

"It's rather small for you, isn't it?" asked the girl, throwing in the clutch. "My brother has to fold up too. He's in France," she added. "That's why I like to do things for the soldiers here. It's like doing something for him."

Sergeant Gray pondered this. He considered it rather an unusual thing for a girl to have thought of. He considered that she was as nice as she was pretty. He also considered that she drove well. Sergeant Gray, who in his leisure hours practiced running a motorcycle with the side car in the air, paid her tribute of approval.

"We'll be over soon," he said with a touch of pride.

"You'd better not tell anybody that."

"Why? I rather think our being here tells the story."

"Well, a lot of people would like to know just when you're going. They hang round the men and offer them rides in cars, and the men get to talking, and pretty soon they've told all they know."

(Continued on Page 36)

"If a Man From the Headquarters Troop Overstays His Leave What Happens to Him, Uncle Jimmy?"

YOUNG BLACK JOE

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Colored Troops With Machine Guns En Route to the Front Lines

By IRVIN S. COBB

YOU rode along a highroad that was built wide and ran straight, miles on, and through a birch forest that was very dense and yet somehow very orderly, as is the way with French highroads, and with French forests, too, and after a while you came to where the woods frazzled away from close-ranked white trunks into a fringing of lacy undergrowth, all giddy and all gaudy with wild flowers of many a color.

Here, in a narrow clearing that traversed the thickets at right angles to the course you had been following, there disclosed himself a high-gabled North American mule, a little bit under weight, so that his backbone stood out sharply like the ridgepole of a roof pitched steep, with hollows by his hip joints to catch the rain water in. Viewing him astern or on the quarter you discerned that his prevalent architecture, though mixed, inclined to the mansard type. Viewing him bow-on you observed that he wore a gas mask upon his high and narrow temples and that from beneath this adornment, which would be startling elsewhere but which at the Front is both commonplace and customary, he contemplated the immediate foreground with half-closed, indolent eyes and altogether was as much at home as though his chin rested upon the hickory top rider of a snake fence in his native Ozarks instead of resting, as it did, athwart the crosspiece of a low signpost reading: "Danger Beyond—All Cars Halt Here! Proceed Afoot!"

The Muleteer From Li'l Ole Manhattan

YOU might be sure that never did any mule born in Missouri take his languid ease amid surroundings more unique for a mule to be in, inside or outside of that sovereign commonwealth. There was, to begin with, his gas mask, draped upon the spindled brow and ready, on warning, to be yanked down over the muzzle and latched fast beneath the throat; probably as a veteran mule he was used to that. But there were other things: High-velocity shells from a battery of six-inchers somewhere in the woods to the west were going over his head at regular half-minute intervals, each in its passage making a sound as though everybody on earth in chorus had said "Whew-w-w-!"—like that. Merely by cocking an eyelid aloft he could have beheld, sundry thousands of feet up, three French combat planes hunting a German raider back to his own lines, the French motors humming steadily like honeybees but the German droning to a deeper note with sullen heavy rift tones breaking into its cadences, for all the world like one of those big noisy beetles that invade your bedchamber on a hot night. Merely by squinting straight ahead he could have seen at the farther edge of the little glade a triple row of white crosses, each set off by the wooden rosette device in red, white and blue with which the French, when given time, mark the graves of their fallen fighters. Merely by sniffing he could have caught from a mile distant the faint but unmistakable reek that hangs over battlefields when they are getting to be old battlefields but are not yet very old, and that nearly always distresses green work animals at the first time of taking it into their nostrils. None of these things he did though, but remained content and motionless save for his wagging ears and his switching tail and his uneasy lower lip. He was just standing there, letting the hot sunshine seep into him through all his pores.

Otherwise, however, his more adjacent settings were in a manner of speaking conventional and according to mules. For he was attached by virtue of an improvised gear of wire ropes and worn leather breeching to a small flat car that bestraddled a rusty railroad track; and at his head stood a ginger-colored youth of twenty years or thereabouts. In our own land you somehow expect, when you find a mule engaged in industry, to find an American of African antecedents managing him. So the combination was in keeping with the popular conception. Only in this instance the attendant youth wore part of a uniform and had a steel shrapnel helmet clamped down upon his skull.

Said youth caught a nod from a corporal of his own race who lounged against a broken wall, the wall being practically all that remained of what once had been the home of a crossings guard alongside a railroad that was a real railroad no longer; and at that he climbed nimbly on muleback.

He gathered up the guiding strings, and this then was the starting signal he gave as he showed all his teeth—he seemed to have fifty teeth at least—in a gorgeous and friendly grin: "All abo'd fur the Fifty-nint' Street cross-town line!"

By that you would have known, if you knew your New York at all, that this particular muleteer must hail from that nook of Li'l Ole Manhattan which since the days of the Yanko-Spanko war, when a certain group of black troopers did a certain valiant thing, has been called San Juan Hill, and that away off here where now he was, in the back edges of France, he had in his own mind at the moment a picture of West Fifty-ninth Street as it might look—and probably would—on this bright warm afternoon, stretching as a narrow band, biaswise, of the town from the Black Belt on the West Side with its abutting chop-suey parlors and its fragrant barber shops and its clubrooms for head and side waiters, on past Columbus Circle into the lighter colored districts to the eastward; and likewise that since he did have the image in his mind he perhaps grinned his toothful grin to hide a pang of homesickness for the place where he belonged.

Where Colored Troops Face the Enemy

I FIGURED that I knew these things, who had journeyed by motor with two more for a hundred and eighty miles across country to pay a visit to the first sector in our front lines that had been taken over by a regiment of negro volunteers—now by reason of departmental classifyings known as the Three Hundred and Somethingth of the American Expeditionary Forces. Because New York was where I also belonged, and this genial postilion was of a breed made familiar to me long time ago in surroundings vastly dissimilar to these present ones.

To the three of us word had come, no matter how, that negro troops of ours were in the line. No authoritative announcement to that effect having been forthcoming, we were at the first hearing of the news skeptical. To be sure the big movement overseas was at last definitely and audaciously under way; the current month's program called for the landing on French soil of two hundred thousand Americans of fighting age and fighting dispositions, which contract, I might add, was carried out so thoroughly that not only the promised two hundred thousand but a

good and heaping measure of nearly sixty thousand more on top of that arrived before the thirtieth. It is The Glory of the Coming all right, this great thing that has happened this summer over here, and I am glad that mine eyes have seen it. It is almost the finest thing that the eye of an American of this generation has yet seen or is likely to see before Germany herself is invaded.

But even though the sea lanes were streaky with the wakes of our convoys and the disembarkation ports cluttered with our transports, we doubted that colored troops were as yet facing the enemy across the barbed-wire boundaries that separate him from us. Possibly this was because we had grown accustomed to thinking of our negroes as members of labor battalions working along the lines of communication—unloading ships and putting up warehouses and building depots and felling trees in the forests of France, which seem doomed to fall either through shelling or by the axes of the timbering crews of the Allies.

"You must be wrong," we said to him who brought us the report. "You must have seen an unusually big lot of negroes going up to work in the lumber camps in the woods at the north."

"No such thing," he said. "I tell you that we've got black soldiers on the job—at least two regiments of them. There's a draft regiment from somewhere down South, and another regiment from one of the Eastern States—one of the old National Guard outfits I think it is—about fifteen miles to the east of the first lot. Here, I can show you about where they are—if anybody's got a map handy."

Everybody had a map handy. A correspondent no more thinks of moving about without a map than he thinks of moving about without a gas mask and a white paper, which is a pass. He wouldn't dare move without the mask; he couldn't move far without the pass, and next to these two the map is the most needful part of his traveling equipment.

So that was how the quest started. As we came nearer to the somewhat indefinitely located spot for which we sought, the signs that we were on a true trail multiplied, in bits of evidence offered by supply-train drivers who told us they lately had met negro troopers on the march in considerable number. As a matter of fact there were then four black regiments instead of two taking up sector positions in our plan of defense. However, that fact was to develop later through a statement put forth with the approval of the censor at General Headquarters.

Singing Soldiers From the South

AFTER some seven hours of reasonably swift travel in a high-powered car we had left behind the more peaceful districts back of the debatable areas and were entering into the edges of a village that had been shot to bits in the great offensive of 1914, which afterward had been partially rebuilt and which lately had been abandoned again, after the great offensive of 1918 started.

Right here from somewhere in the impending clutter of nondescript ruination we heard many voices singing all together. The song was a strange enough song for these surroundings. Once before in my life and only once I have heard it, and that was five years ago on an island off the coast of Georgia.

We halted the car behind the damaged wall of an abandoned garden, not wishing to come upon the unseen choristers until they had finished. Their voices rose with the true camp-meeting quaver, giving reverence to the lines:

In Fo'teen Hunnerd an' Ninety-one
'Twuz den my Savior's work begun.

And next the chorus, long-drawn-out and mournful:

Oh, dey nailed my Savior 'pon de cross,
But he never spoke a mumblin' word.

I was explaining to my companions, both of them Northern-born, that mumbling in the language of the tidewater darky means complaining and not what it means with us, but they bade me hush while we hearkened to the next two verses, each of two lines, with the chorus repeated after the second line:

In Fo'teen Hunnerd an' Ninety-two
My Lawd begin his work to do!

In Fo'teen Hunnerd an' Ninety-three
Dey nailed my Savior on de gallows tree.

And back to the first verse—there were only three verses, it seemed—and through to the third, over and over again.

An invisible choir leader broke in with a different song and the others caught it up. But this one we all knew—My Soul Bears Witness to de Lawd—so we started the machine and rode round from back of the wall. The singers, twenty or more of them, were lying at ease on the earth alongside a house in the bright, baking sunshine of a still young but very ardent summer. On beyond them everywhere the place swarmed with their fellows in khaki, some doing nothing at all and some doing the things that an American soldier, be he black or white, is apt to do when off duty in billets. Almost without exception they were big men, with broad shoulders and necks like bullocks, and their muscles bulged their sleeves almost to bursting. From the fact that nine out of ten were coal-black and from a certain intonation in their voices never found among up-country negroes, a man familiar with the dialects and the types of the Far South might know them for natives of the rice fields and the palmetto barrens of the coast. Lower Georgia and South Carolina—there was where they had come from plainly enough, with perhaps a sprinkling among them of Florida negroes. Our course, steered as it was by chance reckoning, had nevertheless been a true one.

We had found the draft outfit first. By the same token, if our original informant had been right, another negro regiment—of volunteers this time—would be found some fifteen miles to the eastward and northward of where we were; and this latter unit was the one whose whereabouts we mainly desired to discover, since, if it turned out to be the regiment we thought it must be, its colonel would be a personal friend of all three of us and his adjutant would be a former copy reader who had served on the staff of the same evening newspaper years before, with two of us.

We halted a while to pay our respects to the commander of these strapping big black men—a West Pointer, still in his thirties and inordinately proud of the outfit that was under him. He had cause to be. I used to think that sitting down was the natural gait of the tidewater darky; but here, as anyone who looked might see, were soldiers who bore themselves as smartly, who were as snappy at the salute and as sharp set at the drill as any of their lighter-skinned fellow Americans in service anywhere. Most of the officers were Southern-born men, they having been purposely picked because of a belief that they would understand the negro temperament. That the choosing of Southern officers had been a sane choosing was proved already, I think, by what we saw as well as by things we heard that day. For example, one of the majors—a young Tennesseean—told us this tale, laughing while he told us:

"We've abolished two of our sentry posts in this town. Right over yonder, beyond what's left of the village church, is what's left of the village cemetery. I'll take you to see it if you care to go, though it's not a very pleasant sight. For a year or more back in 1914 and 1915 shells used to fall in it pretty regularly and rip open the graves and scatter the bones of those poor folks who were buried there—you know the sort of thing you're likely to find in any of these little places that have been under heavy bombardment. Well, when we moved here a week and a half ago and got settled a delegation from the ranks waited on the C. O. They told him that they had come over here to fight the Germans and that they were willing to fight the Germans and anxious to start the job right away, but that, discipline or no discipline, war or no war, orders or no orders, they just naturally couldn't be made to hang round a cemetery after dark.

"'Kernul, suh,' the spokesman said, 'ef you posts any of us cullud boys 'longside dat air buryin' ground, w'y long about midnight somethin'll happen an' you's sartain shore to be shy a couple of niggers when de mawnin' comes. Kernul, suh, we don't none of us wanter be shot fur runnin' 'way, but dat's perzactly whut's gwine happen ef ary one of us has to march back an' fo'th by dat place w'en de darkness of de night sets in.' And the colonel understood, and he took mercy on 'em, so that's why if the Germans should happen to arrive at night by way of the graveyard they could march right among us, probably without having a shot fired at them."

Sugar Foot and His Hand Grenade

"BUT don't think our boys are afraid," the young major added with pride in his voice. "I'd take a chance on going anywhere with these black soldiers at my back. So would any of the rest of the officers. We haven't had any actual fighting experience yet—that'll come in a week or two when we relieve a French regiment that's just here in front of us holding the front lines—but we are not worrying about what'll happen when we get our baptism of fire. Only I'm afraid we're going to have a mighty disappointed regiment on our hands in about two months from now, when these black boys of ours find out that even in the middle of August watermelons don't grow in Northern France."

As we left the regimental headquarters, which was a half-shattered wine shop with breaches in the wall and less than half a roof to its top floor, the young major went along with us to our car to give our chauffeur better directions touching on a maze of crossroads along the last lap of the run.

En route he enriched my notebook with a lovely story, having the merit moreover—a merit that not all lovely stories have—of being true.

"Day before yesterday," so his narrative ran, "we began drill—the squads in grenade throwing—with live grenades. Up until then we'd exercised them only on dummy grenades, but now they were going to try out the real thing. We had batches of the new grenades—the kind that are exploded by striking the cap at the lower end upon something hard. You probably know how the drill is carried on: At the call of 'One' from the squad commander the men strike the cap ends against a stone or something; at 'Two' they draw back the thing full arm length, and at 'Three' they toss it with a stiff overhand swing. There's plenty of time of course for all this if nobody fumbles, because the way the fuses are timed five seconds elapse between the striking of the cap and the explosion. If you fling your grenade too soon a Heinie is liable to pick it up and throw it back at you before it goes off. If you

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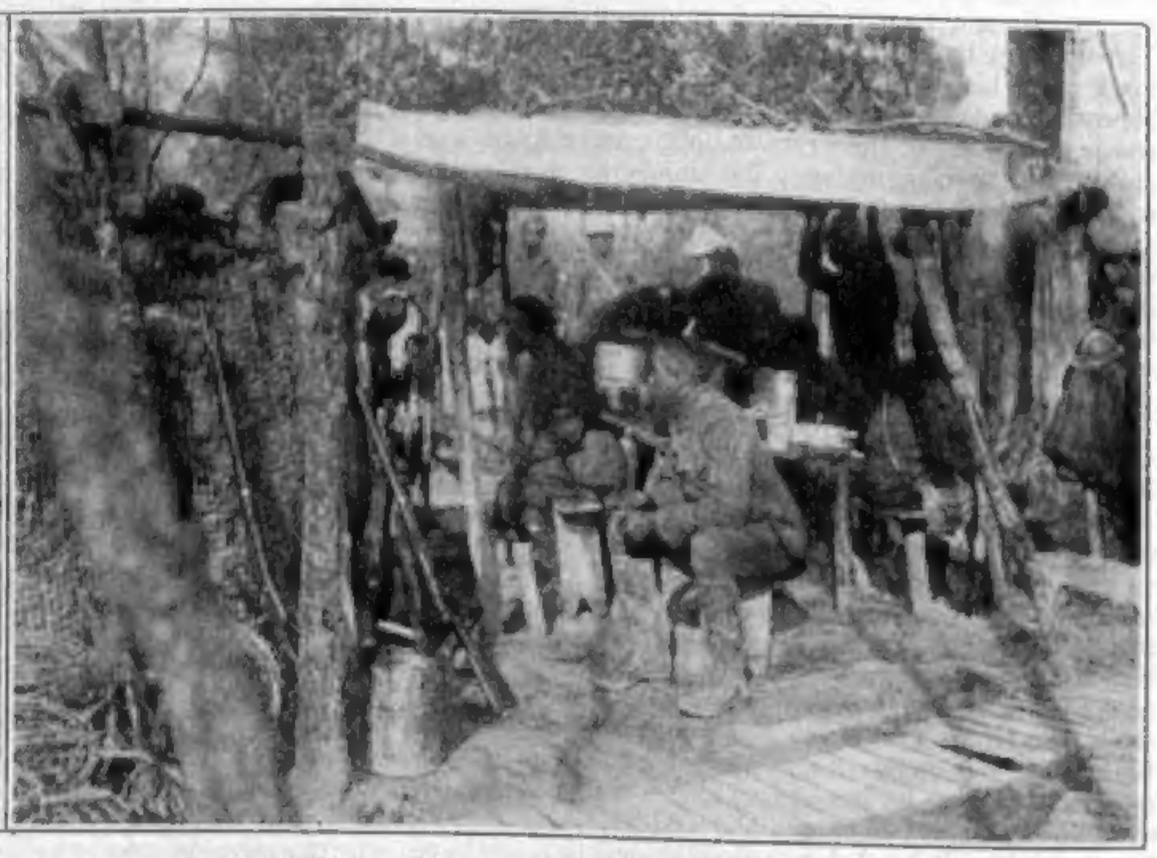
A Church Near the Front Lines in a Sector Occupied by American Infantry



Kitchen and Dining Quarters for Colored Troops in the Trenches

THE MISTAKES OF BILGE

By Peter Clark Macfarlane

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

"WHOSE idea?" grumbled the chief boson's mate suspiciously.

"What difference, so long's it's a good idea?" argued the bunting tosser, otherwise the signal man. "They've got four hams; they've got six three-foot loaves of bread; they've got ten pounds of butter; they've got two gallons of dill pickles; they've got a can of U. S. corned beef; they've got a can of marmalade and two of jam; and the cook is makin' pies—two or three dozen of 'em."

"Pies? Where'd he get the makin's?"

"It's easy enough to figure where he got the makin's, seeing there's cans of California apricots and Delaware peaches in the storeroom."

"To be issued only on ——" reflected a gunner's mate.

"On orders," admitted the bunting tosser; "but what's orders to a ship's cook when you get on the right side of him? And that bunch is sure on the right side of one Filipino."

"I ain't tasted a real peach pie since—since ——" reminisced the chief boson hungrily; and his voice trailed off into nothingness as he tried in vain to fix the date.

"There's goin' to be refreshment too—liquid refreshment," sighed Spud Alexander, chief water tender.

"Ice cream, I suppose," derided the boson.

"Bottled refreshment," illumined the signal man. "Everybody chipped in a pound note. Bilge Kennedy and Packy are ashore now rounding it up."

"Bilge Kennedy? Is that clown goin'? Then I don't!" announced the chief boson with conviction. "He'll jazz up everything."

"You ain't been invited to go, Steve, have you?" inquired Spud rather indelicately.

"You have, I s'pose," retorted the boson.

"That's what I'm sore about; I ain't," admitted Spud.

"Well, you're not a-goin' to miss nothing on that account," solaced the jaundiced boson; "for I tell you now that if Bilge Kennedy is along the whole push'll come back under guard. Bilge is half crazy to begin with, and two bottles of soda water will put him off his nut for a week."

"They're figuring on five hundred bottles," dilated the bunting tosser, who appeared to have the commissary statistics of the expedition at his tongue's end.

"Of soda water?" inquired the boson in real alarm. "They'll bust. No mere twenty-eight human bodies can stand that much air pressure."

"Grape juice," explained the signal man—every form of beverage that is not tea, coffee, chocolate, milk or water being officially designated as grape juice in the Navy now.

"It'll be this Irish ale, most likely," suggested Spud; "and the bottles are little and mostly froth. They don't hold a glass hardly, and lately these graspin' landlords has got to filling 'em half full of water. It's practically a straight temperance drink."

The chief boson's lips twitched nervously. "Still," he decided virtuously—"still I wouldn't go along, not if they asked me to, if that bat Bilge Kennedy has anything to do with it at all."

"The whole thing's a frost," agreed Spud, "with Kennedy in it."

"Packy's another nut," added the bunting tosser.

"Five hundred bottles!" ruminated the chief boson. "Somebody ought to know about that."

"They are likely to," said Spud with a self-convinced air. "It's nothing less than inviting international complications to let that bunch ashore like this."

The chief boson's mouth worked silently. He was reflecting on the alleged five hundred bottles and feeling at the same time how thick and parched was the fuzzy integument on the top of his tongue, but he emerged from his deliberations to declare finally: "I wouldn't go out with that crew to-day, not for no money!"

"Same here!" growled an embittered chorus.

Nevertheless when, one hour later, twenty-eight self-selected men from the destroyer piled over the side and into the motor sailer, accompanied by one self-important Filipino who was keeping a watchful eye upon certain and sundry oddly shaped bales and hampers, every one of the three score and ten men of her complement who had not been invited lined the guard wire—destroyers having no rail—to cast down envious longing eyes, and to indulge in stinging gibes of one sort and another.

"Here's a copy of their sailing orders," snickered the bunting tosser, producing a typewritten manifold copy. "I pinched it off the yeoman's desk."

A group of the envious bent over the document, which read as follows:

U. S. S. ——

SECRET SAILING ORDERS No. 23

FORCES: The Self-Entertainment Society.

Be under way on Saturday, 11th May, 1918, in order to be in front of Mrs. Murphy's, Lynch's Quay, by 10 A. M.

The Rest of the Retinue Was Spilling Themselves Over the Wall, and Comin Along as Fast as They Could—a Thin Blue Line of Sailors, Scared Plumb to Death

When two blocks south of Murphy's form column. Speed 2 knots. Course will be signaled by escort commander.

This force will escort fast Private Yacht to Secret Rendezvous near cove.

Maneuver to bring Yacht into port shortly before lunch time.

After meeting convoy escort will zigzag ahead of convoy unless fog or darkness sets in and makes it impracticable.

In case of shortage of fuel the Escort Commander will signal by W. T. for the fuel barge in charge of Coxswain Stumborg to come alongside and replenish.

Return to port under cover of darkness, zigzagging if necessary.

In case of breakdown escort will be furnished.

If there should be a submarine attack do not send S O S for patrol.

. . . .

During the course of the day a select entertainment will be furnished by the ship's Jazz Band, led by Ducky Wellman, whose fame in The Dance of the Fairies is well known. Grape juice and song; pickles, sandwiches and other vegetables will furnish the menu.

"Chief Yeoman Newman, he got that up, huh!" observed Spud scornfully. "And I suppose he figures that's funny."

"It is—kind of, to us destroyer gobs," admitted the bunting tosser wistfully.

"Funny or not, it's Bilge Kennedy that'll crab their game for 'em!" declared the chief boson as he turned and went below.

Which was evidence particular that the chief boson was a very cantankerous and ill-disposed person, because as a matter of simple justice it must be stated at once that Bilge Kennedy was not the desperate and unreliable party that the chief boson had described. On the contrary, Bilge was a chief machinist's mate, which fact of itself attested a certain stability of character. In a personal way Bilge rated a raft of red hair, huge splotches of freckles, a blue and guileless eye, and a full-toothed smile calculated to disarm all but the most venomous of critics. It is safe also to add that Bilge was not the name wherewith his mother had him fondly christened in infancy, just as it is also safe to affirm that with what name or initials he had been at that time endowed no one on the ship could have told save only the chief yeoman, already referred to, who handled the muster rolls.

Bilge's outstanding characteristic was an amiable disposition to assume guardianship over any company in which he found himself cast, and one result of the manner in which certain elements had been compounded in his nature was that a certain few always accepted such guardianship gratefully, while a certain much larger number inevitably rejected it scornfully. The Self-Entertainment Society, but last night organized, consisted of those persons on board the ship who accepted Bilge, and their loyalty to him was as pronounced as the antipathy of those who rejected him.

Bilge as a leader was gifted with a certain fertility of resource and innocently obsessed by the notion that he was clever. On this day of days the usual crisis rose and came to a head early, with Bilge functioning promptly; and if the strategy he resorted to produced aftercomplications more grave than the situation they were devised to escape it was doubtless Bilge whose mental sufferings were keenest in consequence, though the physical sufferings and the crown of glory alike devolved upon a boson's mate of the widely advertised name of Ford. Ford had enlisted from the pronouncedly male state of Texas, but because of the meek expression of his features and some fancied maternal note in his character he staggered under the female sobriquet of Ma. His mates, when they remembered it, tried to be consistent by referring to Ma with the appropriate feminine pronouns as "she" or "her"; but a good deal of the time they forgot, which was easy, because Ma had some distinctively masculine traits.

The picnic party had executed the first half of its sailing orders and unloaded itself and its commissary supplies upon a pebbly beach in the edge of a tiny cove under the lee of a pine-clad hill, when the crisis already hinted at approached in the form of a stubby oranglike figure, carrying a stout blackthorn and wearing a stiff black beard that was like a blacking brush bent under his chin, the rest of his bony face being smoothly shaven.

"Ye'll be getting aff the strand as fast as ever ye can!" barked a voice that was brash and unpleasant.

An instant solemnity of silence seized upon the flock of skylarking young men in blue uniforms and flat-topped navy hats. They looked up from almost as many different occupations and diversions as there were men, and asked sharply, not liking the tone:

"What's that?"

"I say ye'll be getting aff the strand!" barked the gloomy interloper, planting both heels aggressively.

"Off the strand?"

"He means the beach!"

"His Lordship allows no picnic parties."

"His Lordship?"

"Lord Lallyskallen."

"Does his Ludship own the beach?" inquired Seaman Wart Kessler politely.

"He owns the hill," deposed the person with the blackthorn.

"But we are not on the hill."

"But ye will be presently," was argued impatiently. "'Tis easy enough to see that ye'll soon be all over the place. Sure and there's a man on the hill now. He's drinkin' out of the spring. He's fetchin' water from the

spring." These specifications, allegations and accusations followed each other excitedly.

"Will it hurt the spring to bring water from it?" inquired Willie Lewis blandly.

"Ye have no right ——"

"A spring is to bring water from, isn't it?" inquired several tormenting young men at once, as about this time the entire group, scenting diversion in this interruption of their innocent hilarities, surrounded the newcomer suddenly, encompassing and all but smothering him in the crowd embrace.

"Where'd you get the whiskers, Mike?" remarked Oiler McIntyre, sociably inquisitive.

"Me name is Patrick O'Mahony," he announced firmly, "and I tell ye ye cannot picnic here. Shove aff!"

Willie Lewis, having a hand like an automatic car coupler, lightly gathered in the blackthorn, viewed it for a moment with an admiring eye and passed it coolly about for inspection. "Gaze on that natural crook, fellows," he directed, "and feel of them bumps. Couldn't you everlastingly paralyze a guy with that? If you'd a had that with you in Cork that night, Packy, the course of history might have run different."

Patrick, meanwhile, was nonplused. His heart had grown faint at the mere feel of this young sailor's grip, and he knew that he had been coolly disarmed, but by a man with a smiling eye. He perceived that these good-natured young animals meant him no harm beyond disobedience to his mandate; yet disobedience was treason. Patrick's cheek flamed.

"His Lordship ——" he sputtered, and floundered for a word.

This was Bilge's moment—one of those for which he was born into the world.

"Ever taste grape juice?" he inquired diplomatically, shouldering off the bunch and confronting Patrick squarely.

Patrick estimated Bilge with suspicious, half-recognizant eye, as if he thought this red-haired, freckled, large-toothed person might have escaped from the same zoo as himself. In this moment Bilge swept from under a newspaper in a basket a small black bottle about the size and shape of a ketchup bottle at home, but as to color black as the growth on Patrick's chin. With his strong young teeth the sailor nipped the cover off and proffered it.

Patrick contemplated the bubbling froth for the quarter of a second that duty still stood bright and shining before his eye, then weakly surrendered. He took one experimental sip, held off the bottle and gazed at it meditatively, with one eye closed tight and the other unusually large and thoughtful.

"It tastes like Irish ale," he decided.

"Grape juice," insisted Bilge.

Pat smacked his lips and lifted the bottle again, this time with an air of determination, to an angle of sixty-five degrees while his occiput sank to the thick folds at the back of his neck. From somewhere throatward or bottleward proceeded a gurgling sound.

"I didn't know anything could run out of a bottle that fast," remarked Willie Lewis, awestruck.

Patrick took down the bottle at length and contemplated it with an expression of distress.

"What's the matter with it?" inquired Bilge.

"It's empty," accused Patrick.

Bilge smiled comprehendingly, and swept up from under the paper in the basket another bottle of the same size and appearance, except that this one bore a label. Patrick reached for it eagerly, but paused to contemplate the label, again with that one-eyed glance which in his habit appeared to be necessary to mental concentration—contemplated it and smiled, as if he had detected an amiable subterfuge.

"'Tis brewed in Cork," he chuckled.

"The Navy has it made in Cork," assured Bilge solemnly, "and puts the label on it to remind the boys of the good old times when they was drinking Irish ale instead of grape juice."

Patrick put the bottle to his lips and went through the head-tipping process again.

"The head of your Navy must be a gr-r-reat man," he decided with a smack as he lowered the empty bottle.

"He is," affirmed Bilge with very real conviction. "The best friend the enlisted man ever had."

"I read he had a son in the Navy."

"Hist!" said Bilge. "This is his son." And with sudden inspiration, though not necessarily divine, he jerked a thumb toward Wart Kessler.

"Ye don't mean it!" whispered Pat, turning to gaze open-mouthed and one-eyed at Wart, who was by way of being a natural comedian.

Having this day dragged out from the recesses of his ditty box a Scotch tammie cap, memento of a night in Glasgow, Wart had now rolled his trousers up to reveal a pair of bare knees, and by the expedient of turning two sailors' buff storm coats inside out and tying one by the arms of it, back first, about his waist to form kilts, and the other by the same means about his neck to suggest a highland cape, had transformed himself into a caricature of a Scotch laird, and with Yeoman Newman's walking stick now strutted to and fro in character, pointing out details on the landscape, asking questions, and proposing to buy himself this likely-looking manor house or that one, while the crowd of his mates gawped or guffawed, at the same time mincing attendance on him after a fashion that to a person of any imagination might have been supposed to suggest the real relation between a laird and his retinue.

And Patrick, it appeared, was a person of real imagination. He gazed long and ardently till the features of the none too handsome Wart must have been impressed upon his very soul.

"Faith and ye're right! 'Tis the very son of the Sicretry himself," he decided.

"Sit down," suggested Bilge artfully, still intent upon wiping out utterly Patrick's objection to the use of this particular bit of beach and hillside as a picnic ground.

Patrick, using the blackthorn, which had been returned to him as his manner became more pacific, eased his gnarled joints downward to the grass as it sloped toward the beach, and sat bolt upright, with his short legs thrust straight out in front of him at an angle of about sixty degrees, which angle Bilge thoughtfully populated with a heap of those small black bottles. Bilge's next act of hospitality was to sit down beside Pat and fall into confidential chat, their two backs to the picnic party, which, having tired of playing ape to Wart, had swung to the other extreme by preparing hilariously to lynch the said comedian as an oppressive Irish landlord.

"Is it true, so be, that there's millionaires' sons among the enlisted men of the United States Navy?" inquired Patrick directly, acquiring an increasing respect for and interest in his hosts with every bottle he consumed.

"Oh, some," admitted Bilge conservatively, but again unable to resist temptation. "Of course the jackies ain't all that kind, but there's probably a millionaire to each ship. Some ships have got more. Ours has got three."

"Ye don't mean it!" gasped Patrick, shifting his features to a one-eyed contemplation of the preparations for the hanging without as yet comprehending their significance, and studying the entire company with renewed interest.

"Yonder — yonder's a millionaire," said Bilge, casting a pebble toward innocent Jimmie Roser, a modest, retiring boy, whose dark handsome face, romantic air, and the particularly new suit of blues he happened to be wearing suggested to Bilge the possibility of such affluence.

"By ol' S'n' Patrick!" murmured the great saint's namesake, sighting along the nose of the bottle. "Yon lad's a millionaire, hey?"

"Name's Armour," specified Bilge.

Patrick addressed himself to his refreshment again, but suddenly the bottle came down and he reached out with his cane and tickled the name of Armour on the can of corned beef which lay atop the heap of stores.

"Him?" he asked, freshly floored, for Patrick recalled having seen that name frequently on tins in grocers' shops.

Bilge nodded, swallowing quickly.

"Do ye tell me that now?" Patrick was struggling with wonder.

"Sure thing," observed Bilge, able now to command a casual air. "This is young Armour."

Patrick forgot his frothy little bottle in gazing at Armour; and then "Who's the others?" he demanded abruptly.

Bilge gazed meditatively over his flock to see upon whom he should next confer the responsibilities of great wealth.

"Begob! They're hanging the Sicretry's son!" exclaimed Patrick, starting up in amazement.

"It's only a joke," assured Bilge. "They'll cut him down before he comes to the last gasp. At least they always have heretofore. It's a way they have of hazin' the young man to keep him down and remind him that this is a democratic Navy of ours."

"'Tis a great Navy that ye have, you Yankees," agreed Patrick complimentarily. "But who's these other millionaires?"

"Well, yonder—yonder's one of 'em—that tall guy making the sandwiches."

"A millionaire makin' the sandwiches!" gasped Patrick. "For the love of Mike now, would ye believe that if ye seen it with yer own eyes even? What's his name?"

"Astor. That's young Astor. You've heard of the Astors. He's got an uncle or something that's been made an English peer or knight or some such."

Patrick's one-eyed gaze was carefully appraising the facial assets of Gunner's Mate Richard Dorgan, busy with the making of sandwiches, and quite unaware of the possession of great wealth.

"Who's the other?" insisted Patrick suddenly, as if determined to get the business of identifying these young millionaires over with once and for all.

Bilge hesitated, with roving eye, then got a sudden inspiration and contrived an embarrassed cough and blush. Patrick, thoroughly *en rapport*, now understood at once.

"You?" he demanded, and abruptly sat himself a few inches farther away, lest he contaminate a millionaire with touching of his barn-smelling garments.

"My father don't exactly rate as a millionaire," deposed Bilge quite truthfully; but departed entirely from truth as he carried on with the intimation: "He's probably not worth a penny over eight hundred thousand, but they call us three the millionaire trio—Armour and Astor and me."

Patrick, with that single thinking eye, contemplated each of the three in turn, and finally noted once more the Secretary's son, who, after having been snapped in a most undignified position by a camera, had finally been lowered to the hillside and was now engaged with his teeth upon the knots in the rope with which his tormentors had left him still bound.

"I must be after leavin'," he said, popping up as if some new idea had seized him violently.

"You're not mad or anything?" inquired Bilge, solicitous lest he had somehow carried things too far.

"I am not that," declared Patrick sincerely. "Ye're a very foine man, Mister ——"

"Kennedy's my name."

"Mr. Kennedy! And all yer friends is foine men; and ye have His Lordship's permission to stay here as long as ye loike, and have as much sport as ye loike. I bid ye a verra respectful good day."

"Wait!" commanded Bilge, and hospitably stuffed the two jacket pockets and the two hip pockets of Patrick's nondescript trousers so that he clinked as he walked and was obliged to proceed circumspectly, feeling carefully of one bulging protuberance upon his person after another, lest some bottle's mooring give way and catastrophe overtake him.

Bilge saw Patrick depart with a feeling of large satisfaction and the flattering unction that once again his genial diplomacy had triumphed. That the lies he had lightly told to Patrick would presently return to discomfit him Bilge had not the slightest suspicion. That they would get him into what was at once the most delightful and the most painfully embarrassing situation he had ever faced was an idea that naturally could not have occurred to him; but that they did so was later recorded by Bilge in a letter to his friend Ben, in the battleship fleet—that Ben who, in those far-off days before the war, had been bunkie with Bilge on the

And There Was a Big Piece of a Kind of Armor in the Hall, That Looked Just Like a Man Standin There, and We Were Gawpin at That

They Swore to Behave and They Swore to Obey Me. So I Led Em to It, Guided by This Old One-Eye

United States Steamer San Diego, a good ship but ancient as fighting ships go, and one which the men in her irreverently but lovingly yclept "the old prune barge."

Because in order to do Bilge full justice it is necessary that he should be permitted to interpret the succeeding events himself, the latter portion of that letter, just as the writer painfully picked it out on Yeoman Newman's typewriter, is here spread upon the record.

And so, Ben, back come this two-eyed gink with the trick of lookin at you with only one of em, a-bringin this letter—white stiff paper with some kind of a trade-mark scroll of lions and a horse with one horn in his face on the top of it, and the writing this big square box-car style that looks like it's been done with a dolly bar.

"Lord Lallyskallen requires," it said, "the honor of the presence of Mr. Kennedy and his friends, Messrs. Daniels, Armour, Astor, and the other American sailors from the U. S. Destroyer ——, on his lawn this afternoon, where it will be His Lordship's pleasure to entertain them in such fashion as his wartime circumstances permit."

I read it out loud, and some of the boys groaned and some of em applauded. But not me, Ben. I was neutral.

"Trouble," croaks comedian Wart Kessler, alias the son of the Secretary, "trouble is done up in that white missive."

"We're havin' the time of our young lives, here by ourselves," argues Jew Dyckman. "Why let any old lord butt in and spoil the day for us?"

Naturally all this unanimity against the proposition turned me for it. If Wart and Jew was both against it that was primy-facy evidence that the scheme was all right.

But "His Lordship requires," I pointed out to em. "We got to go, gobs," I says, "or be darned impolite. They know which ship we're from," I says, "and how do you s'pose Captain Bradshaw's goin to feel if he meets this Lord Lallyskallen sometime and he says ——"

"Besides," argued young Astor, alias old Dick Dorgan, "I been wantin to go up against some of these Dukes and Lords sometime. Here's the chance."

"The main idea with me," elocuted Stuffy Meachem, "is that we might get something more to eat."

And it was a fact that the lunch had been all ate up. I never saw men gorge the way them gobs had gorged. We brought scoffins enough for the whole crew of our ship, instead of twenty-eight men, and I'm the sonofagun if they hadn't ate it all up before twelve o'clock; and here it was three now and everybody ravenin hungry.

"They might give us a feed," argued Stuffy again, kind of plaintive like. So we went.

"You gobs got to be careful now of your manners," I told em, "especially you three guys that I've wished fortune or family on. You that's been on a destroyer so long that you've forgot your manners, try and remember em. You that never had any manners try and dig up some. Like as not they might set us right down to a table or something, with cloth napkins and two forks, and a lot of fine ladies standin round waitin on us."

They swore to behave and they swore to obey me, which they halfway had to anyway, me being the only C. P. O. in the crowd. So I led em to it, guided by this old One-Eye. He had two eyes all right, but he did his most powerful lookin with only one of em; and he turned us over at the house to a sort of care-taker like, an old dodderin wreck of a man with one foot in the grave, with a skin that was so red every place you could see it that he must have sure been pink all over, that guy. The first stunt was showin us the castle, with the boys makin comments sotto voche.

"Looks kind of dingy," says little Case.

"I allow that she aint jest exactly bran new," admits Ma in that Texas drawl of hern.

"I don't get myself just right," says Bill Ehmke, lookin round kind of scary. "Something is wrong here."

"Shut up," says Soapy Edwards, "and mooch along. Nothin's wrong here but you, Bill, and nobody aint goin to give you away."

So we followed this old salmon-fleshed guy round the house. It was a big long house. Pictures? I never seen such pictures, Ben. And there was swords and spears and guns hanging on the walls too. And the family plate! There was silver platters there as big as the drip pans in our engine room. There was silver ladles and silver punch bowls and silver goblets for drinkin out of and silver vawsses for flowers and—cut glass! Say, Ben, they had cut glass that run back to when you used to cut it by hand, and every durned little piece of it set out by itself on a little doily on a big mahogany table that you could see your face in just like a lookin-glass.

And there was a big piece of a kind of armor in the hall, that looked just like a man standin there, and it was when we were gawpin at that we seen the first of the real people. He was a young fellow with a light brown mustache that come skippin down the stairs in silk knee breeches, red silk stockings, big silver buckles on his shoes and a red velvet coat like Fred Stone used to wear in one of them coon dances.

"I'm the Earl of Skibberreen," he says, just as easy as you please, and you could tell he was the real thing, just to look at him. And he had a face like some of the pictures hanging on the walls. Well, Ben, I retained my self-possession like I always do, and began presentin the fellows to him.

"This is Mr. Astor," I says, draggin Dorgan up.

"What is the name?" Dorg says, lookin blank but bracin up to do or die.

"Montmorency," the earl says, "is our family name. Reginald Montmorency is mine."

"Monty?" beamed Dorgan, clutchin wildly at straws and gettin one. "You're not Monty? Reginald Montmorency! Well, I should say!" gurgles Dorgan. "I've heard my brother speak of you hundreds of times since he came home from—Oxford, wasn't it?"

Reginald Montmorency's face lit up like Rube Emmonses when somebody mentions Great Bend, Kansas.

"Oxford, right-o!" he chuckles joyously.

Just then a girl come into the hall. It's funny, Ben, but most all the ideas you've got about Irish girls is colleens—blondes, you know—but there's another type. Black hair they've got, or nearly black, and more often than not it's wavy or kinky even. And these blackhaired girls have the bluest darned eyes you ever saw, kind of small round blue eyes that twinkle easy and natural like the stars, and they have rosy cheeks, and if you get one that their teeth is good they're some girl, believe me. But lots of the girls over here has bad teeth. The water, they lay it to, and I guess they're right, because Gatch—he's the Chief Engineer—won't leave us use it in our boilers, and no wonder it eats the casings off their ivories.

Well, this girl was that type, and her teeth was sound as a dollar. I sized that up the first smile.

"Mr. Kennedy," says the earl, "meet my sister, the Countess of Kildare," and he didn't introduce her to another soul but me; which was right and proper, considerin that I fell for her just like Spud Alexander fell down the ventilator that time on the old prune barge, you remember, heels over appetite; that's the way I fell; and she liked me too at the first glance, you could notice that all right.

"Aw, Mr. Kennedy!" she says, the first thing off; but just then my other responsibilities diverted me, for here was the young earl getting more and more enthusiastic every minute about our crowd.

"Rippin—perfectly rippin!" he says. "Aren't it, Pater?"

And there, by gum, was Pater, standin at the turn of the stair, and lookin more like the pictures on the wall than son did even. He had on a red coat too, but his waistcoat was sky blue instead of yellow, and he sported a lot more gold buttons and a whole clothesline of gold braid coiled across the front of his coat and up on his shoulders and crisscrossed down the back of it.

"Ho! I say, now," says the Duke, "perfectly rippin!" And he came down and favored me with one of them high sidewise handshakes, with a motion like stirring the mush, you know. "This is a pleashaw, aw, aw, haw, haw!" says the Duke, grinning from ear to ear. He certainly was an affable chap.

"But I thought you was Irish aristocracy," butts in Milt Owen, right over my shoulder. "You sound like an Englishman."

Well, sir, the old boy stiffens like a ramrod. His face gets all set and hard like one of the stone lions out on the steps, and even his little sidechops seemed to get hoarfrost on

(Continued on Page 34)

WAR AND SCIENCE

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

THERE is a saying that "A silent tongue and a true heart are the most admirable things on earth." If that be so then the present war will prove that the engineers and the chemists of America are a wise and worthy body of citizens, who as a class rank second to none in effective service and fervent patriotism.

When the United States declared war the country was plunged into a new line of business. Our men of science in particular were asked to devise ways to stop the depredations of the arrogant Hun. The prayers of millions of captive peoples were directed to America as a land of succor. But the eyes of the few men actually controlling the destinies of Europe's besieged nations were turned to the technical brains of the great industrial people of the Western Hemisphere. Could the builders of this peace-loving nation turn their arts to deeds of destruction even to save humanity? How long would it take them to mobilize their vast resources for war? Such were the questions asked.

Shrapnel Bullets to be Fitted Into Shrapnel Shells

If we were to believe the inspired talk of the German propagandist America from the very beginning has muddled all her war undertakings. Unfortunately our leaders of science have their lips sealed and are unable to reply to such slander, except through the achievements of our materials and men on the battlefield. In the meantime the Teuton has done his best to cultivate suspicion, rouse doubts and chill the ardor of the layman—the man who buys the securities that make it possible for Uncle Sam to prosecute the war to a victorious end.

It is of course unfortunate we did not realize sooner that the Kaiser and his followers are a tardy survival of the ante-medieval Goths, born several centuries after their time. It is regrettable we did not know that Teuton Kultur is a strange compound of barbarism and science. However, even efficiency, which is the master passion of the German, must be based not only on the right method but on the right cause. Science may predetermine the operation of a machine with never-failing precision, but human science is an uncertain guess. The greatest engineer cannot succeed in his vast mechanical enterprise if in his organization there is a lack of human cooperation. Germany has so far succeeded in maintaining her morale through unrelenting discipline. Her temporary successes have been due to a reign of iron and blood. Her leaders have shown neither conscience nor compassion. Her persuasion has been based on fear, not sympathy.

Berlin's Barbarous Doctrines

LET the German wife write her soldier husband that the boy is ill and the crops are poor. Does the letter reach him? It does not. Instead she receives a note from headquarters that her husband must not be made to participate in her domestic troubles. She is informed that such things are secondary to the needs of the Fatherland, and it is her duty to write him of hope and high prospects. In this way is German morale preserved. But such stern measures of repression will have an end. "Truth will out," and some day there will be a dawning of understanding that will give the boches hearts of hate for their deceivers.

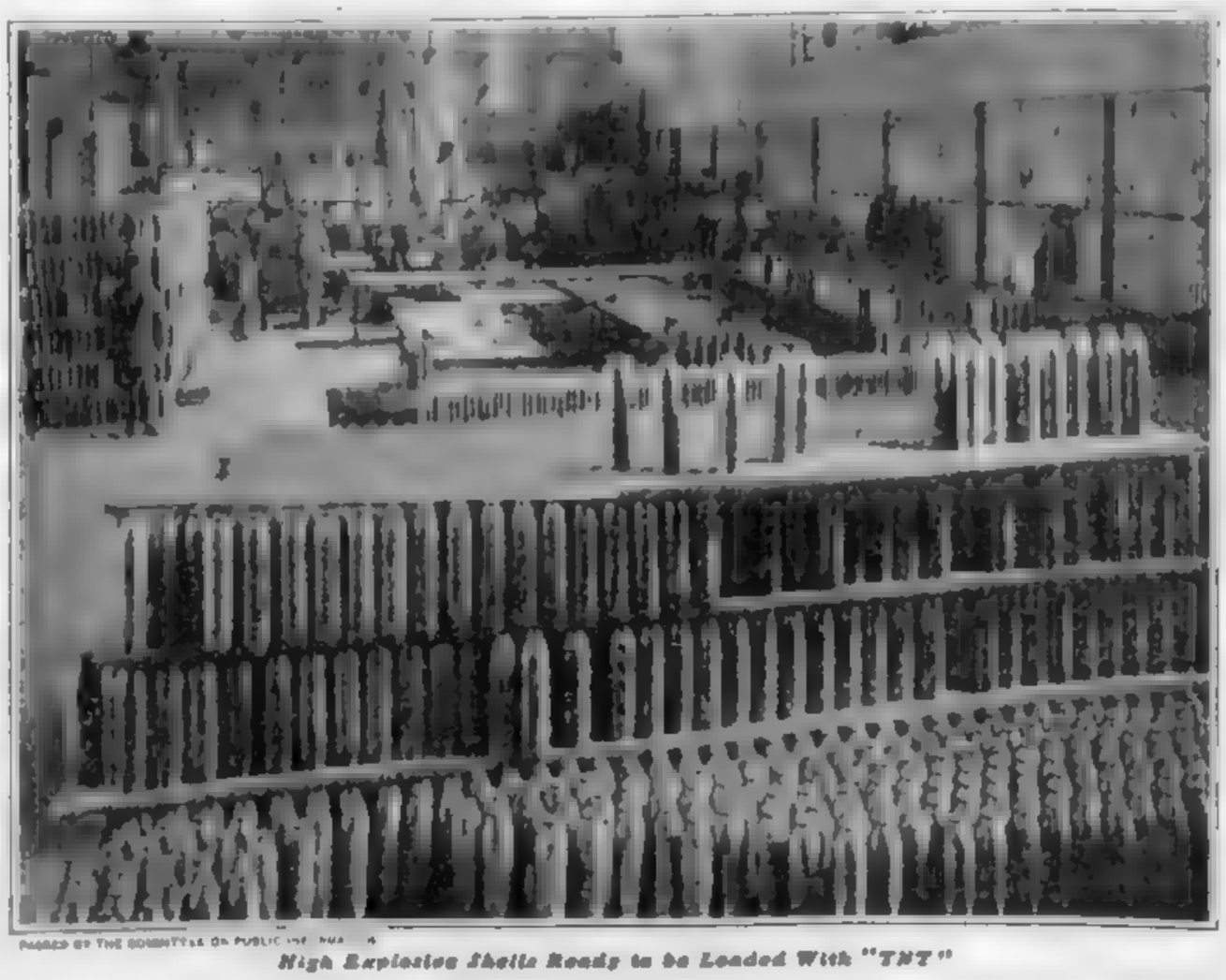
In the meantime it is well we have come to understand German character, so that we can see through and round these people. Neither pride nor sentiment has influenced the Teuton in the development of his war plans. If any device or any idea possessed merit the Hun hurried to adopt it, and did not hesitate to do so because the new thing came from an alien land.

Germany has yet to learn that material efficiency is not the beginning and end of every human effort. She has sent commissions to all ends of the earth to copy and perfect the commercial methods of other peoples, but she has not considered it worth while to make a study of the higher ideals or spiritual aims of foreign nations. She learned early in the game that chemistry was the basic science, and that the more numerous the products she could manufacture from each ton of raw material the more numerous the profits she could obtain. She realized it was better to convert a ton of pig iron into pocketknives and watch springs than into steel rails—this knowledge meant more money; but she did not understand that her responsibilities extended beyond the boundaries of her empire and that permanent material efficiency must be based on a moral efficiency that is world-wide in scope. She has striven for a "place in the sun" and lost her seat of honor on earth.

Yet the Kaiser still exercises his will, and his cohorts continue to cling to their original barbarous doctrines. We must either conquer the Hun or surrender to him— there is no intermediate course open. What are we doing to meet the Teuton challenge to our honor? Much of the story cannot be told, for military reasons, but there are some interesting high spots that will interest the army of loyal workers in civil life, who are entitled to know something of the nation's problems and achievements.

Blunders That Uncle Sam Avoids

NONE of the wheels of the war machine will revolve if we fail to provide a properly trained personnel. Uncle Sam therefore decided wisely that he must assign every man to the post where he is most needed and to the work he is best qualified to perform. It is silly to waste an able electrician or chemist on driving mules; or to put a first-class accountant to work in a gun repair shop. At every cantonment there is now a personnel officer, under whose direction each man is carefully interviewed and his qualifications card-catalogued. All this information goes to army headquarters in Washington, and the War Department is thereby provided with information to guide it in drawing from the various cantonments when General Pershing calls for certain classes of specialized men.



High Explosive Shells Ready to be Loaded With "TNT"

The experiences of Great Britain and France have proved a valuable lesson to America. Our allies sent men indiscriminately into the trenches, irrespective of their individual qualifications for difficult and essential work behind the lines. In avoiding this blunder Uncle Sam created a Committee on Classification, and this body has transferred more than 150,000 men out of cantonments into units requiring soldiers of specialized training. Many of these men were chemists, bacteriologists, foresters, physicists, meteorologists, gunsmiths and experts in sanitation and refrigeration. One whole regiment of men who spoke French was sent abroad to act as military police at army headquarters.

This important work of classification, however, does not end with these transferals, for plans have been perfected whereby the men in the various camps are subjected to detailed examinations that generally land them in that branch of the service for which they are best fitted temperamentally and physically. The sole aim is to discover the special talents of each individual and

then direct his efforts along lines that are congenial. Many men have been picked from the ranks of the privates and advanced to posts of higher responsibility.

This work has been carried on under the supervision of our most celebrated psychologists, who formerly occupied chairs at the Northwestern University, Harvard, Columbia, Wesleyan, Chicago, Michigan and other famous institutions. The general plan followed in making a preliminary test is to divide each group of men into two squads—those who can read English and those who cannot. After the men are supplied with pencils and writing boards the examiner proceeds to ask questions, limiting the time for answers. In this way a fairly accurate idea is gained of each individual's perception, comprehension, general knowledge, initiative, resourcefulness and rapidity of calculation.

The papers are graded on a point basis, from a possible perfect mark of 414 down to zero. Men getting a mark above 300 are designated for Class A. They are rated as superior officer material. Only six per cent of the men attain this grade, and of this number only one per cent get a mark above 350. These latter soldiers are given a special rating as "skilled in abstract thinking." It is possible of course that a man may even show this high standard of qualifications and yet be unable to command men, but usually such a man can be placed in a position where full advantage can be taken of his mental alertness. The men in Class B constitute 12 per cent of all those examined and comprise the ones who get a mark of 250 to 300. These men are designated as superior and are in line for early advancement.

The soldiers who attain a mark of 100 to 249 are designated as average and are most numerous. They form the class known as the "typical private." The papers that are graded 50 to 99 are marked inferior. Fifteen per cent of the men are in this group, from which the Government derives its typical unskilled laborers. The men who grade from 0 to 49 are divided into two classes. Those from 20 to 49 are considered dull and inefficient. They are subject to review to see if they can be of any value at all to the Government. Those getting a mark below 20 comprise only four per cent of the men and are classed as "feeble-minded." This last group is generally eliminated.

Army Tests

THIS whole idea of testing and selecting men is to secure efficiency and avoid placing a round peg in a square hole. When the examination uncovers a fellow who is keen on mathematics he is immediately put into the artillery; algebra and geometry are not essential to the infantryman who goes over the top, but they are indispensable to the man pointing the big guns. When it comes to the matter of handling an airplane the man selected for this highly technical work must possess mental and physical qualifications of an unusual character.

Few people outside of military circles fully realize the immense value of these psychological laboratories that Uncle Sam has now established in practically all of our large camps. The Germans have one psychologist with each brigade, and this officer is also deputized to maintain the morale of the boches—a job that is already difficult and one that is likely to become an impossible task when the Huns encounter a few serious reverses.

Out at one of our largest cantonments recently a great opera singer asked the boys to select the song they wanted sung out of a dozen popular numbers submitted. The choice was overwhelmingly in favor of a mother song. This incident may be only a straw indicating a phase of character, but it prompts a feeling that the Teutons are going to have trouble when they meet several million such Americans, who have been set to work doing the things they are best qualified to do, and each one entering battle with a just cause in mind and a holy image in his heart.

Never in the history of any of our great corporations or in the development of any of our great industries have we applied psychology to the selection of personnel in the effective way our Army is now doing. When the war is ended shall we not benefit through the general adoption of some such scheme for placing men in those positions where they can serve most advantageously and render the most effective use of their personal capacity? This is one way American efficiency can be speeded up to meet our after-the-war problems. One thing is certain—the American soldiers who return home will be better men for the careful training they have had and will be a greater national asset than they were before.

Uncle Sam does not cease his efforts to create a superior soldier with the mere discovery of what kind of work the individual is best fitted to perform. He has arranged with fifty of our greatest colleges and technical schools to conduct courses of instruction during the summer months for men sent to these institutions from the army cantonments. It is estimated that by early fall upward of 100,000 soldiers will have been trained in special vocations and fitted to take their places as skilled workers in the Army. This plan means that thousands of deserving young men who have been denied educational opportunities will gain valuable and practical knowledge that otherwise would have been impossible for them.

The War Department estimates that there are eighty-eight separate and distinct occupations that are fundamentally necessary to the operation of a modern army. Some American units already in France are in reality nothing more nor less than traveling machine shops. Regiments of soldiers are required to operate and maintain the giant cranes at the ports of debarkation. Other regiments must build and operate railroads, sawmills, quarries, power stations, waterworks and refrigerating plants. In addition there are battalions expert in the operation of tanks, mining, surveying, map making, and gas and flame service.

1500-Ton Press Forging a 14-Inch Armor-Piercing Naval Projectile

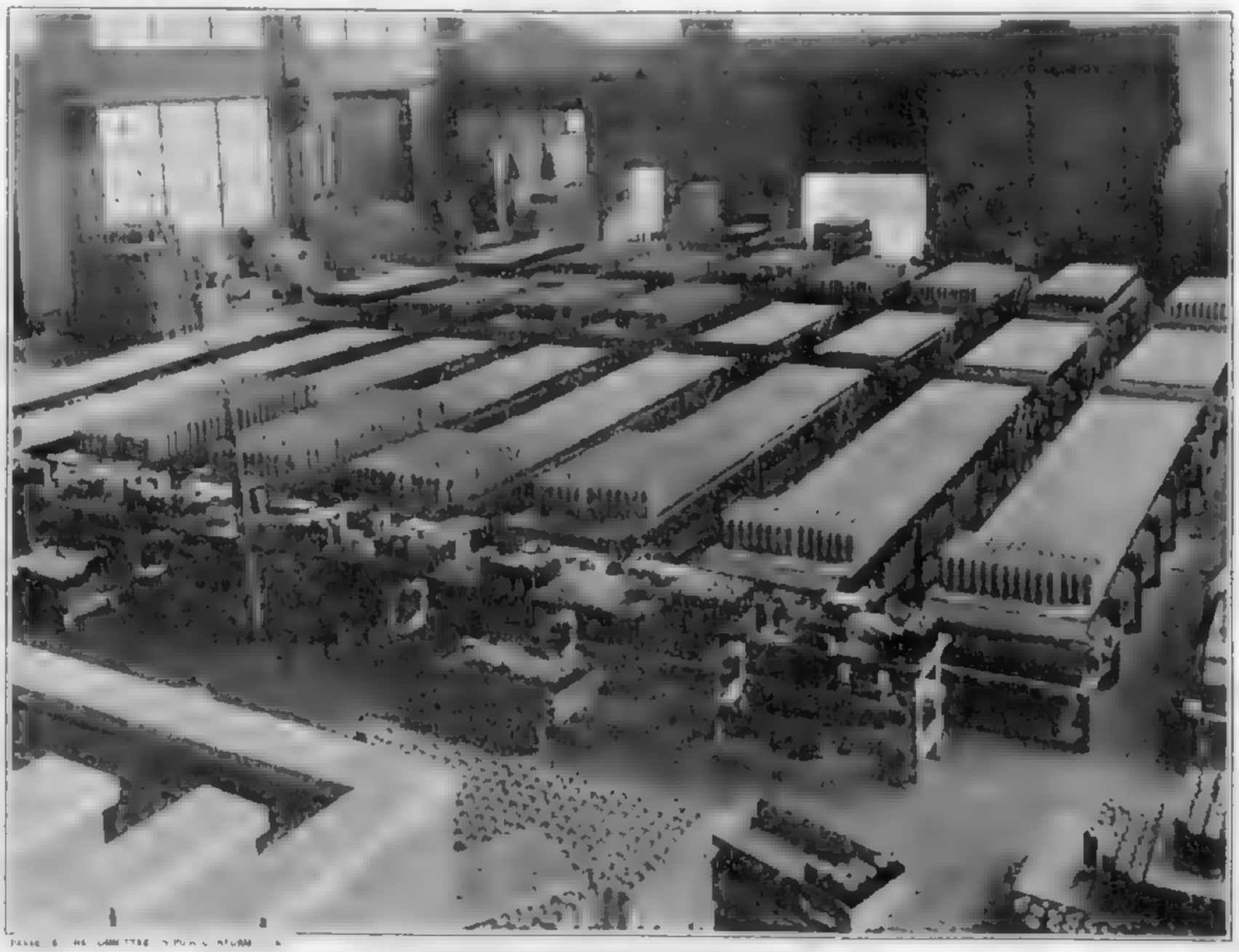
The Modern Tools of War

STILL other regiments are engaged only in producing novelties in camouflage and in utilizing the highly developed army searchlight, which guards against the enemy's surprise evolutions after dark.

That Germany was fully prepared along all lines at the outbreak of the war is true beyond doubt. When the Teuton hordes poured into Belgium in 1914 they had in their ranks upward of 20,000 men skilled in the art of acetylene welding—a class of work vitally essential to the quick repair of guns. At this same time there were less than 6000 acetylene welders in the whole of the United States.

War to-day bears very little semblance to the struggles of the past. It used to be pretty much a stand-up and knock-down affair, but such hammer methods are now obsolete. The modern soldier is supplied with the most delicate types of instruments. Enemy batteries are located by sound and flash ranging. It was a French physicist who first perfected an instrument that renders it possible to determine the exact time of arrival of the sound wave emitted by the discharge of an enemy gun at

(Continued on Page 54)



8-Inch Shells in Process of Manufacture

THE REVIVAL

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. SOULEN

"He Won't Go One Step! I Hope They Do Tar and Feather You! You're a Mean Old Skinflint"

MARSH was planting the south forty to corn. For the second time within an hour he saw Pete Bangs dash up the road with a great clatter and popping and a trailing dust cloud. He hated Pete Bangs, and Pete Bangs hated him.

For one thing, Pete was a fool. He hadn't, properly speaking, a red cent to his name, yet here instead of attending to business he was sailing round the country in an automobile. True, it wasn't much of an automobile: not secondhand, but fifth-hand or sixth-hand, and little better than a wreck when Pete acquired it by trading a horse, the remnants of a top buggy, a cow and an accordion. But Pete had tinkered it up until it ran quite well. He had a surprising ingenuity in that way and in devising practical jokes an almost uncanny, monkey-like ingenuity. His round snub-nosed face, framed in a short, coarse red beard, made Marsh think of a monkey—at least since Marsh had come to hate him so cordially. For nearly four years he had been Marsh's hired man, with endless bickering, numberless fits of rage on Marsh's part, clamorous complaints of unfair treatment on Pete's part, and finally something pretty close to murder when the monkey in breeches seized a long, gleaming corn knife and rushed at his employer with homicide in his eye.

This was the second time within an hour that Pete had sailed by, rattling, popping and stirring up the dust. It occurred to Marsh that his house was empty, for his daughter Emma had gone to the village that afternoon to help make surgical dressings for the Red Cross. He remembered it with anger; and he didn't put it past Pete Bangs to do some mischief in the empty house if he should happen to know it was empty.

Stopping his team at the edge of the field, where it could be trusted to stand, Marsh dismounted from the corn planter and made rapidly toward the house in an awkward, stiff-jointed gait. The nearest way led through his sixty-acre vineyard—lovely enough just then with tender, red-tinged young leaves feathering the outspread grapevines. But Marsh's only impression of the vineyard was that the buds were formed and he'd have to begin spraying at once.

The house was square, two stories high, painted a dun brown and in obvious need of repainting. He entered by the back door and made a hasty survey of the lower story, but saw no sign of trespass. He stepped out on the front porch, mopping his face with a bandanna handkerchief—for it was warm and his rapid walk made him sweat—when his daughter appeared at the gate. She had walked the mile from the village. Her way, after she left the cement sidewalk at the edge of town, lay along a well-beaten path gratefully shaded by big maple trees, but she had walked rapidly and perspiration stood on her forehead.

A tall post on either side of the gate supported a sign-board that bore the legend "Laurel Hill Farm"—faded now and barely legible, one of the posts sagging. In fact, there was no hill and the luxuriant shrubbery in the door-yard was mostly lilacs and syringas, in need of pruning. The sign and the shrubbery had been a sentimental indulgence on the part of Marsh's wife—about the only one that had ever been permitted her.

Marsh saw his daughter but gave no sign of it. His lank figure was clad in rusty shoes and frayed trousers—both earthy from his work—and a collarless calico shirt. With a final application of the handkerchief across the leathery back of his neck he tucked it into his suspender, put the tattered straw hat on his head and turned to reënter the house, though his daughter was then mounting the steps that led up to the veranda.

But she spoke to him arrestingly: "Father!"

With a gnarled hand on the knob of the screen door he turned partly to face her. A sandy beard grew thinly over his hollow cheeks and fell below his chin in a slim spiral much irascible stroking from left to right having fixed it in that form. His nose must have been broken, for Nature could hardly have given it so pronounced a bent. Nose and beard gave his meager face an appearance of having been hastily twisted into shape.

"Have you seen the paper to-day?" his daughter asked with nervous haste; and without waiting for a reply—which he did not trouble to give—she quickly opened her little hand bag and took out the much-folded front sheet of a Chicago newspaper. She had folded it small, so her hand bag would contain it, for she didn't wish anyone to see her carrying a newspaper home from the village. Her voice and face showed agitation.

He took the sheet from her hand and read the big black headline across the top of the front page: "Germans Have Reached the Marne."

He had been thinking only about Pete Bangs and finishing the corn planting and spraying the grapes and how they'd have to hustle to get the first cutting of the alfalfa done between planting and spraying. But as he read the headline an enormous shadow, projecting four thousand miles, darkened his sky.

His small pewterish eyes twinkled hostilely at the young woman. He took his nether lip between his teeth as though he were using it as a stopper to bottle up speech and silently handed the paper back to her.

Her hands, clasping the paper, seemed to supplicate. She bent toward him and her hurried voice was slightly unsteady: "Father, you must give something! You must, father! They're coming out here to-night to ride you on a rail unless you do!"

A dull red spread slowly over his face. He gnawed at the stopping lip and put a hand up to his spiral beard, twisting it. Then he spoke, thickly with anger: "They can go to hell!"

With that he turned and stumped into the house, and his daughter dropped, trembling, into a chair.

She had gone far; she had warned him plumply. But that was only the beginning. Struggling to keep up her courage for the rest, she sat in the old Boston rocker, staring blankly out.

There was no hill, but when one got on the porch one saw that the ground where the house stood was higher than the surrounding country. The view was attractive—across the road, an almost level expanse of pasture where cattle grazed; darker green of young oats at the right; beyond the pasture, a field of rye over which as the wind ruffled it varying lights seemed to glide and dance, then a long line of woods in virginal leafage. It was the first week of June and the world thereabouts was in its most genial, promising mood. She was vaguely aware of that—which seemed to make it all the harder.

She had submitted and submitted and submitted again, and tried and tried again; and finally it was ending in dismal failure. It is hard to accept failure at twenty-five. Her thin face bore a look of pain. She had never been regarded thereabouts as a pretty girl. Her face was too long and thin, and various other defects might have been adduced if the matter had even been debated. But the dark rich red of her abundant hair was admired by some people, and her friends remarked the beauty of her soft brown eyes. She was very plainly dressed—shabbily, her friends said with indignation.

Presently she heard her father coming through the living room to the veranda, and twisted her hands together in her lap, bracing herself. His appearance, however, took the words out of her mouth. In one hand he carried a double-barreled, breech-loading shotgun; in the other a ramrod, a strip of flannel cloth and a tiny oil can.

Without speaking to her he pushed the other rocking-chair to the very front of the veranda, seated himself, took the corks out of the muzzles of the gun and proceeded to clean and oil it. The veranda faced a main-traveled road, only a mile out of town. Vehicles were constantly passing. No one going by could fail to notice that Bur Marsh was putting his shotgun in order. Gossip traveled fast thereabout.

When Emma saw the weapon her heart leaped to the base of her throat—and remained there as she watched the grim man uncork the barrels, tear a piece of cloth and twist it into a swab on the end of his ramrod, then put a little oil on it and push it through the barrel.

Finally she spoke in despair: "Oh, father! You can't! They're all against you! Everybody's against you! You can't fight them all!"

Squinting through the swabbed barrel her father replied: "The first man that puts a foot through my gate'll get his belly full of lead."

"You'll only make it worse!" she argued hopelessly. "If they hear you've got out a shotgun it will make them madder than ever. It's the way you've talked that's made them mad—even more than your not giving. You can't fight them all."

She strove to find a more convincing argument; then abruptly stooped toward him, tremulous, passionate, pleading with all her heart: "Father, why don't you give something? You're rich enough. You can well afford it. Just buy a thousand-dollar Liberty Bond—or five hundred! Give twenty-five dollars to the Red Cross! You'd never miss it. Everybody does. Why, Hugh here, poor as he is, gave five dollars to the Red Cross. You can well afford it."

"I don't say I can't," he retorted. "I say I won't." He gnawed a moment at his nether lip, the dull red of anger in his face, and the hands which held the gun trembled slightly. "The war's all blamed foolishness anyhow. We had no business to get into it. I might 'a' give something—I don't say I wouldn't—if they'd 'a' treated me decent. They started in to blackguard and bullyrag me. They can't do it. I'll run my own business. They can go to hell."

In his recalcitrance there was no taint of pro-Germanism. He wasn't pro-anything except Bur Marsh; an obstinate, tyrannical man, with a swollen pride in his own ability and success, inclined to be contemptuous of other people's ability; above all, a stingy and selfish man. He regarded giving anything to anybody, under any circumstances, as only a sort of sentimental foolishness. And when his first refusals provoked resentment, the resentment provoked all his irascible, egotistic obstinacy.

"If they think they can get anything by blackguardin' and bullyraggin' me they've got another think comin'," he added forbiddingly. One particularly offensive "blackguarding" recurred to him.

"Is young Tenney one of them that's comin' to-night?" he demanded. It sounded insulting, as he meant it to.

Her eyes fell and she replied, low: "No."

Marsh twisted his beard vengefully and remarked: "I'd save up a special barrel for that pin-headed pup."

Emma raised her beautiful brown eyes to his face, with a look as though he had struck her, and said, low: "Phil is going into a training camp next week. It's been hard for him to get his affairs arranged; but he's going next week."

The person they mentioned was owner and editor of the Weekly Gazette—a position that had devolved upon him three years before at the sudden death of his father, the young man then being in his junior year at the state university. Hurrying home he had found his father's affairs a good deal at sixes and sevens, that having been their chronic state. There had never seemed to be a time when he could get away, leaving his mother and sister to struggle with the paper. But latterly he had made a time. Four weeks before this the Gazette had carried a leading editorial entitled Enemies at Home, on reading which Bur Marsh had not only stopped his subscription but rudely ordered the young man out of his house.

"He'll get some soft job there," Marsh commented. "No danger his ever smellin' gunpowder—unless he comes in my yard."

In the silence that followed Pete Bangs rattled and popped past the house, looking toward it. Seeing him, Marsh lifted his shotgun and squinted through the barrel.

Then Emma spoke, quite solemnly: "Father, I'm going to leave home."

Marsh was surprised. It was a contingency he had never really thought of. He had expected his women folk—that is, his wife while she lived and his daughter—to be tractable to his will just as he expected it of his horses. Gazing at her now he realized that she was twenty-five, and in her soft brown eyes he read a fixed rebellion. He felt the anger that he had felt toward a balky horse.

"Where you think you're goin'?" he sneered.

"I'm going to work for the Red Cross here at present," she replied, low and mournfully, but with no flinching. "They need hands. I can stay with Ella Pearsoll. When I've used up my little money I will go to work somewhere. I haven't thought where, or what at, yet. I can earn a living. I'm going to Ella's this afternoon."

The tragedy wrung her afresh, and in a passion of regret and entreaty she burst out: "You're a hard man, father. You were hard on mother. You've been hard on me. I didn't want to stay here. I wanted to go to the university. You could have afforded it. I'm only your hired girl here. You've made it unpleasant for my friends to come here. You insulted Phil and turned him out of the house. You've been hard on Hugh and his wife. We could have stood all that ——"

She was striving to keep herself in hand and speak coherently.

"But what you're doing now is so terrible, father! Our country—the boys going over there to die—everybody giving and doing—even poor Hugh gives five dollars. And you won't do a thing. You insult them when they ask you. It's too terrible. I can't stand it. I'm going to give all my time to the Red Cross. I'll have to live in town to do that. So I'm—leaving."

In spite of herself, her voice broke at the last word and tears formed in her eyes, though she had resolved with all her might not to cry. She knew that crying irritated her father; sniveling, he called it.

Perhaps it irritated him now. He looked at her, red with anger, then turned his attention to the gun.

"Well, go, if you want to," he said; "but if you go you'll never come back while I'm livin'."

"I never expect to," she replied, and after a moment, feeling it was settled, went into the house to pack her suitcase. Her wardrobe was not cumbersome.

Marsh also felt it was settled, and burned with an acrid anger in which there was the same sort of rage he had felt at a balky horse. Gnawing at his lip he took his shotgun and ramrod into the house and stumped back to his corn planting.

It was six o'clock when he returned to the house, and his supper should have been waiting for him. But when he stepped into the kitchen he sensed the emptiness of the house. There seemed something deserted and tomblike in its still air. That smote upon his heart but did not abate his anger, and he mentally accused his daughter of monstrous ingratitude in leaving him supperless. His mind was so disturbed that he didn't wish to address himself at once to the business of getting something to eat; so he went out and sat on the porch.

A moment later as his eyes were turned mechanically down the road toward the village an approaching automobile arrested his attention. He thought that was Ben Gilson driving, with Henry Likens on the front seat with him. There were three men on the back seat. In some mysterious way the car seemed to have a special significance for him. He watched it, and as it swerved toward his gate he thought of mobs. An impulse, or instinct, to run for his shotgun came into his mind. Then he saw that Uncle Jim Lamb, president of the State Bank, was one of the passengers, and at once he realized that this was broad daylight in a law-abiding community, so mobs and shotguns were absurd.

The men were getting out of the car, however, and coming up to the house. Marsh watched them, cynically speculating, without moving.

Uncle Jim Lamb was the first man to climb the veranda steps, his bright blue eyes and short snow-white beard as symbolic of benevolence as ever. He spoke pleasantly to the man on the porch: "Good afternoon, Bur."

Marsh merely nodded, cynically speculating and twisting his beard, and without troubling to get up he let the callers dispose themselves as they might—in the two vacant chairs, or standing up, or perching on the veranda railing.

It was the president of the State Bank who opened the conversation. His stocky person disposed in a chair, one hand holding his hat resting on a plump knee, he stroked his beard with the other hand and addressed the master of the house amiably:

"Bur, the boys think we ought to have a little talk with you on this war business and see if we can't get together on it like good neighbors. Strikes them you don't understand it right."

"I Might 'a' Give Something—I Don't Say I Wouldn't—If They'd 'a' Treated Me Decent. They Started In to Blackguard and Bullyrag Me"

The "boys" then present were Henry Likens, the village iceman; Ben Gilson, dealer in agricultural implements; Web Turner, grocer; Milt Young, manager of the Fruit Growers' Association. Bur Marsh's attitude toward them was disparaging. He calculated that if it came to a pinch he could plank down more money than all four of them put together.

"I stepped into Ben's warehouse this afternoon to take a look at that new tractor," Uncle Jim went on pleasantly. "Half a dozen other men were there looking at it, I guess. We were talking about the tractor and the way the grapes were budding and how the wheat looked, and so on—our own little affairs, the way we neighbors usually do talk when half a dozen of us get together. Boy came along on a bicycle and tossed Ben's copy of the noon edition of a Chicago newspaper into the door. It said the Germans had got ten miles along the Marne. Pretty serious, Bur. They're coming right along. We fell to gassing about it, you know—saying the French general would bring up his reserves and stop 'em, and the English ought to have been down there, and dishing up the mistakes at Washington, and so on—the way we usually do gas when we talk about the war."

The banker stroked his beard again and turned a benevolent smile upon the iceman: "As I recollect it, it was Hank Likens who spoke up and said we were talking piffle. He said we couldn't bring up any reserves on the Marne or sink any submarines or even get much action at Washington. He said if we weren't just stiffs and had anything except hot air in our gizzards we'd get busy at home and do the things we could do." He smiled genially at Marsh, adding: "That seemed to be the sense of the meeting, Bur. A good deal at stake over there, you know. This country of ours is at stake. We must set to work and get our own people together here at home—get 'em in line.

"I think you'll see it, Bur, if you'll only look at it straight a minute. Our boys are going over. We stand round and cheer 'em when they go. We know some of 'em won't come back. Some others will come back with their legs off and arms off and eyes out. Looks sort of nasty, don't it, to send the boys off with a cheer and then backcap 'em here at home?"

Now Marsh did not think disparagingly of Uncle Jim Lamb. He regarded the president of the State Bank as a man on his own plane, and even in a superior position. So that thrust from the banker cut him to the quick, and he flung back wrathfully: "I ain't backcappin' nobody! I'm just mindin' my own business."

"That wasn't what I meant, Bur," the banker explained as amiably as ever. "I meant backcap 'em myself. When I cheer the boys, you see, they must take it that I mean this war is something so big a young man ought to risk losing his eyes and legs and life for it. When I asked you to subscribe for a Liberty Bond you wouldn't. When Milt urged you to give something to the Red Cross you told him to go to hell. Now suppose I go on as though that didn't make any difference to me; as though I considered it your own business—like whether you'd plant potatoes or corn—just dealing with you and treating you as though I thought you were as good a citizen as anybody. Seems to me one of these boys might say: 'You told me to go and die, and when Bur Marsh told the Red Cross to go to hell you wouldn't let on to him that you didn't like it for fear you'd lose a deposit.' After Hank here sort of brought the subject up in that way, seemed to me I couldn't look one of those boys in the face if I wasn't willing to say that a man who won't buy a bond or give to the Red Cross when he's able, ain't entitled to stand with them that do help. Seems to me, Bur, we've got to draw a line, and we've got to toe it."

He spoke mildly, in a tone of friendly persuasiveness; but Marsh saw hardening resolution in the faces of the other men.

Henry Likens, the iceman, had been industriously tugging at the huge tawny mustache that framed his chin in the shape of a horseshoe. The tugging hand bore signs of manual toil and was by no means clean, for he had recently finished his afternoon delivery. He wore soiled overalls, and a dilapidated felt hat was stuck on the back of his head. He looked over at Marsh and grinned in a way to remind one of a youngster in the act of letting fly with a rock at a tempting window pane:

"Remember when your tenant house burned down three years ago this winter, Bur? I remember it 'cause I had my hand in a sling for two weeks and got my ears frosted. Pete Bangs and his wife'd gone off somewhere, you know, and left two kids inside. Nobody had a key. You'd butted at the door with a scantling and stood round pawing your whiskers when we got out here. I smashed the door and got the kids out, and blame near burned my hand off. I ain't sayin' it to brag. I'm strong; and what's a man strong for? We saved your house and barns. A dinged cold evening, Bur. You don't belong in the village or pay taxes there. What'd we fellehs want to be piling out here for, frostin' our ears and freezing up our good hose? We'd ought to 'a' set on the fence and told you to go to hell."

"I didn't ask you to come!" Marsh snapped at him.

The iceman's small gray eyes twinkled with battle and an aggressive edge of anger showed in his voice as he retorted: "You didn't offer to pay for the length of hose we spoiled either. You didn't ask us to come now; but we're here, and we can come agin—without Uncle Jim, if it's necessary. You're a mean man, Bur Marsh. You've always treated your hired men like dogs. You've treated plenty of other people like dogs too. We've stood your ornery ways and probably we'd 'a' gone on standin' 'em, for we don't believe in interferin' with people. But this war's different—a whole lot different. My boy's in trainin' camp, and I expect he's goin' over to this stuff in the newspapers in a week or two. You can see how the Germans are comin' on, same's we can; and you're settin' here tellin' us to go to hell. We can't stand it. We got to draw a line, as Uncle Jim says. You don't get any more ice from me till you come across. It was dinged hard work gettin' that ice out last winter—snow six feet deep over it. Me and my men and horses worked our heads off. I ain't workin' for the Kaiser and his friends. You don't get any more ice of me."

That was a novel idea to Marsh. True, the iceman had grumbled about delivering his commodity so far out of town, at no greater price than he charged within the village; but Marsh had shrewdly dismissed that as nothing more than an attempt to wheedle a little extra money out of him. That anyone would refuse to trade with him when there might be a profit in the trade was a novel idea.

Milt Young rubbed his sparsely thatched head and spoke up gravely—a stout person, coatless and vestless, but with a collar and tie as befitted a man in an important mercantile position. The collar, however, was wilted, for Milt was in a continuous mop of perspiration when the thermometer stood above seventy. The narrow leather belt that held up his trousers made a tiny valley across his ample stomach.

"You know the history of the Fruit Growers' Association as well as I do, Bur," he said judicially and with a slight judicial frown. "As long as fruit growers tried to ship independently, every fellow for himself, they didn't make any money. We said we'd all stand together and ship in common. We formed our association and we have made money since then. Some of the men don't like standing together with a man that won't stand with them when our country's at stake. I expect that subject will come up at the next meeting of the directors."

That also was a novel and even more startling idea to Marsh. "You ain't runnin' that association!" he retorted. "You're our hired man, to 'tend to the shippin' end and the sellin'—and paid twice as much salary as you're worth, if you want my opinion about it."

"I don't claim to be running it, Bur," the manager replied gravely. "But I think I know how a majority of the members and the directors would feel about it if the subject was brought up."

"I can ship my own grapes," Marsh declared.

"Maybe you could," Uncle Jim Lamb observed persuasively; "but would it be worth while? I don't think you understand how people feel about this war. They feel the country is at stake, you see. They're sending off their boys. I guess about every able-bodied woman in town—and some that ain't so able-bodied—is working for the Red Cross. You could hardly expect 'em to keep their tempers when a man that's well able to help won't do a thing. The longer the war goes on, and when we begin to get our dead and wounded in columns full, the stronger they'll feel about it. You might ship your grapes alone; but after all there ain't much a man can do alone. If he's got the ill will of the whole community, so his neighbors won't help him or deal with him any more'n they may be compelled to, he's in a pretty poor position. You can see, for example, what a detriment you'd be to the bank."

Marsh twisted his beard as though he would take it out by the roots, and his eyes twinkled wrathfully at Uncle Jim. For five years now he had been a director of the State Bank. He was tremendously proud of the position. No other farmer in that part of the country was a bank director. It set an indubitable seal on his success. As bank director he stood, so to speak, behind the veil, at the very arc of the community's business. He knew just how much Ben Gilson and Web Turner owed the bank and the size of Hank Likens' deposit. This gave him a gratifying sense of superiority and of power over them. He was always fancying that debtors of the bank treated him with an added touch of deference. Scarcely any other threat could have shaken him like that of being deposed from the bank directorate. And especially coming from Uncle Jim Lamb. He and Uncle Jim were not only equally rich, but fellow bankers—men on the superior plane. He felt this was a sort of vile treason, like that of an aristocrat going over to the proletariat and attacking his fellow aristocrats.

"I was elected by the stockholders, same as you was!" he flung at the president.

"Very true," Uncle Jim replied mildly; "but the stockholders will feel like everybody else. You see, Bur, you're trying to stand out against the whole community when the community's desperately in earnest. It makes 'em mighty mad. They feel they ought to be mad about it—same's when a man's wife's insulted. If he ain't mad about it he looks kind of bogus, you know; don't seem's though he really cared much. You can't afford it, Bur. No man can. A good subscription to the Red Cross now will be the best investment you ever made."

Uncle Jim had said something like that to him before. He felt they were trying to coerce him, and though the bank president was among them, all his passionate obstinacy rose against it.

"I won't be bullied!" he cried. "If I subscribe it'll be because I want to!"

"Well, don't you want to, Bur?" Uncle Jim urged persuasively, with a smile.

There may have been an instant of hesitation in his

(Continued on Page 73)

If He Had Run to the Porch and Fired, the Gun Would Certainly Have Burst in His Hands. No More Practical Joke This

VENUS IN THE EAST

XIX

By WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

BUDDY McNAIR'S feet were in red Morocco slippers and his pyjamas concealed under a brocaded robe as he turned the latch to admit Terrill Overbeek. The unexpected guest stood silhouetted in a square of light, a patch of fine linen showing in the opening of his short overcoat.

"You're a splendid host, Buddy—perfectly corking host!"

He shook hands almost affectionately as he came in, and under the bright light Buddy could see that he had not permitted his wine to die for lack of reënforcements.

"I haven't got on my war paint," said Buddy, "but I'm mighty glad ——"

Overbeek slipped on the rug and Buddy caught him at a perilous angle.

"Damn that ice!" spluttered Terry. "You ought to have your man sprinkle a few ashes. Unsafe for pedestrians."

Buddy switched on the library lights and permitted his guest to slump into a soft chair by the table. Overbeek threw his hat on the carpet and struggled desperately to get out of his overcoat. Three years ago, when he had appeared in that elaborate hunting costume to shoot poor Romeo, Buddy had thought him a comic figure. To-night, in spite of his inebriation, there was a terrible comedy about him—the comedy of failure and tragic dissolution.

Buddy brought out a decanter and poured portions into small glasses. As soon as Overbeek had gulped the draft he made a wry face and said paradoxically, "Bally good stuff! That's some of Sagan Rae's 1812, I take it."

"I got part of his stock," explained Buddy, staring and wondering.

"Poor Sagan—won't need it any more. Living on sour milk and dog biscuits. Got him in a cage, with a nurse who teaches him to play blocks and say da-da. Rotten life that, living in sanitarium. Of course he won't need it any more."

As though that point were settled Overbeek reached again for the decanter, but made such a mess of it that Buddy hastened to refill the glass.

"Buddy," asked Overbeek after the second drink, "why won't you be a little more theatrical? Why don't you dangle the languid wrist and inquire, 'To what do I owe the pleasure of this midnight visit?'"

"That's just what I wanted to ask," confessed Buddy, grinning in spite of himself.

"But you don't know how, eh? Well, stick round with this crowd a while and spend a little more money than you can afford and you'll learn how to do anything"—he lurched forward on his elbow, his face becoming suddenly set and serious—"anything but how to be decent and useful and human."

Overbeek held his pale eyes on his vis-à-vis for a long minute.

"I'm not going to argue that point with you, Terry," Buddy informed him.

"I've been working nights for a long time," Overbeek went rambling on. "Hardest kind of work—what d'you call it?—keeping up with the dogs. But that doesn't mean that I'm not here with a fixed purpose. What would you say it was, Buddy? Give you three guesses."

"Love, courtship and matrimony," suggested Buddy, beginning to wonder if this shattered millionaire himself knew what he was here for.

"Be reasonable. Now I'm going to tell you something." Again that hard, serious expression came into his face as he leaned over. "You remember that favor I refused?"

"Yes—I sort of recollect it."

"Well, I haven't forgotten it. That's a vice with me—remembering. I wouldn't help you when you asked to be introduced to Sally Dyvenot—but now you've gone and done the job for yourself; and I'm here to save the bones."

"Just what do you mean by that?" asked Buddy McNair in his fighting voice.

"She's pecking rapidly, I can see. Trust old Sally."

"Do you know she's promised to marry me?"

Overbeek gave one bray of a laugh and pounded the table.

"Great Scott! Is it as bad as that?"

"What are You Doing—You Little Bounder?"

"Now look here, Overbeek ——"

"Just a minute, just a minute!"

One of those slender hands went up in a gesture expressive of a sort of cynical power. To all appearances Overbeek had become perfectly sober.

"I noticed Sally wearing her—pearls—to-night," said he smoothly. "And I decided it was high time for me to do you that favor."

He held a match quite steady as he lit a cigarette before resuming:

"Of course I know a great deal more about you than you know. I pay well for my information, and I've been keeping a sort of guardianship over you. For instance, that matter of your paying nearly a quarter of a million for those pearls ——"

"Ghost of Great Henry!" gasped the man from Axe Creek. "When did you find that out?"

"About two days after your check went through the clearing house."

"Well," declared Buddy defiantly, "I don't suppose there's any law against my buying a necklace, even if it was just like the Overbeek pearls."

"Just like them?" drawled Overbeek. "My dear fellow, what you bought *were* the Overbeek pearls!"

There came a pause, during which Buddy McNair went over and took some brandy on his own account.

"Would you please say that again?" he asked gently.

"You simply bought the Overbeek necklace back from Twillaway's, paid the price Sally Dyvenot had put on it—then turned right round and presented the necklace to her."

"Say, boy, you're crazy!" croaked Buddy, mushing into his chair. "The Overbeek pearls were lost in front of the Metropolitan Opera House. I saw her wearing 'em half an hour before she lost 'em."

"Not the Overbeeks—she wasn't wearing them," persisted Overbeek like the tolling of a bell. "And she never lost the Overbeek necklace."

"What is the man driving at?" asked Buddy, not at all sure he hadn't gone to sleep over Mr. Carlyle and dreamed a bad dream.

"I'll have to explain—make it simpler." His head swayed slightly and the silly look came back into his eyes. "Pardon me if I ramble—I'm a little drunk myself. You've got to make allowances for Sally Dyvenot—way she was raised. I made allowances for her over two years. And look at me now! She'll lie crooked in her coffin, that woman. I imagine I'd have married her if I hadn't found out how she'd divorced Pat Dyvenot. Still in love with the bounder; wanted to get hold of my money to spend on Pat. Of course there may be a worse lot in New York. Seems queer, though, for a stranger in town to have picked up ——"

"Damn you!" shouted Buddy McNair, springing up and shaking the villner back into the present. "What pearls did she lose if she didn't lose the Overbeeks?"

Overbeek had again raised the soft hand of annoyance.

"Sit down, Buddy, and let me talk."

And when Buddy had made the best of his torment Terry went smoothly on in his sober voice:

"Sally's been living on from pillar to post ever since we found we couldn't make a go of it. She plays cards pretty well and has a half brother in the interior-decorating line—but everybody is supposed to know how she can travel on the ragged edge and be accepted everywhere. But she's been running into debt like a wild horse. All this time she hung on to my pearls. It must have been a cruel wrench when she got rid of them."

"Got rid of them?"

"That's the cream of the story. It cost me some time and trouble to get this information. But it seems that her dressmaker had been stung twice at about that time, and Mrs. Dyvenot's account was becoming a valuable antique. One day a pert collector got into her apartment and threatened no end of a row. . . . By Jove, old boy, that's excellent brandy!" Buddy's hand was as shaky as his guest's when he refilled the little glass.

"Well, Sally wasn't going to see herself bawled out as a bankrupt. She decided to kiss the Overbeek necklace good-by; so she marches round to Eidelstein's, where they make a business of imitating pearls, and there she has the necklace reproduced in cheap stuff. For three or four hundred dollars Eidelstein can imitate any pearl so well that the Mother of Pearls couldn't tell the difference. Then Sally sneaks over to Twillaway's and makes a secret deal with the pearl salesman to break up the real string and sell it in small lots. She had to pay that dressmaking person—all together she was in a rotten bad corner, you know."

A sickening humiliation came over Buddy McNair. He swore that Overbeek lied, and the more fiercely he protested the more wildly did he suspect that those drunken lips were telling the truth.

"She wore the imitations round for a few days—letting people get used to them, don't you see?" Overbeek's manner had become rather lightly discursive. "But the collector from the dressmaker got impertinent again. I got this from him straight—threatened to take her pearls for the bill. That was just what Sally didn't want—getting those phony pearls into hostile hands and having it come out that she was wearing imitations. That would have spilled the beads jolly well for Sally!"

"And you're trying to make out that Sally—Mrs. Dyvenot—accidentally lost the imitations and let them be advertised as the genuine?"

"Accidentally—on purpose." Overbeek allowed one lid to droop and lie dead for a moment over his fishy eye. "She could advertise the pearls as lost; her dressmaker couldn't

compel her to give up what she didn't have. And in the general excitement Twillaway's could have time to sell the Overbeek necklace and turn the money over to her. But in the midst of this neat little plan Sally struck such a good thing as only happens once in a lifetime."

"Meaning me?" asked Buddy.

"Rather! Not only did you come along and pay her agents two hundred and twenty-five thousand for the necklace but you made her a present of it—a present of it!" Overbeek put back his head and laughed and laughed. "Best game she ever played—both ways from the ace and win on both ends! Made her a present of it!"

"What's the name of the insane asylum where they took Sagan Rae?" the victim inquired in a crushed tone.

"We'll go together—make it a twosome," invited Terry, his face again drooping to its leer.

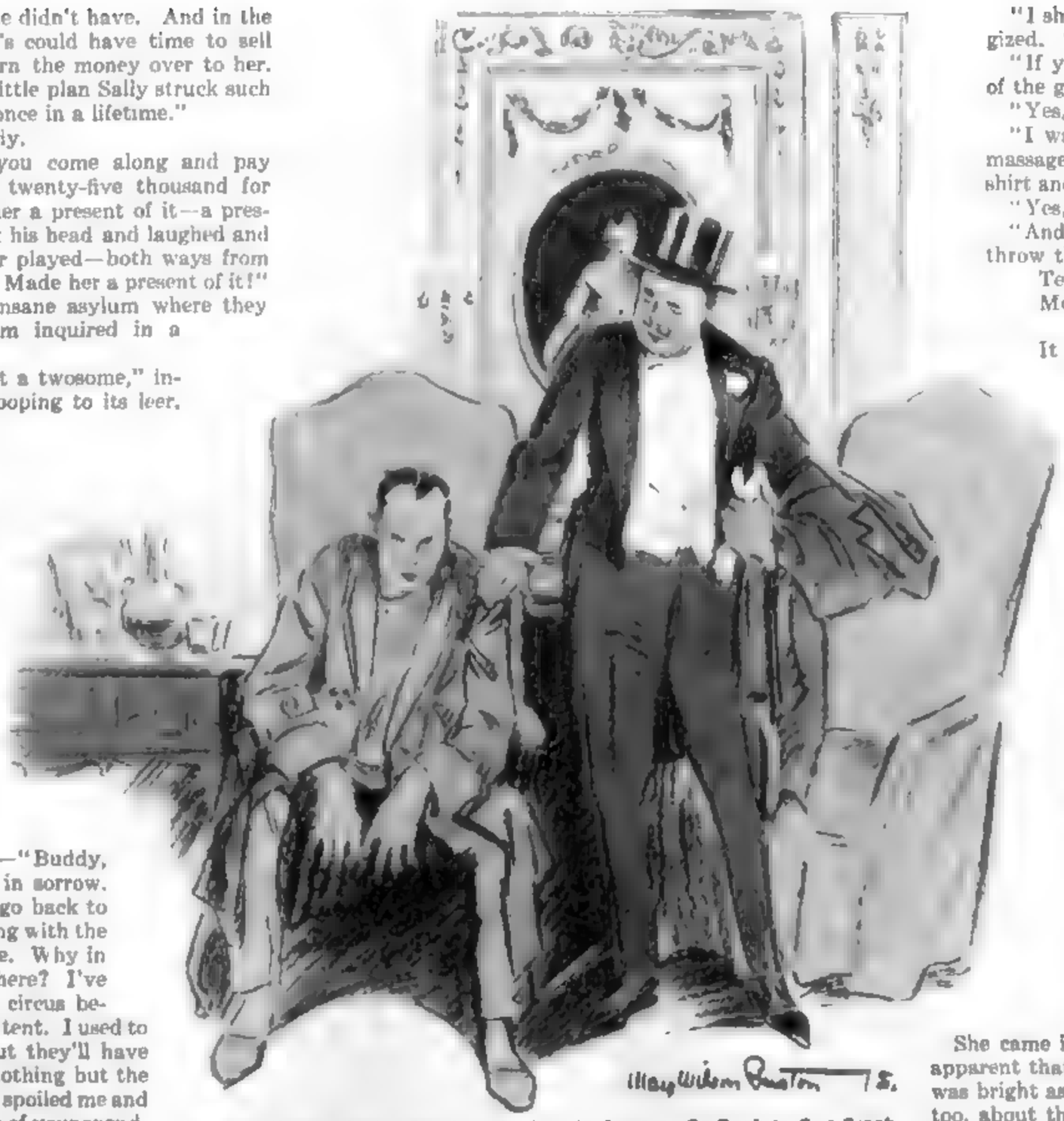
"I don't believe a word of it," roared Buddy, anger surging again.

"That's good."

And he began to sing something about the weather when birds of a feather get together.

"I'll talk to her to-night," raved the man in torment. "I'll get the truth out of her."

"Buddy, you can talk to her a thousand and one nights and hear the same number of Arabian yarns," he cackled. "But you'll never get the truth out of her. It isn't in her. Buddy, my boy"—he swayed to his feet, and leaning over laid his hand on the drooping shoulders—"Buddy, my boy, we're brothers-in-law in sorrow. I want to tell you something—go back to Axe Creek. You'll be safer living with the wild bears and the rank cyanide. Why in the world did you ever come here? I've had to travel round with that circus because I was born under the main tent. I used to know plenty of real people, but they'll have nothing to do with me now—nothing but the circus set will endure me. They spoiled me and they've got me. What's the use of your spending brains and money and health on us? We're rotten, we're tin-panny. We're spoiled by a lot of newspaper claptrap; we're about as dignified as a Punch and Judy show. Get out, Buddy! Find a healthy, sensible, middle-class girl; marry her and be real. Marry a woman who isn't afraid to raise children at the breast. Good night."



"Buddy, My Boy, We're Brothers-in-Law in Sorrow. Go Back to Axe Creek. You'll be Safer Living With the Wild Bears and the Rank Cyanide"

Tears were coming strangely out of the fishy eyes and Buddy found himself shaking hands with the man.

"I—I wish you'd look me up." Overbeek was faltering as Buddy led him to the elevator and rang the bell.

"I will—perhaps," promised the man from Axe Creek. "If your story's true I'm off for Axe Creek to-morrow morning. If it isn't I'll look you up all right—with a gun. And what I gave Romeo won't be a patch of snow on what you'll get."

"I'll have a large target embroidered on my overcoat," promised Overbeek as he floundered into the elevator.

xx

BUDDY rang her up twice that night, and twice was informed by a sleepy maid that Mrs. Dyvenot had given orders that she should not be disturbed by anyone. It was after three in the morning when he made his second appeal; he had lost all track of time. He went round his apartment, turning on all the lights, aimlessly inspecting the art objects which Half Brother Charles had so thoughtfully provided, at a proper commission. The whole thing had been so nicely arranged to give an effect of aristocratic lineage. By a look round the place you would have thought that Buddy McNair had inherited household fixtures from any number of generations of several nationalities. Great cloisonné vases on a battered Florentine mantel; eight or ten splendid prints, attributed at least to Hokusai; wall coverings of old Venetian textile; a medallioned Chinese rug on the floor.

Mrs. Dyvenot had never lost interest so long as he was spending money at her suggestion. Buddy thought of this several times, then condemned himself for the unworthy thought. Being a true American he disbelieved in hanging on circumstantial evidence; and it is hard to find an American jury that will hang a woman on any evidence whatsoever. The chances were that Overbeek—and it was easy to see how he had deteriorated during the past two or three years—had gone wild with drinking, was babbling on the verge of delirium tremens. More possibly still, he was attempting to use Buddy McNair as an instrument with which to avenge an ancient wrong. No, Romeo's fate wouldn't be a patch of snow on what Terry would get if that outrageous story proved untrue.

He wandered into his library and went over the rows upon rows of vellum-bound volumes, all in beautiful sets, which he used only as bedtime sedatives. The taste of stale liquor was still in his mouth. Everything filled him with disgust, gave him an impression of contemptible ugliness. So this was what he had been digging for all those humble years, burning his fingers with acid, rummaging in the mud of Axe Creek. He had sweat out the secret of turning mud into gold; with what unworthy ease that gold was going back into the mud!

Of course this was only part of the nightmare. He would see Sally in the morning and have it over with. She could straighten it out with a word or two; and then he would have Wing's pearl handled six-shooter oiled for proper action against the slanderer who had implied foul things against a woman's name. What had he meant by that reference to Pat Dyvenot—"she's still in love with the bounder"? What did everything mean in this mad game he had entered, a child and a novice?

Toward dawn Buddy began taking it out on poor Jass. He repeatedly rang his valet's bell, hoping against hope that the faithless one had returned and could be bullied into bringing him a cup of coffee. The ghastly apartment merely echoed. With two or three picturesque expressions that he had learned from Shaggy Keenan he charged through the little white door at the end of the hall and into Jascomb's bedroom. The modest place was as immaculate as Jass himself and quite in keeping with his perfect valetry. Over his neatly laid bed hung portraits of the royal George and the equally royal Mary. On the bureau, amid a few simple toilet articles, stood a photograph of a sweet-faced English girl, with the inscription "From Lydia to H. Jascomb." There was a British quietude about it all, a lack of this hurly-burly which was driving him mad. Over Jascomb's trunk were numerous other photographs, mostly of noble hunting parties gathered on lawns of great country houses. The survey brought to Buddy a certain calm—it was all so English, so settled, so free from worry.

In his abnormally excited state he had visions of himself—under Jascomb's protection and guidance—escaping to England, there to close his days.

At last he went to sleep in a library chair and was awakened by the machine-gun snarling of shade rollers in operation. Jascomb, haggard but compliant, moved stealthily about, making a pretense of not seeing his master's shockingly unconventional behavior.

"Well?" asked Buddy, after staring a long time.

Jascomb jumped.

"Yes, sir."

"You're human, after all," concluded his master.

"I should like to explain, sir," the slave apologized. "It's quite an unusual story."

"If you tell me an unusual story at this stage of the game I'll lynch you."

"Yes, sir."

"I want a cold bath, a shave, a hot towel, a massage, three fried eggs, a cup of coffee, a clean shirt and immediate action."

"Yes, sir."

"And I want you to go back to the kitchen and throw the almighty wrath into Jenny Anderson. Tell her the star boarder's home and mad. Move, Jass! Start the mill!"

It was barely half past nine when Buddy, having breakfasted, arrived at the brownish-brick apartment house just off Madison Avenue.

"Does Mrs. Dyvenot expect you, sir?" asked the other Jass at the door.

"Get out of my light!" The man, despite his superiority in inches, stood aside and permitted the invader to charge upon the elevator.

He faced the surprised maid at Mrs. Dyvenot's door, and he was well inside the apartment before he gave his instructions:

"Tell Mrs. Dyvenot I'm calling."

"She isn't up, Mr. McNair," faltered the scared servant.

"Tell her I'll wait."

He waited in a comfortable chair facing the pygmy grand piano, upon which his own photograph, taken by a fashionable photographer and artfully framed, stood smilingly next to the portrait of fat Carlo of Bulgaria. In that bitter moment Buddy saw himself as one of a rogue's gallery of suitors. Why hadn't she labeled them all with numbers and hung them in a row somewhere where the world could stare and have its laugh?

She came in sooner than he had expected. It was apparent that she had slept well, for her complexion was bright as a girl's; and there was something girlish, too, about the simple gown she wore. He must have presented a ghastly appearance, for she paused when she saw him and her face took on that fleeting look of fear he had seen there last night when she faced Terry Overbeek in the theater aisle.

"Buddy, my dear!" she cried with more warmth than she had ever before shown to him—and before he realized what she would do she had come over and thrown her arms round his neck.

"You poor child, what's the matter?" she was asking in his ear.

He unwound her arms and stood away.

"Sally," he began gruffly, "a man came to me last night and told me a pack of lies about you. I want you to help prove they're lies so that I can go out and finish the snake."

"Of course. But, Buddy, you've worked yourself up into a fearful state. You can't afford to take idle stories so seriously. Who came to you?"

She was smiling now as she motioned him toward the couch and sat beside him.

"Terry Overbeek," he announced.

"You're going to attack my character on the word of Terry Overbeek?"

"I'm not attacking your character, Sally. I'm defending it; and I want to hear the truth from you."

"What does he say?"

Her eyes, narrowed to hazel slits, were fixed on the point of her shoe.

"In the first place he charges that you never lost the Overbeek pearls."

"He's capable of that. What did I lose, in his opinion?"

"He says that you purposely lost a set of fakes to throw your creditors off the track while you had the real Overbeek necklace up for sale."

"I had no idea poor Terry was a dime novelist. Could you believe such fiction, Buddy?"

"No. But he hates you, Sally, and he's going to spread that story round New York with variations, telling how a green Westerner was bunked into buying the Overbeek pearls and handing them back to you ——"

At this point in the encounter Buddy's attitude was almost apologetic. He could see how frightfully he was offending her.

"And you believe it?"

Her mysterious eyes were still upon the shoe tip.

"Not a word! I know it's a damned lie and I'm willing to spend every cent I've got or ever will get to put that blackleg where he belongs. Can't you see, Sally? I want to make things right for you"

He reached out for her hand, and he was aware how icy it had become as she drew it away.

"What do you intend doing?" she asked in a small voice.

"Sally, you're not mad with me ——"

"I'm a little insulted," she informed him, looking rapidly round.

"Great Henry! If you could suggest any other way out ——"

"What do you intend doing?" she repeated.

"I want to put the proofs in Overbeek's face," he said impatiently. "I want to choke them down his throat."

"What proofs?"

"That the pearls I gave you were not the Overbeeks—that you didn't have the Overbeeks on sale at Twillaway's at the time I bought yours"

She looked over at him with a little hostile smile and said, "I don't think it would be hard to prove that the ones I have aren't the Overbeeks."

She rose and pressed a button on the wall, and when the maid appeared she said shortly, "Elise, bring my pearls."

"You're not going to feel that I ——"

He faltered before she interrupted in much the same tone she had used toward her maid: "If you're going to become suspicious with me every time you hear a new rumor spread by this rumor-mongering town ——"

The maid brought in a large white brocaded box and set it on the table beside her mistress. They were both standing now as Mrs. Dyvenot undid the lock and lifting the lid displayed coil after coil of the glowing beauties wound round a neck shaped hummock of white velvet. She undid the clasp and held one end aloft until the chain of radiant globes swung from her fingers to the carpet.

"Some of them are a little different in color," she coldly began. "The ninth and the twenty-sixth are slightly whiter than the others. The Overbeeks are perfectly matched, all cream color. Then, if you will look at the clasp ——"

She held the flat diamond with the platinum mount over her pink thumb nail and turned its reverse side toward him.

"Here on the reverse, you will see, they've tried to imitate the Overbeek mark—the little wheel-shape device inside the star. It's really very clumsily copied. I—I recognized it almost at once."

"You didn't say anything about it the day I brought them to you," he informed her bluntly.

"No—I—— Buddy, are you trying to put me under a cross-examination?" she asked, anger flushing her cheeks.

"Sally, dear! I'm just trying to get at the facts," he implored. "And if you'll let me have that necklace for an hour ——"

"What for?"

She stood back, clasping one end of the string close to her breast.

"The expert at Twillaway's will be able to prove in two minutes that they're not the original Overbeeks."

"What do I care for their experts?" she asked, and her hauteur was like that of a shoplifter caught in the act. She stood there, never moving, and her eyes were upon him so watchfully that faith in her was killed forthwith.

"I think I have some rights in the matter." Buddy was beginning to assert himself. "All I want is possession of the necklace from here to Twillaway's—just long enough to show it and get their opinion. Good Lord! If you can't trust me you can come along."

"I have other things to do," she excused herself.

"Well then, will you permit me to bring Twillaway's man here?"

"I most certainly shall not!"

She had backed a little farther toward the wall, and despite her freezing demeanor there was something that told Buddy that another moment might find her in tears.

"Sally, I wish you'd be sensible," he urged in a gentler tone. "This is a matter that can't wait. If you'd ever be candid perhaps I might know your motive for doing things. Won't you at least tell me what's your objection to having those pearls examined?"

"Not to-day, not to-day!"

Her hazel eyes were wider open than he had ever seen them before, and she was making a futile attempt to hide her treasure in a fold of her gown.

"Right now—at once!"

The command came rough and stern out of his dry throat. She had temporized and evaded once too often. The Wild Man had come out of his mountain and for a moment was a terrible thing. A killing rage had hold of him, and it was fortunate that he took it out on the necklace.

"What are you doing—you little bounder?"

It came like the spit of an angry cat. He was aware now that he had grasped a segment of the swinging necklace, had wound it round his hand and was exerting his strength to snatch it from her. She was not pretty to see as she stood there, her lips drawn down at the corners, her teeth showing as she exerted all her hate to pull away the loop which he so stubbornly retained. It was not a dignified exhibition, this picture of two beings suddenly reduced to primitive methods of exchange. All kindness and forbearance had left his heart; a realization of her guilt had come flooding over him. There followed a mighty wrench—and the inevitable occurred. The catgut cord broke, and a half hundred pearls went scattering like beans to the four corners of the room.

At the moment of catastrophe they stood apart, she fiercely indignant, he flushed and already repentant.

"Excuse me, please!" he was begging. "I didn't know what I was doing. I'll gather them up for you and ——"

"You'll do nothing of the kind!" she fairly ground out through her teeth. "You'll leave my house at once!"

"Is that final?" he asked, as she stood there, pale as death, the remnant of her necklace over her arm.

"Yes. I never want to see you again, you underbred little cattle dealer! Go away from me! At once—do you hear? At once!"

"Just a minute.

Kneeling down he began to gather pearls here and there across the carpet.

"What are you doing?" she asked in a voice that was all but a scream.

"Getting a sample," he said as he rose and clicked half a dozen in his pocket. "If Twillaway's satisfies me I'll come back and offer every apology in the world."

"No you won't!" Her voice was now coarsely hysterical. "You'll never show your impertinent peasant's face inside my door again."

"That's final," announced Buddy McNair; and he closed that forbidden door very softly behind him.

So this was the end of his golden adventure. At the sidewalk Buddy faintly ordered his chauffeur to drive him to Twillaway's. Something told him he would lack courage to see it through unless the affair were settled forthwith. What if the salesman should prove the case for Mrs. Dyvenot by showing that the pearls he carried loosely clicking in his pocket were not identical with the Overbeek string, that she hadn't lied, that Overbeek had been working to defame an innocent woman? Even at that the

(Continued on Page 65)

He Was Too Weak to Tell Her He Was Merely Suffering From Shock. Somebody in New York Was Trying to Give Him Back His Money!

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 24, 1918

If Your Copy is Late

BECAUSE of the unprecedented transportation conditions, all periodicals will frequently be delivered late. If your copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not reach you on Thursday please do not write complaining of the delay, as it is beyond our power to prevent it. If your dealer or boy agent does not place THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on sale Thursdays it is because his supply has been delayed in transit. He will have it later.

Sometimes subscription copies will be delivered first; sometimes copies sent to dealers. Until transportation conditions are improved these delays and irregularities are unavoidable.

Rubbing the Lamp

BETWEEN British organized labor, as represented at its last national convention, and American organized labor, as represented at its last national convention, a marked difference in policies developed. Our "intellectuals," so far as we are able to keep track of them, are profoundly disgusted with the American decision.

That decision was, briefly, just to stick to "unionism"—to getting labor organized in unions whose chief object would be to strive for better wages and better living conditions, with no particular interest in politics except as political action bore directly upon the immediate problems of labor, as by getting eight-hour laws governing public contracts, agitating against arbitrary use of injunctions, and the like.

"Intellectuals" regard this as a shamefully sordid and purblind program. They want labor actively in politics and committed to vast schemes of social regeneration. When American labor scratches a puzzled head over those world-changing—but painfully indefinite—imaginings and allows that it will just plug along for better wages, they accuse it of lack of idealism. But they are unable to give labor the slightest assurance that if the world-changing plans that they have thought up between dinner and bedtime could be put into effect their result would be anything nearly as good as a simple raise of wages.

American labor knows from experience that the quantity of goods it can command depends upon the contents of the pay envelope. It seems to be suspicious of "intellectual" leadership—not itself addicted to manual toil—which seeks to transfer its attention from the pay envelope to a scheme for obtaining goods by rubbing a lamp at Washington.

The Kaiser's Gold Bricks

TAKE all these statements about the efficiency of German propaganda with large handfuls of salt. The Kaiser's agents in America had a huge fund to be used in misleading public opinion. The evidence shows that they spent it like suckers. Their astuteness was that of the legendary farmer who bought counterfeit bank notes with which to swindle his neighbors at ten cents on the dollar, and found when he opened the package that it contained only waste paper.

They "fell" to the tune of six and seven figures for publicity schemes for which a competent newspaper editor would not have paid two cents. Apparently anybody who came round and sang Die Wacht am Rhein could get a check. They paid bundles of good money to chaps whose every blat hurt their cause. It is doubtful whether all their underground stuff was worth the postage it cost.

This is an old story—as gentlemen in Wall Street could tell you with tears in their eyes. About nine times out of ten the man who spends good money to jimmy propaganda into the public press through the cellar window would better make a bonfire of the money. Now and then he will put something over, but by and large he is playing a sucker's game.

They say the Kaiser's agents had a hundred million dollars. Whatever they had or spent, the net result of their sagacious handiwork is that there are now few street corners in the United States on which a man can stand and remark "Hoch der Kaiser!" without imminent danger of having his head punched.

How to Have Coal

YOU expect cheap coal and plenty of it. The Government is giving you cheap coal—cheap under the circumstances, as you will see if you compare present and pre-war prices of that commodity alongside present and pre-war prices of various other commodities; or the American price with European prices. But high prices stimulate production, and in keeping the price comparatively low the Government forgoes that stimulation. High prices induce economy in consumption too. In keeping prices comparatively low the Government must rely on voluntary economy.

Are you volunteering? Have you really done anything about next winter's fuel supply except to badger the coal man and criticize the Fuel Administration? Have you overhauled your furnace? Have you got an ash sifter? Have you considered whether it is really a good plan to throw the dampers open until the house is stifling and then open the windows?

The Fuel Administration has not been perfect. Have you? You are a fuel administration too. While preparing to advise the Fuel Administration at Washington do not forget that it can give you some good advice.

Another Billion

YOU probably remember that the Federal Government spent about four billions of revenue—aside from its borrowings—in the last fiscal year, and are duly impressed by that sizable fact. But that is by no means all. Cities having a population of thirty thousand and upward received more than a billion dollars last year, and considerably more than half of them spent more than their revenues.

When you look at the present governments of New York, Chicago and Philadelphia, for example, you will suspect that quite a bit of this billion was wasted. For cities having thirty thousand to three hundred thousand population the expenditure averaged something more than twenty-five dollars a head—running up to thirty-eight dollars a head for those having half a million or more.

In other words, for the inhabitants of these cities—and they contain about a third of the total population of the country—the per capita expenditure for local government came to nearly as much as the tax bill for the Federal Government in war. That is something to think about.

In many cities certainly the cost of government could be reduced without impairing government efficiency. In every city there ought to be a publicly supported movement to check over the budget.

Telegraph and Telephone

NEARLY four years ago Postmaster-General Burleson submitted to Congress a report recommending government ownership of telegraph and telephone systems. This report contained the following paragraph, which its authors apparently regarded as an important point:

> The United States alone of the leading nations has left to private enterprise the ownership and operation of the telegraph and telephone facilities.

The natural implication would be that the United States was behind other important nations. But, in fact, the United States at that time had developed under private ownership and operation a system of electrical communication as great as those of all Europe combined. Its system not only carried a far greater number of messages than were transmitted by electrical means in any other country, but its charges to the public for this service were not out of line with the charges in other countries, when all the factors in the case were fairly weighed—such as higher wages here and the big annual deficit of the British post-office telegraph, whose message rates were often compared with ours.

Other countries had public ownership. The United States had private ownership. In the extent and serviceableness of its system the United States was far in the lead. Rather naturally Congress concluded that the plan on which the United States had beaten the world was not a bad one to stick to. Means of electrical communication in the United States are still privately owned. The recent act of Congress which put them under government operation was a snap judgment taken under the exigencies of war. Good faith requires the Government to manage them without prejudice to the plan of private ownership and operation—to which they should be restored the moment war ends.

Under Four Thousand

THE bill that Congress is now shaping will produce a much greater revenue than any nation has ever raised. The greater part of this revenue will be handed over by persons whose incomes exceed four thousand dollars a year—either directly, in the form of personal income tax, or indirectly, as a corporation tax. In no other country at war will persons whose incomes are below four thousand a year be taxed so lightly, directly and indirectly.

The Government will soon be asking for a loan of six billions or so from its citizens. It must depend upon incomes in excess of four thousand for a large part of the subscriptions. By all the implications of the case it has a right to expect that incomes under four thousand will make an extraordinary effort to come to its support—not by taxes, which are charged off to profit and loss, but by investment in the best security in the world. The man who saves and invests in government paper is not only supporting the Government: He enriches himself by his present saving and by a habit of thrift.

To the income under four thousand the Government's proposition is: "I let you off with light taxes, or none; I increase your assets; I set the stage to put you into the way of thrift." If twenty millions do not come across strong on the next loan the Government will be justified in feeling disappointed.

Rail Rates and Luxuries

AT THE beginning of 1917 England raised railroad passenger rates fifty per cent, largely to stop unnecessary traveling—because spending money that might go into war-savings stamps for unnecessary traveling that clutters up overburdened railroads is no way to win a war. For some time the raise had the desired effect; but it gradually disappeared, and the President of the Board of Trade recently told the House of Commons that British rails are carrying more passengers, independently of military traffic, than ever before. As the military traffic averages three million passengers a month the burden is obvious.

Unnecessary traveling is as much a luxury as unnecessary anything else. Raise the price by half and consumption will decrease—until people get used to the new price; then if they have the money they will consume as much as before. That seems to be the lesson deducible from British experience with railroad fares.

Theory Goes Overboard

SOME of the most significant and lasting effects of the war take place quite outside the field of politics. About three years ago English banks began consolidating. When mergers now under way are carried out almost all the commercial banking of Great Britain and Ireland will be done by just five huge banks, with headquarters in London and branches everywhere.

Later the British Government got nervous over the progress of bank amalgamations and stipulated that its consent must be obtained before any further mergers were effected. It has, we believe, vetoed one or two proposals in that line, but to others it has assented. The net result is what Congress would delight to call a "money trust" more comprehensive than anything dreamed of here.

Theoretically there are many objections. It puts an enormous power over credit in the hands of comparatively few men. They might abuse the power. With us—as yet—the theoretical considerations would govern. But after four years of such a war as this the consideration of actual efficiency governs in England. If a little more power on the driving rod may be had by consolidation, consolidation goes. No doubt the feeling is that if the consolidated banks ever do actually abuse their position means will be taken to check them. Mostly it is just facts that England wants to deal with now—in view of such grueling facts as Teuton submarines and armies.

The attitude of our Government toward business has been founded pretty exclusively on theory. Power may be abused; therefore the power of any particular man or set of men should be kept to the minimum. But our whole war experience could almost be summed up in the phrase centralization of power beginning with the President. For pulling a million-horse-power load a million one-horse-power engines will not answer very well.

JOHN HAY'S GOOD DEED IN A NAUGHTY WORLD

By WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

THE passion for land-grabbing, which may be considered one of the very real causes of the great war, possessed all the so-called civilized nations during the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Through the immense development of industry and transportation, due to the advance in science and in invention, the countries of Central and Northern Europe especially saw the time approaching when they would need more space; for the increased production swelled their population and they sought to acquire new lands, both for their surplus population and to furnish new markets for their products.

The continent that was the first victim of their cupidity was Africa, where Europeans had settled only on the fringe of the seaboard. So Great Britain, France, Germany and Portugal allotted among themselves the vast regions in the interior, most of which had never been explored and all of which were peopled by the original black natives. Italy coveted a strip along the Mediterranean, but circumstances did not permit her to acquire it then. The difficulties of colonization, chief among which was the climate, prevented the rapid settlement of Africa. Then suddenly an event occurred that turned the attention of the land-grabbers to another continent.

In 1894, to the astonishment of the world, the Japanese Army by a brief and decisive campaign defeated the Chinese and held China at its mercy. At that time Japan numbered in the neighborhood of 40,000,000 inhabitants, while China counted 400,000,000. But the Japanese blow opened the eyes of the world to the fact that China, instead of being powerful in proportion to her numbers, was like a great ship at sea whose rudder and propeller and engine are gone and whose huge bulk leaves her all the more at the mercy of storms. China had long been a rich field for foreign traders; the British had held Canton as their own port and various nations had secured concessions that would be profitable as fast as they were exploited. Now, however, the Europeans would not be satisfied with mere concessions to trade; they must have grants of provinces.

China's Birthright

THEIR scientific prospectors had reported to them the existence of natural resources—coal deposits, for instance—of incalculable value; and so these foreigners grabbed land not merely with a view to its actual producing capacity but to its promise of future wealth. To control the railway system or the steamboats of that vast empire would give the concessionaires not merely untold millions but also great political power.

At the very end of the nineteenth century, therefore, we find China the Esau among nations. For a mess of pottage she had surrendered her birthright to foreigners. It must be said, of course, that she did this under compulsion; but that she had to submit to this compulsion is one of the most tragic warnings in history. That an empire of 400,000,000 persons should be unable through disunity and administrative impotence of very long standing to defend itself from any assailant ought to teach every nation, large and small, the duty of arming itself adequately to its size.

China was a very different sort of booty from Central Africa for the depredators. She had been semi-civilized for thousands of years; her people were docile and industrious; their products—particularly tea—went all over the world; their mineral resources, including coal, could be tapped without great difficulty. Their foreign exploiters, therefore, in getting land and concessions to trade really secured the immense bodies of cheap labor whose products would be shipped to Europe and America and sold at a large profit.

This process of exploiting native labor and putting the profits therefrom in the white man's pocket was pleasantly called "bearing the white man's burden." So far as I recall, no slaveholder, even in the darkest days of slavery, ventured to give his occupation any such humane title; but perhaps we moderns show our superiority over the ancients in nothing else more surely than in our skill in hiding our corruption beneath an attractive enamel, and in throwing a veil of sanctimony over our vices.

I need only to remark further that this hypocritical cant about "bearing the white man's burden" was accompanied by the hardening of the white man's heart toward inferior races. There sprang up the odious doctrine that the superior race had the right not only to enslave by industrial exploitation the inferior race, but even to exterminate it. If a tribe of savages dwelt on land beneath which the geologists knew that gold or silver or copper existed, it was perfectly right for the white men who had bought concessions to that land to drive off or kill the tribe.

As was to be expected the Germans reached this doctrine most uncompromisingly, because their religious and ethical preachers existed simply to sanctify the practices of their military and commercial masters. No doubt the other depredators were selfish and unsaintly, but the Anglo-Saxons among them, at least, had learned as colonizers that justice pays better than injustice, and kindness than brutality.

As soon as the foreign powers had carved up China, not to the limit of their greed, for that was insatiable, but to the extent that they then deemed attainable—for in this matter they had to encounter not only the flaccid opposition of the Chinese but their own mutual rivalries—a very real danger loomed up. If each nation closed its port to all but its own traders the others would be seriously harmed. Quarrels would inevitably break out and the Europeans might soon be fighting among themselves—a situation that would encourage the Chinese Government to rise up and expel them.

Diplomacy and the Open Door

AT THIS point John Hay, the American Secretary of State, enters upon the scene. He received many appeals from American investors in China to protect their interests. The following extract from a letter to Mr. Paul Dana, of the New York Sun, states his position early in the transaction:

> We are, of course, opposed to dismemberment of that Empire, and we do not think that the public opinion of the United States would justify this Government in taking part in the great game of spoliation now going on. At the same time we are keenly alive to the importance of safeguarding our great commercial interests in that Empire and our representatives there have orders to watch closely everything that may seem calculated to injure us, and to prevent it by energetic and timely representations. We declined to support the demand of Italy for lodgment there, and at the same time we were not prepared to assure China that we would join her in repelling that demand by armed force. We do not consider our hands tied for future eventualities, but for the present we think our best policy is one of vigilant protection of our commercial interests, without formal alliances with other Powers interested.

In his instructions to Edwin H. Conger, the American Minister to China, Secretary Hay laid down this policy, and through our Ambassador to England, Joseph H. Choate, he circulated it in London. On September 6, 1899, Mr. Choate handed to the British Foreign Minister the famous American circular letter on the Open Door. In it Mr. Hay said:

> The President understands that it is the settled policy and purpose of Great Britain not to use any privilege received from China to exclude any commercial rivals. The United States Government cannot conceal their apprehensions of the danger of complication arising between the treaty powers which may imperil the rights assured to the United States by treaty. The United States hope to retain China as an open market for the world's commerce, to remove dangerous sources of international

One More Nail

irritation, and thereby hasten united action by the Powers at Peking to promote administrative reforms, so greatly needed, for strengthening the imperial government, and maintaining the integrity of China, in which the United States believe the whole western world is alike concerned.

This circular concluded by urging Great Britain to declare its adherence to these general principles; to respect the existing treaty ports and vested interests; to allow the Chinese tariff to be maintained and be collected in the respective spheres of influence; and not to discriminate against other foreigners in port and railroad rates.

The British Government having acceded to this, Hay sent the circular letter to the other European Powers, telling them that if he did not receive a negative reply immediately he should assume that they accepted his suggestion and that the acceptance would be "final and definitive."

In their inmost hearts the Great Powers did not wish to renounce their special privileges, but after learning that England had consented they could not decently refuse. Favorable answers having been received from all, Secretary Hay, on March 20, 1900, informed the American diplomatic officials abroad that his project had been accepted. The Open Door in China became in this wise a recognized fact in international policy. Mr. Wildman, United States consul general at Hong-Kong, wrote of the result at the time:

The result of the negotiations may be considered a diplomatic triumph for America; as Great Britain, Russia, Germany and France have been at vast expense of blood and treasure in opening China's door, and the expense of keeping it open is no small figure. The policing of the inland rivers, the maintaining of consuls wherever there is hope of trade, the exploring of possible trade routes, and the support of cruisers to guarantee life and property along the coast, represent an outlay in which the United States does not share, but by this agreement hopes to benefit.

But the real significance of John Hay's victory in the struggle to establish the Open-Door policy was much more than even diplomatic or commercial. It reasserted the doctrine of the Golden Rule, which had had scant regard paid to it for many generations. Still further, the Open-Door policy hinged on preserving the integrity of China. It admitted that weaker and so-called inferior races had rights that the strong and dominant races were bound to respect. It registered a reversal of fashion in diplomatic standards and the supremacy of the moral law.

Hardly had this astonishing consummation been reached when an explosion occurred and put it to a tragic test.

German insolence was not the only provocation that led some of the Chinese to rise against the Europeans, but it was very enraging. Late in 1897 two German missionaries were murdered in the province of Shan-tung. This gave the truculent young Kaiser, William II, the pretext he sought. He sent a German fleet to demand redress, and the Chinese Government, shorn of power to defend itself, granted to the Kaiser a ninety-nine years' lease of the very desirable port of Kiao-chau and of much of the surrounding country. Thus Germany acquired a strong foothold on the Chinese coast and rapidly pushed her "sphere of influence" over the entire province of Shan-tung. Thus, also, the Chinese learned to know the meaning of what the Germans called "a punitive expedition."

Reasons for the Boxer Uprising

DURING the following two years China herself became more and more enfeebled. The able and wily old Empress Dowager found herself shoved into the background by the young Emperor Kwang-su, who had been brought up under European influences and was known as a reformer. His purpose seemed to be to transform China as fast as possible into an imitation of a European country; he welcomed foreigners to his council, approved of concessions, and so alarmed the conservative Chinese that it was said they feared he would force them to take daily baths and to give up eating with chopsticks.

To prevent this process of Europeanization, which threatened the integrity of the Chinese Empire, there rose several patriotic secret societies. The principal was I-ho-chuan, which means the Fists of Righteous Harmony, or fists clenched in righteous harmony to drive out the foreigners. Boxers fight with clenched fists, and so these conspirators were called Boxers by the Europeans. Their methods were often cruel; their spirit was implacable; but they were as truly patriots as were the Yankees who, under Samuel Adams, John Hancock and their accomplices, conspired to rescue the American Colonies from what they regarded as intolerable oppression.

The Boxers were comparatively few in number, but as their work of extermination began with foreign missionaries it was well advertised, and it naturally exasperated the European Powers, who were disposed to make it an excuse for further exactions and for strengthening their hold on the concessions they had already acquired. No wonder that the Empress Dowager, in a secret edict to her viceroys on November 21, 1899, said:

The various Powers cast upon us looks of tigerlike voracity, hustling each other in their endeavors to be the first to seize upon our innermost territories. They think that China, having neither money nor troops, would never venture to go to war with them. They fail to understand that there are certain things that this Empire can never consent to, and that if hardly pressed upon we have no alternative but to rely upon the justice of our cause, the knowledge of which in our breasts strengthens our resolves and steels us to present a united front against our aggressors.

During that winter and spring the Boxers continued their attacks and outrages on the foreigners; the Empress seemed secretly to sympathize with them; and the foreign ministers kept up a rain of protests, in spite of which the outrages increased.

Religion and superstition added fuel to the fires of Boxer patriotism. A drought fell on the country during the late spring and easily convinced the peasants that it signified the displeasure of the gods. The following "Sacred edict, issued by the Lord of wealth and happiness," shows how the people felt:

The Catholic and Protestant religions, being insolent to the gods and destructive of holy things, rendering no obedience to Buddhism and enraging both Heaven and Earth, the rain-clouds no longer visit us, but 8,000,000 Spirit Soldiers will descend from Heaven and sweep the Empire clean of all foreigners. Then will the gentle showers once more water our lands; and, when the tread of soldiers and the clash of steel are heard, threatening woes to our people, then the Buddha's Patriotic League of Boxers will protect the Empire and bring peace to all.

Hasten, then, to spread this doctrine far and wide; for, if you gain one adherent to the faith, your own person will be absolved from all future misfortunes; if you gain five adherents to the faith, your whole family will be absolved from all evils; if you gain ten adherents to the faith, your whole village will be absolved from all calamities. Those who gain no adherents to the cause shall be decapitated; for, until all foreigners have been exterminated, the rain can never visit us.

Refugees in the British Legation

THE bands of Boxers drew nearer and nearer to Peking, the capital city. The foreign ministers requested the Chinese Government to allow the marines from their respective warships to be sent up to guard them, but the negotiations dragged on. Suddenly, on May 27, 1900, the Boxers tore up the railway to Pao-ting Fu, burned the stations and killed the employees. Without delay the ministers summoned the marines; none too soon, for the next day the other railroad line was destroyed, communication with Tientsin and the ports was cut and the siege began. All the foreigners and some, if not all, of the Chinese converts took refuge in the compound of the British Legation. The marines numbered about 450, and a hundred more men among the legationers completed the force that defended the foreigners during nearly ten weeks. The Boxers attacked them in vain during the first ten days; after that the army of the Chinese Government tried to overcome them. There were many women and children among the refugees in the British Legation, ministers of eleven nations, persons of fourteen nationalities—in all about a thousand foreigners, besides the two thousand native Christians.

To the outside world nothing was more astonishing than the complete silence that surrounded the besieged legationers. No message was allowed to pass in to them; not a word came out from them. It was as if the earth had opened and swallowed them up and closed over them. Rescuing expeditions from Tientsin and the coast went in vain to relieve them. Week followed week without tidings; the suspense weighed like a nightmare on the world, and the world gradually believed that the legationers had all been massacred.

Meanwhile they were defending themselves with the utmost valor. The women, young and old, and the noncombatants kept up their spirits without flinching, and even the ominous daily decrease of provisions, which meant the sure approach of starvation, did not dismay them. Our minister, General Conger, was an admirable leader; so were Sir Claude Macdonald, the British Minister; Sir Robert Hart, the head of the Chinese customs service; and others. A good many died, and of course the little children suffered most of all. But the resolution of the legationers failed not.

On June fifteenth, Secretary Hay, having a presentiment that great danger was impending, cabled Minister Conger: "Do you need more force? Communicate with the admiral and report."

To this no answer came. Days passed, and still no answer. Other nations tried to reach their ministers by telegraph, but their messages were lost in impenetrable silence, like pebbles dropped into the fathomless ocean. Not to be baffled Mr. Hay tried another means: He requested Li Hung Chang, the Chinese viceroy, of almost absolute power, to forward the following message through the Boxer lines to Conger in the legations: "July 11. Communicate tidings bearer"

I do not know whether Li Hung Chang made an effort to send this message through or not. By this time the Chinese Government itself, not merely the Boxers, was conducting the siege of the legations; so that there is no doubt that if he had wished to do so the mighty viceroy could have communicated with Conger; but no reply came, and the world very generally accepted the rumor that all the persons in the legations had been massacred. Secretary Hay alone remained firm in his belief that they were still alive.

At last, on July twentieth, he received this dispatch, dated July sixteenth: "For one month we have been besieged in British Legation with shot and shell by Chinese troops. Quick relief only can prevent general massacre."

This dispatch came in the cipher of the State Department. Still many persons doubted its genuineness, arguing that if the Chinese had captured the legations they might have found the American code book and used it. To make sure, Secretary Hay resorted to a clever device.

On July twenty-first he cabled: "Dispatch received. Authenticity doubted. Answer this, giving your sister's name. Report attitude and position of Chinese Government."

The reply with the name of General Conger's sister came promptly, and proved that the legationers were still alive.

Quick relief was now imperative. And how quick able men can be soon appeared. Mr. Hay on receiving Conger's message immediately conferred with Elihu Root, the Secretary of War, whose office was in the other end of the State Department Building. Mr. Root summoned General Chaffee. They decided on the general character of the expedition; they got the approval of the President, Mr. McKinley. The next morning General Chaffee was flying across the country in the fastest express to San Francisco. When he arrived there a ship was ready to take him across the Pacific. He reached China in time to lead the expeditionary force into Peking.

The first reason for his haste was to deliver the legationers from starvation or slaughter. The next reason was to outspeed the expeditionary force that the Emperor of Germany was sending out under Count Waldersee, who if he had been first on the ground would have taken command of the forces and have given to the campaign an undesirable German twist.

While General Chaffee was racing to the rescue Secretary Hay did not slacken his diplomatic efforts. He urged Mr. Wu, the Chinese Minister at Washington, to persuade Viceroy Li Hung Chang that the ministers should be permitted to communicate freely with their governments; but for more than three weeks the wily Oriental evaded coming to a decision.

On August fourteenth Mr. Hay received the following cablegram from General Conger: "Do not put trust in Li Hung Chang. He is an unscrupulous tool of the cruel Dowager. There can be no adequate negotiation with Peking until the high authors of the great crime have surrendered. Imperial troops firing on us daily. Our losses 60 killed, 120 wounded. We have reached half rations, horse flesh. Have food only for a fortnight. Six children have died. Many others sick."

What the Huns Did in China

THAT same day the relief expedition arrived and saved the legationers.

The Boxer war and the siege of the legations interrupted and put in great jeopardy the realization of Secretary Hay's Open-Door policy. Some of the Powers, which had acceded reluctantly, were glad of an excuse to withdraw. Even those that had been favorable now felt that China had been both slippery and ungrateful in return for their benevolence.

Russia and Germany were the most intractable. Russia had counted on absorbing Manchuria. Germany, anxious lest she should not secure booty equal to her imperial pretensions and voracity, was now spurred on by a special grievance. During the upheaval her minister, Von Ketteler, was killed by a Chinese assassin. In accordance with the civilized Prussian ideas, therefore, his death must be avenged by slaying a large number of Chinese, whether they were guilty or innocent.

In bidding his troops farewell as they sailed under Waldersee for China the Kaiser gave them instructions that surprised the world then, but that are now seen to be wholly in keeping with his Hun nature. He told his soldiery to behave like Huns, so that no Chinese would dare to look into the face of a German for a thousand years. They hardly needed this exhortation, for they took naturally to murder and outrage, to unspeakable cruelty toward women and little children, to pillage and wanton destruction. Waldersee's expedition seems in the retrospect to have been a rehearsal of the barbaric ferocity that the Germans practiced on the Belgians and the French in August, 1914.

The situation was complicated by the fact that though the siege of the legations had been begun by the Boxers the Chinese Government itself was responsible for continuing it during two months. Indeed the Empress Dowager

(Concluded on Page 24)

Now for Campbell's Tomato Soup

This is just the time you need it. You want its tonic appetizing quality, its wholesome nourishment, its delicious flavor.

There is nothing like it to put your digestive powers on edge and give a keen relish to everything you eat. Your whole meal goes better, digests better, does you more good—when it begins with this tempting soup.

Serve it as a Cream of Tomato

You never tasted anything more satisfying.

The United States Department of Agriculture asserts that such a soup yields fifty per cent more energy than the same amount of milk.

You could not produce a finer soup in your home kitchen—nobody could. But yours would cost you more.

In Campbell's you get selected red-ripe tomatoes fresh from the fields, blended with choice butter, and fine herbs, and delicately seasoned. You use nothing better on your table.

Using Campbell's you have no materials to buy nor prepare, no marketing, no labor, no cooking cost. It comes to you completely cooked, blended, ready for your table any time in three minutes.

You can make it as hearty as you like simply by adding boiled rice or noodles. Served in this way, it is almost a meal in itself. Think what a help and comfort—especially at this time of year!

Order it by the dozen. This saves time and extra deliveries. And you have it right at hand.

21 kinds **12c a can**

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Concluded from Page 22)

seems secretly to have befriended the Boxers from the start and, as their activity spread, to have instigated them to further violence. Her instigation may often have taken the form of doing nothing to arrest or to prevent them.

The attempted extermination of foreigners having now failed, the Chinese Government tried to throw all the odium of it on the Boxers. American diplomacy as directed by Secretary Hay and President McKinley had now two objects: It aimed at preventing the permanent military occupation of various parts of China by the armies of the European Relief Expedition, and at restoring in full vigor the rule of the Open Door. Peace and orderly government were, of course, presupposed. As officially expressed by Acting Secretary of State Adee, we wished to "preserve Chinese territorial and administrative entity, protect all rights guaranteed by treaty and international law to friendly Powers, and safeguard for the world the principle of equal and impartial trade with all parts of the Chinese Empire." [August 29, 1900.]

Secretary Hay sent W. W. Rockhill, one of the ablest of our diplomats, to conduct negotiations, and Earl Li Hung Chang had charge of the Chinese interests. To maintain anything like harmony among the various foreign Powers was a hard task, which would not have been achieved if Mr. Hay had not resolutely insisted on it.

Waldersee's Punitive Expedition

Many months of discussion followed. Among the foreigners two opposing views clashed with each other. One party, which the Germans led, favored inflicting upon the Chinese a paralyzing punishment; and under the guise of exacting stern retribution they would have robbed China of more territory and concessions. The other party, of which Hay was the spokesman for the United States, advocated the punishment of the instigators of the attacks on foreigners and on the legations, and of the known perpetrators of crimes and cruelty; but it fought to maintain the policy of the Open Door and to enable China to recover her independence and her status as an administrative entity.

Mr. Rockhill carried out Secretary Hay's instructions with so much discretion and urbanity that in the first weeks of the conference he seemed likely to secure the adoption of the American view with but little dissent; then, however, came Waldersee and the German soldiers, more than ready to obey the Kaiser's parting command to them to behave like Huns, and bringing with them the feeling, which had been popular in Europe when they embarked, that only by taking a terrible vengeance on the Chinese could the horrors that foreigners had suffered at their hands be atoned for.

The Germans' bloody orgies were not only frightful to their victims, but also they greatly interfered with the smooth course of negotiations. Since Hay wished to save China he strove from the first to persuade the great viceroys that they should regard the foreign Powers as being friendly to her, even though he and the Europeans must insist on indemnity and punishment. Hay had brought them to accept this point of view when the Germans broke loose with their atrocities, and the Chinese, not being Germans or understanding the barbaric psychology of the Germans, took this as a very strange way of showing friendliness.

I cannot do better than to quote from a letter written at that time, in order to show how great a menace Waldersee and his Huns were to the successful conclusion of the negotiations.

The extract is from one of Mr. Hay's own letters, dated October 16, 1900. He wrote: "Everything appeared to be going well until this promenade of Waldersee's to Tao Ping, which I fear will have very unfavorable results upon the rest of China. The great viceroys, to secure whose assistance was our first effort and our success, have been standing by us splendidly for the past four months. How much longer they can hold their turbulent populations quiet in the face of constant incitements to disturbance which Germany and Russia are giving is hard to conjecture. . . .

"The success we had in stopping that first preposterous German movement when the whole world seemed likely to join in it, when the entire press of the Continent and a great many on this side were in favor of it, will always be a source of gratification. . . . The moment we acted the rest of the world paused, and finally came over to our ground; and the German Government, which is generally brutal but seldom silly, recovered its senses, climbed down off its perch, and presented another proposition, which was exactly in line with our position."

Even as Hay was writing this letter, Lord Salisbury, the British Premier, and the German Ambassador to England were signing in London an agreement in which England and Germany agreed to uphold the Open-Door policy in China and pledged themselves not to use the existing abnormal complications as a pretext for obtaining for themselves any territorial advantages in the Chinese dominions.

This agreement puzzled Hay, as well it might. In 1918 there is a touch of humor in the fact that Germany chose England, of all countries, to be her partner. Hay cabled to the American diplomats in all the capitals of Europe to pry open this secret if they could, but they all were baffled. So far as I know, neither country has made an official statement as to why they drew together; it has been whispered, however, that their mutual purpose was to check Russian aggression in Manchuria, and that Germany, fearing that the English intended to secure a monopoly of the Yang-tse Valley trade, thought the best way to prevent this was to bind England by secret agreement.

One more quotation from Mr. Hay's private correspondence must complete my outline of his personal attitude toward the Chinese entanglement during the autumn of 1900. This final extract from a letter from Hay to Henry Adams, his most intimate friend, contains some phrases not likely to be forgotten:

"What a business this has been in China! So far we have got on by being honest and naïf—I do not clearly see where we are to come the delayed cropper. But it will come. At least we are spared the infamy of an alliance with Germany. I would rather, I think, be the dupe of China than the chum of the Kaiser. Have you noticed how the world will take anything nowadays from a German? Bülow said yesterday in substance: 'We have demanded of China everything we can think of. If we think of anything else we will demand that, and be d——d to you'—and not a man in the world kicks.

"My heart is heavy about John Bull. Do you twig his attitude to Germany? When the Anglo-German pact came out I took a day or two to find out what it meant. I soon learned from Berlin that it meant a horrible practical joke on England. From London I found out what I had suspected, but what it astounded me, after all, to be assured of: That they did not know! Germany proposed it, they saw no harm in it, and signed. When Japan joined the pact I asked them why. They said: 'We don't know, only if there is any fun going on we want to be in.' Cassini" [Russian Ambassador at Washington] "is furious—which may be because he has not been let into the joke." [November 21, 1900.]

Germany's Wiles and Tricks

What a world of meaning Hay packs into the two sentences, "At least we are spared the infamy of an alliance with Germany. I would rather, I think, be the dupe of China than the chum of the Kaiser." To appreciate its full force you must remember that China was then ruled by the Empress Dowager, the wiliest and most unscrupulous monarch in the world, and that her chief minister was the Viceroy Li Hung Chang, who in cunning and shamelessness could have given points even to Bismarck. I have told elsewhere how Hay was one of the first to suspect German intrigues in the United States, and how he repelled the Kaiser's reptilian efforts to circumvent the Monroe Doctrine. Here we see that as early as the year 1900 he penetrated the Kaiser's nature as well as his projects. To have understood German hypocrisy at a time when all the world was lauding Germany—and especially the United States, which through our Germanized professors was spreading the poison of German Kultur—will add luster to John Hay's fame as the years go on.

I need not give in detail the course of the negotiations. Among so many interested parties, holding divergent views, there was inevitably much contention, and the Chinese under the guidance of the cunning Li Hung Chang seized every means they could to lessen their penalties. At last, on September 7, 1901, a protocol was signed, and ten days later the foreign garrisons withdrew from Peking. China had to pay an indemnity of about $333,000,000 to the Powers in compensation for the loss of their nationals, property and interruption of trade. Of this amount the United States received nearly $25,000,000.

Owing to the failure of Russia to keep her promise to evacuate Manchuria irritation continued in China after the other Powers had accepted the settlement and gone home. Always anxious lest some infringement of the Open-Door policy might lead to its destruction, Secretary Hay watched the Russian intrigues jealously. For a long time he could not unmask them. He had a fixed distrust of Russian diplomacy, and especially of Muravieff, who was then in the ascendant at St. Petersburg. Russian diplomacy, Hay said, always had a false bottom. Not until October 8, 1903, was a treaty signed, in which Russia agreed to the creation of Mukden and Antung as treaty ports.

The Man Behind the Open Door

Here ended Mr. Hay's task for a while. No doubt, as has been remarked, if the United States had possessed a strong Navy he would have been able to finish the business more rapidly and much more to the satisfaction of China and of justice.

Japan, however, had a navy and an army, too, and she could not tolerate the presence of Russia as an overlord in Manchuria, the province that she herself had conquered in 1894 and that she still coveted. She now sought a reckoning with Russia, and four months later she and Russia were at war.

During the Russo-Japanese War, which filled the last year of John Hay's life, he kept strictly neutral between the two belligerents and followed every move that might injure China. The European Powers generally favored Russia, if for no better reason than that the Russians were white men and the Japanese were yellow. American neutrality unquestionably strengthened our position with the other Powers and checked any desire any of them may have felt to meddle in the war. At the very outset the German Kaiser suggested "that we take the initiative in calling upon the Powers to use good offices to induce Russia and Japan to respect the neutrality of China outside the sphere of military operations." Mr. Hay, with President Roosevelt's approval, issued such a circular, substituting for the Kaiser's phrase "the administrative entity of China." Within ten days the Powers chiefly interested agreed in substance to the American circular.

By the end of the year the European Powers, alarmed by the unexpected exhaustion of Russia, which was approaching collapse, were eager to bring about a peace, but neither Japan nor Russia was ready. On January 5, 1905, Hay writes in his diary: "Sternburg" [German Ambassador at Washington] "wires the President that he communicated his views to the Emperor, who requested him to telegraph the President: 'He is highly gratified to hear that you firmly adhere to the Open Door and uphold the actual integrity of China, which the Emperor believes at present to be gravely menaced. Close observation of events has firmly convinced him that a powerful coalition, headed by France, is under formation, directed against the integrity of China and the Open Door. The aim of this coalition is to convince the belligerents that peace without compensation to the neutral Powers is impossible. The formation of this coalition, the Emperor firmly believes, can be frustrated by the following move: You should ask all Powers having interest in the Far East, including the minor ones, whether they are prepared to give a pledge not to demand any compensation for themselves in any shape, of territory, or other compensation, in China or elsewhere, for any service rendered to the belligerents in the making of peace or for any other reason. Such a request would force the Powers to show their hands, and any latent designs directed against the Open Door or integrity of China would immediately become apparent. Without this pledge the belligerents would find it impossible to obtain advantages without simultaneously provoking selfish aims of the neutral brokers. In the opinion of the Emperor, a grant of a certain portion of territory to both belligerents eventually in the North of China is inevitable. The Open Door within this territory might be maintained by treaty. Germany, of course, would be then first to pledge herself to this policy of disinterestedness.'

"Sternburg then says he is also impressed with the danger of such demands of neutrals—asks a reply."

President Roosevelt agreed with Mr. Hay "that it would be best to take advantage of the Kaiser's proposition: 1st, to nail the matter with him and, 2d, to ascertain the views of the other Powers."

Accordingly the Secretary sent off the "Self-denying Circular." On January eighteenth England and Italy acceded; on the nineteenth France joined; and on the twentieth Germany expressed official gratification that the United States "have resolved to take steps to maintain the integrity of China and the Open Door, and at our promise not to make territorial acquisition—which corresponds entirely to attitude of German Emperor."

Hay adds in his diary: "What the whole performance meant to the Kaiser it is difficult to see. But there is no possible doubt that we have scored for China." Subsequently Hay feared that the Kaiser "still insists upon the fact of the combination of France, England and Russia to partition China. He says he was asked to join, but indignantly refused, and that our circular of January thirteenth gave the scheme the *coup de grâce*."

This was indeed, as Hay remarked, a strange incident which makes one wonder. Perhaps the Kaiser suspected that the three Powers were going to cut up China without giving him a share. Perhaps he wished to snub England and France, with whom he was not then on good terms. Perhaps he was simply carrying out the rôle of startler, which he had adopted and was playing to his own amusement at that time. Whatever his motive, it fell in with Hay's rooted policy of safeguarding China.

This was the last time that Hay struck a blow in her behalf. For more than a year his health had been failing; now it broke down and his doctors ordered him to Europe in the hope that rest would help him—but in vain; he came home in June, and died on July 1, 1905.

Saving China From the Shylocks

Some critics will now tell you that his greatest achievement in statesmanship—the saving of China and the policy of the Open Door—has already become dimmed. China exists, to be sure, as an "administrative entity," but in so precarious a state that if the European Powers had not during the past ten years turned their attention with feverish stimulation to European quarrels they might have dismembered China in spite of John Hay's example. The doctrine of the Open Door also still survives after a fashion, but it no longer seems to be accepted as a cardinal point in international law that concerns China.

They who criticize thus, however, and think that this is all, leave out of the account the most precious factor—the ideal. For in his dealings with China John Hay, for the first time in modern statesmanship, applied on a large scale the Golden Rule. Here was a nation of 400,000,000 people round whom were gathered the representatives of the European nations like so many Shylocks, each with his long-bladed keen knife, intent on cutting the largest slice he could from the stricken and apparently dying giant; and the American spokesman among them persuaded them to stay their hands, to allow China to live and, still more, to live under such conditions that she might regain strength to control herself. The memory of this act shall not pass away, and though statesmen may often fall below that standard the American ideal as realized by Hay will judge them and will incite them to imitation.

The gratitude of the Chinese, which endures after twenty years, completes a noble record. They still point to that example of American statecraft as a model of generosity, disinterestedness and justice, and only recently they have erected a monument to John Hay as a thank offering. That this country returned more than half of the indemnity, on finding it was too large, deserves also to be remembered.

Let us Americans hope that in the great diplomatic settlement by which at the end of this war the numberless tangled and ugly racial and political quarrels are to be adjusted, the spokesmen of the United States may worthily imitate their forerunner, John Hay. Only by so doing can they establish the Open Door through which Peace shall enter to bless and rule the world.

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The Comfort Car

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TWENTY-THREE AND A HALF HOURS' LEAVE

(Continued from Page 6)

"They'd better not try it on me."

"You almost told me a moment ago."

Sergeant Gray sat quiet and a trifle hurt.

"I am only warning you," said the girl. "There are spies simply everywhere. I can't do much, and that's my way of doing something. That and being a sort of taxi," she added.

They were in a town now, and by the lamps he saw just how pretty she was.

"Thanks awfully for warning me," he said rather humbly. "A fellow gets to thinking that all this spy talk is—just talk."

"Well, it isn't," said the girl briefly but with the air of one who knew.

The sergeant eyed her askance.

"That sounds as though you knew something."

"Perhaps I do. Though of course one doesn't really know these things. One suspects."

"Naturally one does."

She glanced at him, but his face was grave.

"What I would like to know," he proceeded, "is what one does when one suspects."

"I am afraid you are trying to be funny," she observed coldly, and brought the car to a standstill. "Here's your car line."

He hesitated. Then he made a wild resolve.

"I see it," he said agreeably. "Thanks awfully for bringing me. We can go back now."

She stared at him.

"You are not going anywhere?"

"Why, no," he said, trying not to look conscious. "I said that I'd like to go to the end of the car line."

"You're there."

"I only wanted to look at it."

"Very well. Get out and look at it. I don't think you'll find it unusual in any way."

"Look here," he said humbly. "I'm awfully sorry. I was just hungry to talk to someone, and when you offered ——"

"I have done exactly as I offered. You will please get out!"

He got out slowly. He was overcome with wretchedness and guilt, but her pointed chin was held high and her face was obstinate.

"Thank you very much," said Sergeant Gray, and turning drearily commenced his lonely walk back to camp.

He could hear her behind him backing and turning in the narrow street. He plodded on, cursing himself. If he had had any sense and had got out and let her think he was going somewhere ——

The lights of the car were close behind him now. When they were abreast he heard the grinding of the brakes as it stopped.

"I don't want to be disagreeable," said the girl, beside him. "I suppose you did want someone to talk to. I'll take you back if you like."

"I'd better not bother you any more."

Suddenly she laughed. In the light from a street lamp she had caught her first real glimpse of his face.

"Wherever did you get that eye?" she demanded.

"Fighting," he said shortly. "We had a rough-house at the barracks last night."

"I should think you were going to have enough trouble soon without getting beaten up like that," she said with a touch of severity. "Well, are you going to get in?"

He got in. She had been rather reserved coming down, but now she was more talkative. His little remark about being hungry for someone to talk to had struck home. Her brother had said something like that once. They must get hungry for girls, nice girls.

So now she chattered and she drew from the tall boy beside her something about himself. It was not particularly hard to do. Sergeant Gray opened up like a flower in the sun. He explained, for instance, that he was to have a commission when he was twenty-one.

"Unless," he admitted, "I'm in too bad with the Old Man."

"The Old Man?"

"The general," explained Sergeant Gray, unaware that the young lady was sitting very straight. "He's hell—he's strong for discipline, and all that. And—well, every now and then I slip up on something, and he gets me. It's always me he gets," he finished plaintively and ungrammatically.

"But you shouldn't do things that are wrong."

Sergeant Gray pondered this amazing statement.

"Perhaps you're right," he acknowledged. "I hadn't thought of that."

"You might try being terribly well behaved for—well, for twenty-four hours."

"Do you want me to?"

"It's entirely a matter of your own good," she said rather coldly.

"I'll do it!" said Sergeant Gray rashly. "Not a misstep for twenty-four hours. How's that?"

"It sounds well."

"The truth is," confided Sergeant Gray, "I've got to be good. He's watching. He told me so."

"And if you're not ——"

"Shot against a brick wall probably." He grinned cheerfully. "Think of that hanging over a fellow, and twenty-three and a half hours' leave to-morrow."

"I hope," she said in the motherly tone she assumed now and then, "that you are going to be awfully careful to-morrow."

"Did you ever see a cat crossing a wet gutter? Well, that's me to-morrow. This is no time to take any chances."

At which probably those particular gods that had Sergeant Gray in their keeping laughed behind their hands.

The girl stopped the car at the camp, and the plaything of destiny descended.

"Thank you, awfully," observed the said plaything with a considerable amount of warmth in his voice. "I—perhaps I shall not see you again."

"I was just thinking—what time does your leave commence to-morrow?"

"At ten-thirty"—hopefully.

"I might pick you up then and take you to the trolley."

"Honestly, would you?" he asked delightedly. "You know, I—really, I can't tell you how grateful I would be."

"I love to make the taxi men wriggle," was her rather unsatisfactory reply. "I'll be here, then. Good night."

Sergeant Gray saluted and went away. To all appearances he was a rather overgrown young man trudging through the mud of a not too tidy camp to a barracks that needed carbolizing. Actually he was a sublimated being favored of heaven and floating in a rosy cloud of dreams.

"Halt!" said a guard, and threw his rifle to port arms. "Who's there?"

"Sergeant of the Headquarters Troop," said the superman.

"Where's your pass?"

The superman presented it, and the guard inspected it closely—the attitude of the M. P. being that all men are Germans unless proved otherwise.

"Thoroughly satisfactory?" inquired the superman.

The M. P. grunted.

The sergeant approached him and lowered his voice confidentially.

"Tell you something," he volunteered: "I'm not the same chap who went out on that pass."

"What d'you mean, you're not?"

"It's like this, old son. But first of all let me ask you something." He glanced about cautiously. "Man to man, old son—do you believe in love at first sight?"

"Last fellow who tried being funny round here," said the guard grimly, "had a chance to laugh himself to death in the bull pen."

"No heart!" sighed the sergeant, moving on, still on air. "No soul! No imagination! Good night, my sad and lonely friend. Good night!"

He moved on, singing in a very deep bass:

"Oh, promise me that some day you and I
May take our love to tum, to tum, to tum."

The chief of staff, who had also discovered that his quarters needed fumigation, raised from an uneasy pillow and groaned disgustedly.

"Stop that noise out there!" he bawled through the window beside him.

The superman recognized neither the voice nor the new quarters of the staff.

"Minion," he said, halting and addressing the window, "hast never loved?"

Then he moved on, still in a roseate cloud the exact shade of a certain pink hat.

"That we may take our love and faith renew,
And find the hollows where those violets
grew-w-w ——"

His voice died away, swallowed up in distance and the night.

When he went into the lower squad a sort of chant greeted him from the beds: "Where, oh where's the sergeant been?"

And the reply shouted lustily: "Out getting measured for a shave."

He undressed quietly, and salvaging the piece of beefsteak from under his pillow got into bed and placed it carefully over his eye.

III

BUT tragedy had marked Sergeant Gray for its own. At reveille he rolled over, yawned and without lifting himself reached up to the pocket of his blouse and retrieved his whistle.

He blew it and shouted as usual: "R-r-roll out, you dirty horsemen! R-r-roll out!"

Then, arms under his head, he lay and dreamed. Round the day to come he wove little fantasies of the new uniform, and money in his pocket, and twenty-three and a half hours' leave, and—the girl in the little car. His pass he had already secured through the top sergeant. It had been, with others on the pass list, O.K'd by the captain and re-O.K'd by the military police. At ten-thirty that morning Sergeant Gray would be a free man.

He made a huge breakfast, and careful inspection showed the eye greatly improved. And he whistled blithely while laying out his things for the official inspection, comparing his belongings carefully with a list in his hand. Nothing was to go wrong that day, nothing mar the perfection of it or curtail his leave.

But he failed to count the camp quartermaster; and that destiny which had taken him in hand forty-eight hours ago was making of him her toy.

Now camp quartermasters are but human. They have their good days and their bad, and sometimes it rather gets on their nerves, the eternal examining and determining, for instance, that every man of perhaps thirty thousand possesses in perfect condition:

2 breeches, O. D. wool, prs.
2 coats, O. D. wool.
1 overcoat, O. D. wool.
1 slicker.
1 hat
1 cord (cavalry, infantry, artillery)
3 undershirts, cotton
3 underbreeches, cotton, prs.
5 socks, light wool, prs.
5 shirts, flannel, O. D.
2 shoes, field, prs.

Sergeant Gray's destiny, working by devious ways, had given the camp inspector a headache, a bad breakfast, a shirt lost by the laundry and a wigging by somebody or other. Into the bargain it was a fine day for golf and here he was looking over breeches, O. D. wool, pairs, two; and so on.

Into the barracks then came fate in the shape of the camp inspector, military of figure and militant of disposition, to count the pins for shelter halves, for instance, and generally to do anything but swing a golf club, as his heart desired. The men lined up by their equipment and the inspector went down the line. And he opened, by evil chance, Sergeant Gray's condiment and found the space-to-let notice inside.

He looked at it, and then he looked at the tall sergeant. Now to save all he could of his twenty-three and a half hours' leave Sergeant Gray had put on his new uniform, which was against the rules. He had obeyed the regulations exactly as to his hat cord, whistle, collar insignia, buttons and shoes. Otherwise from his healthy skin to his putties he wore not a single issue article.

The second mess sergeant eying him before inspection had warned him.

"You'll get into trouble with that outfit, Gray," he had said. And Gray had replied that if he did it would be his trouble.

"Possibly," had been the second mess sergeant's comment. "But if you put him in a bad humor and get him started—there'll be hell to pay."

And now there was to be hell to pay. And the inspector, who might have been expected to walk in one door and out another but did not, stood off and surveyed him coldly.

"Issue uniform?" he demanded.

"N-no, sir."

"Take it off!"

Sergeant Gray obeyed. Once off, the full extent of his iniquity, as to his undershirt, underbreeches and socks, was revealed.

"Scrap the clothing this man is wearing," ordered the inspector. And to Sergeant Gray: "Show me your issue uniforms."

Now the sergeant was hard on clothing, and particularly on breeches. Also he had given one uniform to Watt, the cook. The single one he was able to produce was badly worn; so badly, indeed, that the camp inspector with his two hands tore the breeches apart, at a vital spot, and flung them on the floor. Something in Sergeant Gray's breast seemed to tear also and sink to the floor.

"Scrap this one also," ordered the camp inspector.

"Sir ——" ventured Sergeant Gray desperately.

But the camp inspector had discovered something, namely: That the issue uniforms of the Headquarters Troop of the ——th Division were of poor material. Slowly and carefully he went through the lot. Sharply and decisively, at the end, he gave his orders.

"Scrap every uniform in the troop," he said, "and send this order to the camp quartermaster."

In ten minutes one hundred and ninety-five men stood to attention in their undergarments, and in the center of each squad room lay a great heap of discarded khaki.

"Leaving us rather stripped, sir," ventured the captain.

"They've got their slickers," curtly observed fate; "and the quartermaster will fix you up all right."

He went out. Jove, what a day for golf!

"Sergeant!" called the captain.

He avoided the baleful eyes of his men and looked out of a window. He was rather young and terribly afraid he would laugh.

The supply sergeant, thus called, came forward and saluted. He was a queer figure in his woolens, and the captain coughed to recover his voice.

"Put—put on your slicker," he said, "and carry this order to the camp quartermaster. And hurry!"

Now all the balance of this story rests on that order to hurry, for it came about that the supply sergeant, running, put his toe under the edge of a board and fell heavily, and a military policeman, discovering thus that the sergeant wore no breeches, placed him immediately under arrest.

"Oh, very well," said the supply sergeant politely; and put the order in his slicker pocket. If they chose to arrest a man for a thing he couldn't help let them do it. He didn't absolutely know what was in the order and if he could sit in the bull pen the troop could sit in its underwear. It was nothing whatever to him.

He grinned malevolently, however, when he saw the captain and the two lieutenants of the troop leaving camp in a machine in the direction of the city.

"All right," he said to himself. "We'll see something later, that's all. The old boy will be crazy about this."

The old boy being the general.

In the barracks black despair was in Sergeant Gray's heart. He made a wild effort to retrieve his new uniform from the heap which was to be carried out and burned, but the troop were a unit against him.

"Aw, keep still!" they said in effect. "You got us into this, and you'll stick it out with us."

"I've got leave, fellows," he appealed to the other noncoms. "I've got an engagement too."

"We know. To breakfast with the general," sneered the stable sergeant. "Well, you'd better send your regrets."

At ten-fifteen the troop, having waited an hour, were growing uneasy, and Sergeant Gray was stationed at a window, watching three men in slickers tending a fire of mammoth proportions. At ten-thirty, going to a window in one of the two upper squad rooms, he made out a small car down the road, and a girl with a pink hat in it. There was no supply sergeant in sight.

At ten forty-five a scout patrol in slickers having been sent out reported the supply sergeant not in the camp quartermaster's

(Continued on Page 28)

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FISK SOLID TIRES

(Continued from Page 26)

office, as observed through a window, and the troop officers as having gone for the day.

Black despair, then, in a hundred and ninety-five hearts, but in no one of them such agony as in Sergeant Gray's. Clad in an army slicker he made a dozen abortive attempts to borrow a uniform from tall men in other companies, but inspection was on, and had commenced with the Headquarters Troop. Not a man dared to be found with less than "breeches, O. D. wool, prs., two." And blouses the same.

At eleven o'clock with the glare of frenzy in his eyes Sergeant Gray put on a slicker, put his pass in his pocket and left the barracks. Outside the door he hesitated. The sun was gleaming from a hot sky, and there was no wind. The absence of wind, he felt, was in his favor. During his hurried walk toward the little car he was feeling in his mind for some excuse for the slicker, but he found himself beside the car before he had found anything to satisfy him.

"You are late," said the girl severely.

"Awfully busy morning," he explained. "Inspection and—er—all that. There's a lot to get ready," he added mysteriously.

He was aware of her careful scrutiny, and he flushed guiltily. As for the girl, she seemed satisfied with what she saw. He was a gentleman, clearly. But a slicker!

"You'd better take that raincoat back," she observed. "You won't need it. It's going to be clear and hot."

"I guess I'll take it, anyhow."

"You'll be checking it somewhere, and then forgetting to get it again."

He was frightfully uneasy. She was the sort of girl who seemed bent on getting her own way. So he muttered something about having a cold, and she countered with a flat statement that he would get more if he dressed too warmly.

They had reached what amounted to an *impasse* when a small boy flung a card into the car.

"Don't bother about it," said the girl as he stooped to get it. "I have one in my pocket for you."

"Thanks, awfully," said the sergeant, rather surprised. "What is it? A theater ticket?"

She did not reply at once. He saw that they were passing the end of the trolley line and going on. He had a little thrill of mingled delight and uneasiness. He had had no plans particularly, except to see her again. His only program had been destroyed in the bonfire.

Suddenly she drew the little car up beside the road.

"Have you anything you want particularly to do to-day?" she asked.

"I was just going to play round."

"Would you like to do a real service? A national service?"

"I seem to be doing it most of the time," he observed with some bitterness.

"You said yesterday you were going to have your picture taken."

Good heavens, was this marvel, this creature from another world, going to ask for his photograph?

"I would, but this eye ——"

"See here," she said briskly. "I want you to get your picture taken. I want it for a special reason. And I want you to go"—she felt in her pocket and pulled out a card—"I want you to go to this man."

"I see," he said, and took the card. "Friend of yours?"

"Certainly not!"

"Does he take good photographs?"

"I don't know. You might read the card."

He read it carefully. It merely stated that J. M. Booth of a certain number on Twenty-Second Street made excellent photographs very cheap, filled rush orders for soldiers, and gave them a special discount. He even turned it over, but the other side was blank.

"I don't get it, I guess," he said at last. "What's the answer?"

"The more I see of army men the less imagination I find," was her surprising reply. "I took that card last night to the—to an officer I know; and he was just like you. I hope you put more intelligence into your fighting than you do into other things. How many soldiers do you suppose have gone to that man?"

"Well, I'll be one, anyhow."

He rose gallantly to the occasion.

"A good many hundred, probably. As each division comes in and gets leave they all run to get their pictures taken, don't they? And they want them by a certain time. Why? Because they're going to sail, of course."

"There's no argument on my part."

"But suppose that man's name isn't Booth? Suppose I told you he'd once been the court photographer at Vienna?"

Sergeant Gray whistled.

"Are you telling me that?"

"I am. My dressmaker is in the same building. She told me. He showed her a lot of photographs of the royal family."

Every boy has longed at some period of his life to be a detective. Sergeant Gray suddenly felt the fine frenzy of the sleuth. But there was disappointment too.

"So that's why you picked me up last night?"

"Not at all. But it's why I came for you this morning."

"Would you mind explaining that?"

"Not at all. I picked you up because I carry all the boys I can to the street car. But after we had talked I felt you would understand. Some of them wouldn't."

Sergeant Gray at once put on the expression of one who understood perfectly. But happening to glance down, the better to reflect, he saw that the slicker had slid back an inch or so, revealing that amount of a knee that was not covered with khaki. He blushed furiously, but the girl's eyes were on the road ahead.

"I do hope you'll help me out," she was saying. "It wouldn't be of any use for me to go, you know. But I'll go with you. I'll be your sister if you don't mind."

It was on the tip of his tongue to say that there were other relationships he would prefer, but he did not. She was not that sort of a girl. And he was uneasily aware, too, that her interest in him was purely academic. Not that he put it that way, of course.

"The one thing you mustn't do," she warned him, "is to tell when you actually sail. I thought you might say that the submarine trouble has held up all sailings, and you're not going for a month."

"All right," he agreed.

"Just when do you sail?" she asked suddenly.

He was exceedingly troubled. He had no finesse, and here was a point-blank question. He answered it bluntly.

"Sorry. I can't tell you."

"You're a good boy," she said with approval. "I know anyhow, so it doesn't matter. I just wondered if you would tell."

"You know a lot of things," was his admiring comment.

Half an hour later he was following the girl into a dingy elevator. He was suffering the pangs of bitter disappointment, for on his observing that if the fellow tried to find out when the division was sailing he would throw him out of the window the girl had turned on him sharply.

"You'll do nothing of the kind," she said. "You'll tell him what we've agreed on, and that's all."

"All?" he had protested. "And let him get away with it?"

"We'll decide what to do later," she had answered cryptically. And somehow he had felt that he had fallen in her estimation.

In the elevator she said out of a clear sky: "You'll have to take that raincoat off, of course."

He swallowed nervously.

"Sure I will," he replied. "But—look here, you don't mind if I ask you to stay out while I'm being done, do you? I—I'm funny about pictures. I don't like anyone round. Queer thing," he went on desperately, seeing her face. "Always been like that. I ——"

"I didn't come here to see you have a photograph taken," she replied coldly.

For the next half hour he did not see her. He was extremely busy.

J. M. Booth proved to be a slow worker. Sergeant Gray, who had been recently mixing with all races in the Army, was quick to see that he spoke fluent English with a slight burr.

"French, aren't you?" he asked genially while Mr. Booth shifted the scenery.

"Alsatian," corroborated Mr. Booth. "But this is my country. I have even taken an American name. Now if you will remove the raincoat ——"

Sergeant Gray moved a step nearer to him.

"Can't," he explained in a low tone. "Nothing under it. You'll have to shoot as I am."

"No uniform?"

"No uniform. What d'you think of a country that will send fellows to fight like that, eh?"

Mr. Booth's small black eyes peered at him suspiciously.

"Is it possible?" he demanded. "This great country, so rich, and no uniforms."

"Uniforms!" continued Sergeant Gray, beginning to enjoy himself hugely. "Why, say, we haven't anything! No guns worth the name, not enough shoes. Why, a fellow in my company's wearing two rights at this minute. And as for uniforms—why, I'll tell you this—my whole company's going round to-day like this, slickers and nothing else."

"Amazing!" commented Mr. Booth unctuously. "We hear of so much money being spent, and yet nothing to show for it."

"Graft!" explained the sergeant in a very deep bass. "Graft, that's what it is!"

Mr. Booth seemed temporarily to forget that he was there to take a picture.

"But you—we will come out all right," he observed, watching the sergeant closely. "We have so much. The Browning gun, now—do you know about that? It is wonderful, not so?"

"Wonderful?" queried the sergeant, feeling happier than he had for some time. "Well, I'm a machine gunner; and if we're to get anywhere we've got to do better than the Browning." He had a second's uneasiness then, until he remembered that he wore no insignia. "It heats. It jams. It ——" Here ended his knowledge of machine guns. "It's rotten, that's all."

Mr. Booth was moistening his lips.

"It's sad news," he observed. "I—but this Liberty motor—I understand it's a success."

"You'd better not ask me about that," said the sergeant gravely. "Ever since my brother went down ——"

"Went down? Fell?"

"Aviation. Engine too heavy for the wings. Got up a hundred feet—first plane, you know, testing it out. And ——"

He drew a long breath.

"I wonder," said Mr. Booth, "if you would care for a little drink? I keep some here for the boys. The city's a dry place for soldiers. It'll cheer you up."

"I'm off liquor." It was the first truth he had spoken for some time, and it sounded strange to his ears. "Rotten food and all that. Can't drink. That's straight."

It had not been lost on him that Mr. Booth was endeavoring to conceal a vast cheerfulness; also that his refusal to drink was unexpected.

"Better have the picture, old top," he observed. "Better get this eye on the off side, hadn't you?"

For some five minutes Mr. Booth alternately disappeared under a black cloth and reappeared again. The sergeant felt that under a pretense of focusing he was being subjected to a close scrutiny, and bore himself carefully and well.

When at last it was over Mr. Booth put a question. "Want these in a hurry, I suppose?"

"Hurry? Why?"

"Most of the boys are just about to sail. They come in here and give me two days, three days. It is not enough."

"Well, I can give you a month if you want it."

"You're not going soon, then?"

"I should say not! Do you think Uncle Sam's going to trust any transports out with these German submarines about? I guess not!"

There was no question as to Mr. Booth's excitement now. His round face fairly twitched.

"But you cannot know that," he said. "That is camp talk, eh?"

"Not on your life!" said the sergeant, and went closer to him. "I got a cousin in headquarters; and he saw the order from Washington."

"What was the order? You remember it, eh?"

"All orders for troops to sail during month of June canceled," lied the sergeant glibly. "Not likely to forget that, old top, with a month to play round in your dear old town."

He was filled with admiration of himself. And under that admiration was swelling and growing a great loathing for the creature before him. He would fill him with lies as full as he would hold. And then he would get him. But he would consult the girl about that. She had forbidden violence, but when she knew the facts ——

He gave his name and put down a deposit.

"You are sure you are in no hurry?" asked Mr. Booth, scrutinizing him carefully.

"I wish I was as sure of a uniform."

The girl was waiting, and together they went down to the street. Though her eyes were eager she asked no questions. She preceded Sergeant Gray to the little car and got in. And suddenly a chill struck to the sergeant's heart.

On the pavement eying him with cold and glittering eyes were the stable sergeant, the troop mess sergeant, the second mess sergeant and two corporals. Like himself they wore slickers to cover certain deficiencies, and unlike him they wore an expression of cold and calculating deviltry.

"Hello!" they said, and surrounded him. "Having a good time?"

He cast an agonized glance at the car. The girl was looking ahead.

"Pretty fair," he replied; and calculated the distance to the car.

"We've been keeping an eye open for you," said the stable sergeant, stepping between him and the car. "We want to have a word with you."

"I'll meet you somewhere." There was pleading in his voice. "Anywhere you say, in an hour." Their faces were cold and unrelenting. "In a half hour, then."

"What we've got to do won't wait," observed the stable sergeant. "How do you think we like going about like this anyhow? Our only chance to have a time, and going round like a lot of lunatics. We warned you, didn't we? We ——"

Sergeant Gray knew what was coming. He had known it with deadly certainty from the moment he saw that menacing group, cold of eye but hot of face. And strong as he was he was no match for five of them, hardened with months of training and infuriated with outrage.

"I'm with a young lady, fellows," he pleaded. "Don't make a row here. If you'll only wait ——"

"Oh, there won't be any row," observed the stable sergeant. "You take off that slicker, that's all."

"Not here! For heaven's sake, fellows, not on the street! I tell you I've got a girl with me. A nice girl. A ——"

The stable sergeant hesitated and glanced toward the car.

"All right," he said. "But we're going to take that slicker back to camp. We promised the troop. You can step inside that door. I guess that's satisfactory?"

He glanced at the group, which nodded grimly. For an instant Sergeant Gray was tempted to run and chance it, but the girl had turned her head and was watching them curiously. Hope died in him. He could neither run nor fight. And the group closed in on him.

"'Bout face—march!" said the stable sergeant.

And he marched.

Inside the hallway, behind the elevator, however, he turned loose with his fists. He fought desperately, using his long arms with accuracy and precision. One of the corporals went down first. The second mess sergeant followed him. But the result was inevitable. Inside of three minutes the girl saw the little group returning to the street. One corporal held a handkerchief to his lip, and the first mess sergeant was holding together a slicker which had no longer any clasps. The stable sergeant, however, was calm and happy. He carried a slicker over his arm.

"Sergeant Gray's compliments, miss," he said, saluting. "And he will be engaged for some time. If you would take charge of this slicker he'll be much obliged to you."

Then he saluted again, and the group swaggered down the street.

The girl sat in the car and looked after them. Then she glanced at the slicker, and a little frown gathered between her eyes. Had he, against her orders, gone back to deal with Mr. Booth alone? She was mystified and not a little indignant, and when she started the car again it was with a little jerk of irritation.

Inside the hallway, behind the elevator, cursed and raged Sergeant Gray. At every step in the doorway he shook with apprehension. Behind him stretched a wooden staircase, toward which he cast agonized eyes. The elevator came down, discharged its passengers, filled again and went up. Outside in the brilliant street thousands of feet passed, carrying people fully clothed and entitled to a place in the sun. Momentarily he expected the climax of his wretchedness—that the girl would tire of waiting and come into the building. He plucked up courage after a time to peer round the corner of the elevator. The car was gone.

"What'll she think of me?" he groaned.

(Continued on Page 30)

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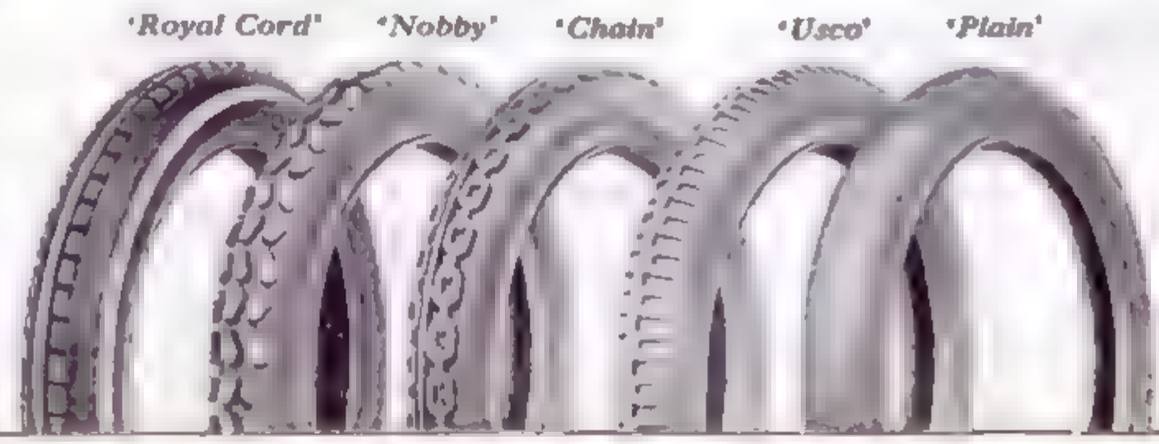

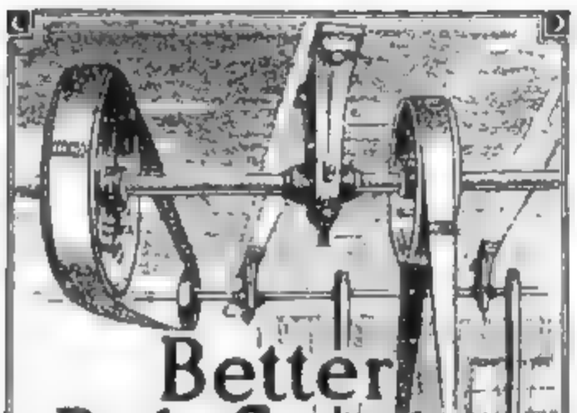

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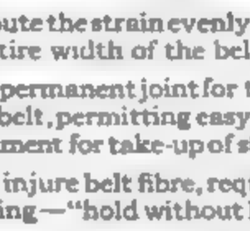

"for Continuous Production"

(Continued from Page 28)

Wild schemes of revenge surged in him. Murder with torture was among them. And always while he cursed and planned his eyes were on the staircase behind him.

Came a time, however, when the elevator descended empty, and the elderly man on the stool inside it prepared to read a newspaper. He was startled by a husky whisper just beyond his left ear.

"Say, come here a minute, will you?"

He turned. Through the grille beside him a desperate face with one black eye was staring at him.

"Come here yourself," he returned uneasily.

With a wild rush the owner of the face catapulted into the elevator and closed the grating. Then he turned and faced him.

"Run me up, quick!"

"Good God!" said the elevator man.

There were steps in the entrance. With a frenzied gesture Sergeant Gray, of the Headquarters Troop of the ——th Division, gave a pull at the lever. The car descended with a jerk.

"Leggo that thing!" said the elevator man, now wildly terrified. "Want to shoot down into the subway?"

Thoroughly frenzied Sergeant Gray pulled the lever the other way. The car stopped, trembled, ascended. For a moment two stenographers waiting on the ground floor had a vision of a strange figure in undershirt, cotton, one, and nether garments to match, surmounted by a distorted face, passing on its way to the upper floors.

Sergeant Gray surrendered the lever, and ran a trembling hand across his forehead.

"You've got to hide me somewhere," he shouted. "Look at me!"

"I see you," said the elevator man. "Y'ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"You've got to hide me," insisted Sergeant Gray; "and then you've got to go out and buy me some clothes."

They had reached the top floor, and the car had stopped.

"Where are your clothes?"

"I'll tell you later. You can get me a pair of pants somewhere, can't you?"

There was pleading in his voice. Almost tears. But the tears were of rage.

"I'll lose my job if I leave this car," observed the elevator man. He had recovered from his fright, and besides he had recognized the boy's service hat.

"Soldier, aren't you?"

"Yes. Look here, old man, I'm in a devil of a mess. Lot of our fellows, met them outside—it's a joke. I'll joke them!" he added vindictively.

"Some fellows got a queer idea of humor," observed the elevator man. "I might send out for you. Got any money?"

The full depth of his helplessness struck Sergeant Gray then and turned him cold. His money, thirty-nine dollars and sixteen cents, was in the slicker.

"They took my money too."

The elevator man's face grew not less interested but more suspicious.

"Why don't you get a good story while you're at it?" he demanded. "Looks like you're running away from something."

"Great heavens, I should think I am!"

"You fellows," observed the elevator man, "think you can come to this town and raise hell and then pull some soldier stuff and get out of it. Well, you haven't any effect on me."

The buzzer in the cage had been ringing insistently.

"I'll have to go down. Crawl out, son."

"Crawl out! Where to?"

"Don't know. Can't let you in an office. You may find some place." He threw open the door. "Out with you!" he commanded. "I'll look you up later."

"Run me to the cellar," gasped Sergeant Gray.

"Tailor's shop there. Full of girls."

With a hoarse imprecation Sergeant Gray left the elevator and scuttled down the hallway. To his maddened ears the place was full of sounds, of voices inside doorways and about to emerge, of footsteps, of hideous laughter. He had wild visions of finding a window and a roof, even of jumping off it. Then—he saw on a door the name of J. M. Booth, Photographer; and hope leaped in his heart.

He opened the door cautiously and peered within. All was silent. On the table in the reception room lay still open the album with which the girl had amused herself while she waited, and over a couch—oh, joy supreme!—there was flung an Indian blanket. He caught it up and wrapped it about him; and the madness left him. Such as it was, he was clothed.

Still cautiously, however, he advanced to the studio. All was quiet there, but beyond he could hear water running, and the careful handling of photographers' plates. Mr. Booth, erstwhile of Vienna, was within and busy. It irked the sergeant profoundly that to such unworthy refuge he was driven for shelter, but he squared his shoulders and advanced. Then suddenly he heard footsteps in the outer room, footsteps that advanced deliberately and relentlessly.

Wild fear shook him again. He looked round him frantically, and then sought refuge. In a corner behind a piece of scenery which was intended to show the sitter in an Italian garden, Sergeant Gray of the——th Division sought shameful sanctuary.

Somewhat later in the day the general, having a broiled squab and mushrooms under glass in a window at the best restaurant in the city, put on his glasses and looked out over the surging tide in the brilliant sunlight of the street. Just opposite him, moving sedately, was a group of soldiers.

"I wish you'd tell me," said the general testily to the aid-de-camp whose particular joy it was to lunch with him, "what the deuce those fellows are doing in slickers on a day like this."

"No accounting for the vagaries of the enlisted man, sir," returned the aid, and ordered a *demi-tasse*.

IV

AT THAT exact moment the elevator man, having a moment's leisure after the lunch rush, made his way back along the corridor where he had left a wild-eyed refugee. All was quiet. In the office of the National Asphalt Company the clicking of typewriters showed that no fleeing soldier, seeking sanctuary and a pair of trousers, had upset the day's pavements. Dolls and Wigs was calm. Coat Fronts remained inadequate and still.

He wandered back, his face twisted in a dry grin. Then suddenly from Booth, Photographer, he heard a wild yell. This was followed by the crash of a heavy body, a number of smothered oaths and a steady softish thud that sounded extremely like the impact of fists on flesh.

The elevator man opened the door of Booth, Photographer's, anteroom and stuck his head in. The studio beyond showed something on the floor that stirred in the wrapping of an Indian blanket, while stepping across it and on it a mad thing in undergarments and a service hat was delivering blows at something unseen.

The elevator man carefully reached a hand inside the door and took out the key. Then as stealthily he closed the door, locked it from the outside, and moved back swiftly to his cage, where the buzzer showed that the carpet cleaning company which occupied the fourth floor was in a hurry and didn't care who knew it.

At the end of twenty minutes two roundsmen went up in the cage. Going up they learned of the preliminaries.

"Crazy, I guess," finished the elevator man. "He looked crazy, now I think about it. Probably killed the lot by this time. Where did you fellows hide, anyhow?"

Back in Booth, Photographer, there was a complete and awful silence. Revolvers ready, the door was opened and the roundsmen sprang in. It looked like the worst. The Indian blanket nor moved nor quivered. A chair, overturned, lay on top of it, and against that there leaned tipsily a photographer's screen, on which was painted, in grays and whites, an Italian garden.

"I'm glad to see you," called a cheery voice. "I'm glad to see you!"

Standing in the doorway of the dressing room was a tall young man. He held a brush in his hand and was still slicking down his hair.

"How are you, anyhow?" demanded the tall young man, and proceeded to shake down the leg of a pair of black trousers. "A trifle short, aren't they?" he observed. "But they're a darn sight better than nothing!"

"Get him, Joe," said one of the officers casually, and walked toward the inner room.

"Oh, I'll go along all right," said Sergeant Gray blithely. "It's worth the price. I'm only sorry you didn't see it. I ——"

"Joe!" called the other officer from the inner room. "Come here, will you?"

"Mind if I go along?" asked Sergeant Gray. "I'd like to look at 'em again. I want to remember how they look all the rest of my life."

Joe nodded, and Sergeant Gray led the way to the studio. In a corner, roped tightly to a chair, sat Booth, Photographer. He was bleeding profusely from a cut on the lip and another over the eye, his head was bobbing weakly on his shoulders, and he wore, to be exact, one union suit minus two buttons on the chest and held together by a safety pin.

Joe stumbling over the Indian blanket heard it groan beneath him, and uncovered a stout gentleman in a cutaway coat and with his collar torn off.

"Pretty good, eh?" demanded Sergeant Gray. "Sorry about the collar, though. Booth's is too small for me."

"Want an ambulance?" inquired the elevator man with unholy joy in his eyes.

"Yes. Better have one." And to the wreckage: "You gentlemen will be all right," said Joe. "How'd this happen, anyhow?"

"I'll tell you," volunteered the sergeant "They're spies, that's what they are. German spies. D'you get it? And I ——"

"Aw, shut up!" said the first roundsman wearily. "Take him along, Joe. Now, how d'you feel, Mr. Booth?"

"But I tell you ——"

"You don't tell me anything. You go. That's all."

"Oh, very well," said Sergeant Gray cheerfully. "You'll be sorry. That's all. Come on, Joe." He raised his voice in song.

"Where do we go from here, Joe, where do we go from here?" he sang in a very deep bass.

At the center table he stopped, however, with Joe's revolver very close to him, and consulted Mr. Booth's watch which, with all of his money but car fare back to camp, lay in a heap there.

"You might hurry a bit, Joe," he suggested. "I've only got twenty-three and a half hours' leave, and time's flying. You'll observe," he added, "that old Booth's money and watch are here." He glanced significantly toward the elevator man. "Eight dollars and ninety cents, Joe," he said. "The old boy'll need it for a doctor."

The general breakfasted rather late the next morning—at seven o'clock. His ordinary hour was six-thirty. He had eaten three fried eggs, some fried potatoes, a bran muffin, drunk a cup of coffee, and was trying to remember if he had made any indiscreet remarks at a dinner party the night before about Pershing or the General Staff, when an aid came in with a report. The general read it slowly, then looked up.

"You mean to say," he inquired, "that those fellows haven't had any clothes since yesterday morning?"

"No uniforms, sir."

"The entire troop?"

"All except those who were on duty here yesterday, sir. I believe"—the aid hesitated—"I believe some of them went to town anyhow, sir."

"The devil you say!" roared the general.

"I rather fancy that the men we saw in slickers, sir ——"

Suddenly the general laughed. The aid laughed also. Aids always laugh when the general does. It is etiquette. When the general had stopped laughing he became very military again, and swore.

"We'll look into it, Tommy," he said. "It's a damned shame. Somebody's going to pay for it through the nose."

This is a little-used phrase, but the general had read it somewhere and adopted it. It means copiously.

He was not aware, naturally, that Sergeant Gray was already paying for it, copiously.

It was at that precise moment that a little car drew up outside his quarters. The general smiled and rolled himself a cigarette.

"Bring me another cup of coffee," he ordered, "and get another chair, Tommy."

The girl came in. She kissed the general on his right cheek, and then on his chin—she hated mustaches—and then stood back and looked at him.

"I'm in trouble, Uncle Jimmy," she said. "If a man from the Headquarters Troop overstays his leave what happens to him?"

"Court-martialed; maybe shot," replied the general with a glance at Tommy, who did not see it as he was looking at the girl.

"But if it is my fault ——"

(Continued on Page 33)

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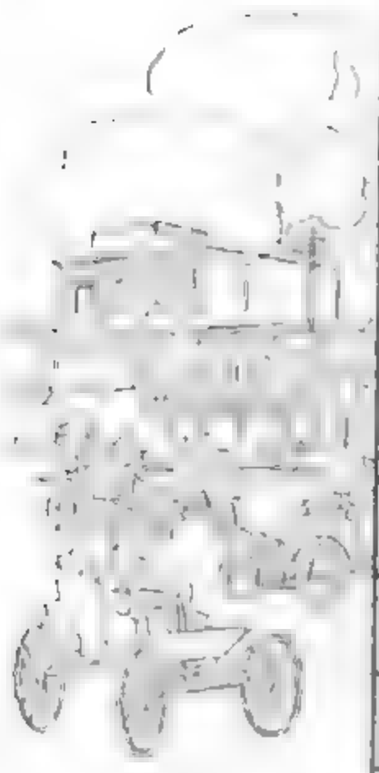

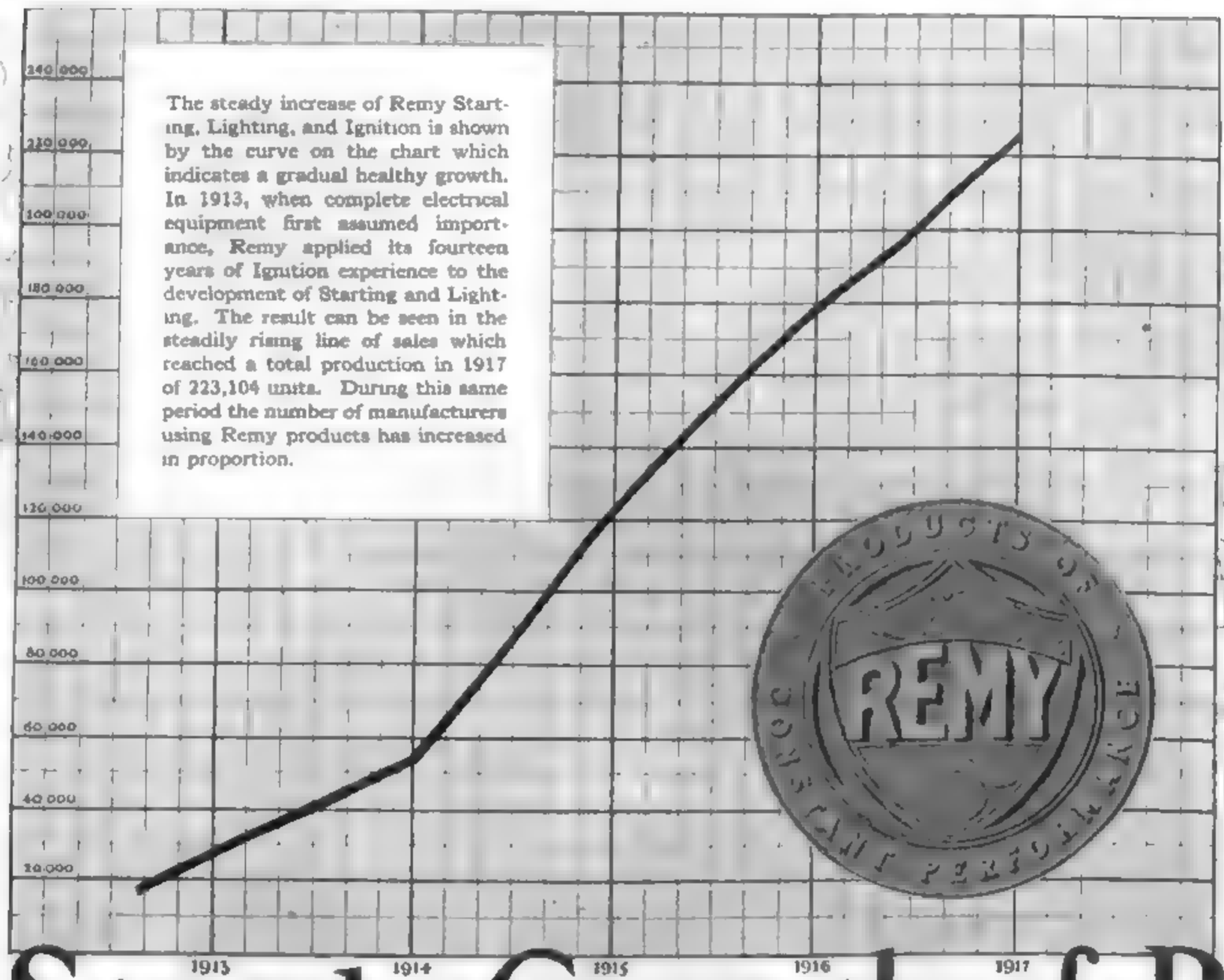

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(Continued from Page 30)

"Then you'll be shot," said the general cheerily. "Now see here, Peggy, if you don't let my young men alone —— What's that you're carrying?"

"It's a slicker!" said Peggy.

The general looked at Tommy, and Tommy looked back.

Peggy told her story, and showed, toward the end, an alarming disposition to cry.

"He knew something," she said. "That—that man Booth was a spy, Uncle Jimmy. I could hear him asking all sorts of questions, and when the sergeant came out his face was ——"

"Sergeant, eh?" interrupted Uncle Jimmy. "Any sergeants from the Headquarters Troop on leave, Tommy?"

"I'll find out, sir."

Tommy went away.

"I had got into the car, and he was coming, when three or four other soldiers came along. They all went back into the building, and I—I thought they were going to get Mr. Booth. But pretty soon they came out without him, and one of them gave me this slicker; and—and they all went away."

"Good Lord!" said the general suddenly. "The young devils! The—the young scamps! So that was it. Now look here, Peggy," he said, bending forward with a twinkle. "I—well, I understand, I can't explain, but it was just mischief. Your young man's all right, though where he's hiding ——"

He broke off and chuckled.

"He is not at all the hiding sort."

"Under certain circumstances, Peggy," observed the general, "any man will hide—and should."

Sometime later, at approximately the hour when Sergeant Gray's twenty-three and a half hours' leave was up, the little car started for the city. It contained one anxious young lady, one general who rolled constant cigarettes and chuckled, and one aid on the folding seat in the back, rather resentful because there was no adequate place for his legs.

"I'm going along, Tommy," the general had said. "It promises to be rather good, and I need cheering. Besides, under the circumstances, a member of Miss Peggy's family ——"

At the building on Twenty-second Street the general got out, leaving Peggy discreetly in the car. He was a large and very military figure, and he summoned the elevator man with a single commanding gesture.

"I want to know," said the general, fixing him with a cold eye, "whether you happened, yesterday afternoon, to have seen about here an enlisted man without a uniform?"

"I did," said the elevator man unctuously.

"You did—what?"

"I did see him."

"Say 'sir'," prompted the aid.

"I did—sir." It plainly hurt to say it.

"When and where did you see him last?"

"At one-thirty, getting into a police wagon—sir."

"Exactly," said the general. "You of course provided him with clothing before the—er—arrest."

"I did not," said the elevator man, who had by now decided that no man could bully him, even if he did wear two stars. "He stole a suit. And before he did that he like to killed two men. Mr. Booth, he's in the hospital now; and as for the other gentleman, he was took away in a taxi last night. If he was one of your men, all I got to say is ——"

"Of no importance whatever," finished the general coldly. "Find out where he was taken," he added to Tommy, and stalked out. The elevator man followed him with resentful eyes.

"You tell Pershing, or the Secretary of War, or whatever that is," he said venomously, "that his pet wild cat is in the central police station. I expect he's in a padded cell. Good-by."

An hour later the little car stopped in front of the best restaurant in town and the general assisted his niece to get out. From the folding seat behind, two pairs of long legs, one in khaki and one in black rather too short, disentangled themselves and followed. The best restaurants in town in the morning present a dishabille appearance of sweepers, waiters without coats and general dreariness; but the general took the place by storm.

"Table for four," he said. Now that he was doing the thing he was minded to do it magnificently. "Sit down, sergeant. Tommy, run and telephone, as I told you, to the Department of Justice. Got to nail those fellows quick."

As one newly awakened from sleep Sergeant Gray sat down beside Peggy. He presented, up to the neck, the appearance of a Mr. Booth suddenly elongated as to legs and arms. From the neck up he was a young man who had found one hundred and seventy-five dollars and the only girl in the world.

The general ordered breakfast for four. Then he glanced up from the menu.

"Suit you all right, Gray?"

"Splendidly, sir—unless ——" He hesitated.

"Go ahead," said the general. "You've earned the right to choose what you like."

"I was going to suggest, sir, that I ordinarily have a bran muffin ——"

The general put down the menu and stared at him. Then he chuckled.

"Might have known it would be you!" he observed. "But *c'est la guerre*, Gray. *C'est la guerre!* We'll have them."

▼

EARLY that afternoon the stable sergeant of the Headquarters Troop coming out of divisional headquarters saw the general approaching in a car much too small for him. Beside him sat an aid, who drove wisely but not too well. On the rumble seat were a girl, and a youth in civilian clothes and a service hat. They were in deep, absorbing conversation.

The stable sergeant came stiffly to the salute, and remained at it, the general giving no evidence of seeing him and returning it. Then—the stable sergeant went pale under his tan, for the civilian emerging from the rear of the machine, and strangely but sufficiently clad, was one Sergeant Gray of the Headquarters Troop.

As if this had not been enough he watched the same Sergeant Gray assist to alight the young lady of yesterday, and it gave no peace to the stable sergeant's turbulent soul to behold that young lady giving the general a patronizing pat and then a kiss.

"Great Scott!" said the stable sergeant feebly.

But there was more to come, for Sergeant Gray had spied his enemy and was minded to have official confirmation of a certain fact. Before the stable sergeant's incredulous eyes he beheld Gray, of the undergarments, gauze, et cetera, advance to the general and salute, and then remark in a very distinct tone:

"It was very kind of you, sir, to ask me to breakfast."

The general looked about under his gray eyebrows and perceived a situation.

"Not at all," he replied in an equally distinct voice. "Glad you liked my bran muffins."

The stable sergeant, who was carrying a saddle, dropped it. Had he not been stooping he would have observed something very like a wink on the most military countenance in America. It was directed at Tommy.

"Good-by, Sergeant Gray," said the pretty girl, holding out her hand. "I—I think you are the bravest person! And you will write, won't you?"

"I wish I was as sure of my commission."

The stable sergeant swallowed hard.

"But you'll get that now, of course. I'll go right in and tell Uncle Jimmy."

"Oh, I say!" protested Sergeant Gray. "You—you mustn't do that, you know."

"Aw, rats!" muttered the stable sergeant; and clutching the saddle furiously moved away. Up the road he met a military policeman, and stopped him.

"Better grab that fellow." He indicated Sergeant Gray behind him, now shamelessly holding the hand of the general's niece.

"Why?"

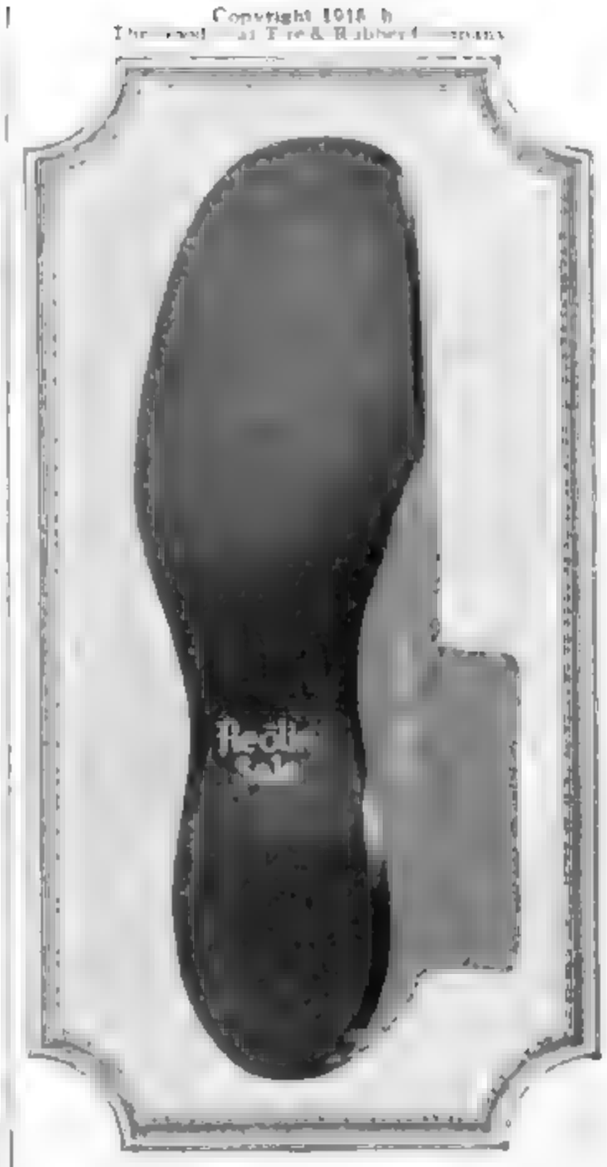
"Awol," replied the stable sergeant darkly—being military brevity for absent without leave. "And you might observe," he added, "that he isn't in uniform."

The girl got into the little car. Hat in hand, eyes full of many things he dared not put into words, Sergeant Gray of the Headquarters Troop of the ——th Division watched her start the car, smile into his eyes and move away. He came to at a touch on his arm.

"What're you doing in that outfit?" demanded the M. P. sharply.

"Having an acute attack of heart trouble, if you want to know," said the sergeant, staring after the little car.

"Have to arrest you."



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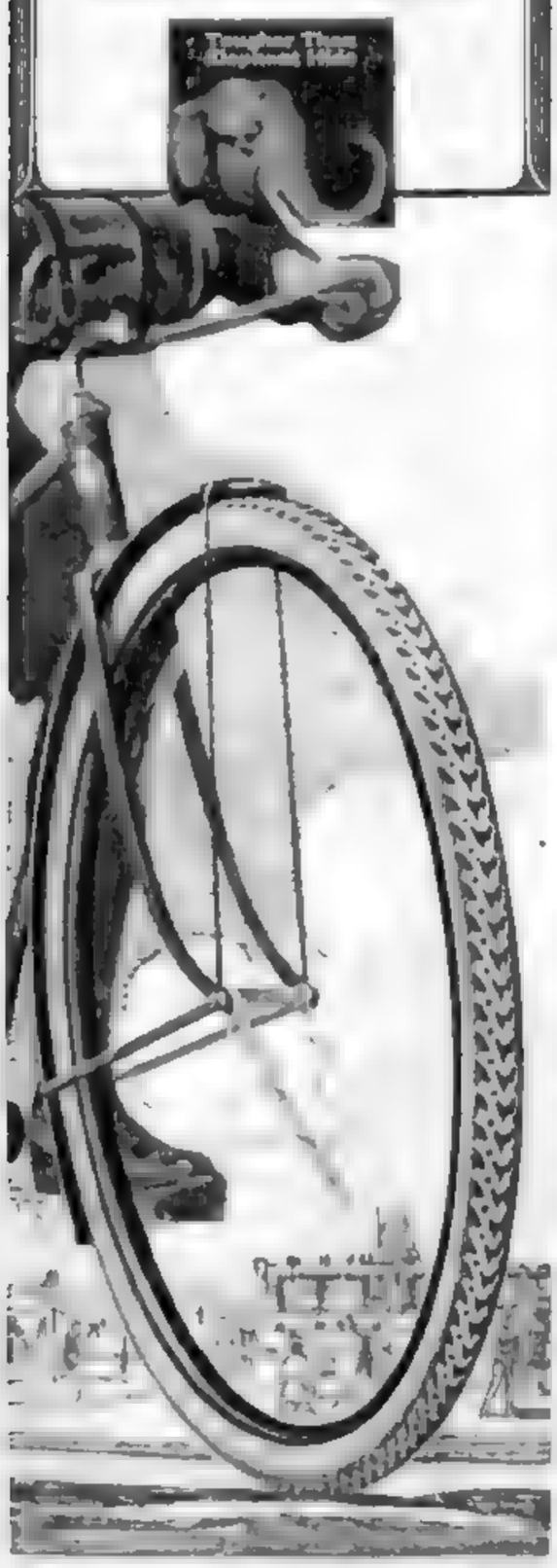

"Oh, go to it!" said the sergeant blithely. "I'm used to it now. Look here," he added, "your name's not Joe, by any chance?"

"You know my name," said the M. P. sourly.

"Sorry," reflected the sergeant. "Don't mind if I call you Joe, do you? Always like the men who arrest me to be called Joe. It's lucky."

He stopped and looked back; the little car was almost out of sight.

"All right, Joe, old top!" he said blithely. And he sang in a deep bass:

"Where do we go from here, boys?
Where do we go from here?
All the way from Broadway to the Jersey City pier."

His voice died away. In his eyes there was suddenly that curious blend of hope and sadness which shines from the faces of those who love and, loving, must go away to war.

"Wait a minute, Joe," he said.

And, turning, looked back again. The little car was still in sight, and the girl, standing up in it, waved her hand.

THE MISTAKES OF BILGE

(Continued from Page 11)

em as he looked at Milt. Milt figured he had committed some kind of a fox pass and he was waverin dizzily when the old boy smiled again.

"Bah jove, you compliment me, sir!" he said. "You compliment me! I should hope I would sound like an Englishman. My ancestors were planted in this country by Cromwell."

"And who the—who—who ——" stuttered Milt, and I knew that with that insatiable thirst of his for information he was goin to ask who Cromwell was, while I had a kind of sneakin suspicion that any dub that ricocheted around with young Armour and Astor had ought to know who Cromwell was, and so at the proper moment I planted a number eight heel on number five toe of Milt's favorite foot. He interrupted himself with a gulp and looked at me reproachful like.

"Here's Mr. Daniels wishin to be presented to the Duke," says the Earl of Skibberreen, hustlin in between us.

"Mr. Daniels," says the Duke of Lallyskallen, "Mr. Daniels, I am more than happy. Welcome! Welcome to Castlecruagh!"

"Dee-lighted myself," admitted Wart, shaking hands with easy sang fraw. [All of us gets a little French now, Ben, goin' into a French port every few days.] "Most unexpected pleasure. I had no idea your Lordship was in residence here at this season of the year."

"In residence here." Get that, Ben. Now where the Dickens did old Warthead pick up that line of talk, I says to myself; but I know all right. He got it out of some of those three shilling novels which he's always a borin his head into. But it was up to me just then to say something to the young dude, for I see him beginnin to color up like he was goin to get sore at us for putting all our talk up to the old man.

"Earl," I says, "your Pa's got a right nice lookin place here."

"Don't call me Earl, Kennedy, old man," he says. "It sounds so formal. Call me Skibberreen."

"Al right, Skib," I says, "I aint proud." That's the way I get along with these big folks, Ben, just rub right up against em; and they like it too.

Just then the Duke butted in again.

"Present me to the rest of your friends," he says, easy and affable like.

I turned quick and rounded the bunch up afresh with my eye, because something told me it was time to do it. These gobs of enlisted men aint got any too much reverence in their make-up at the best, as you know, bein one yourself; but the destroyer bunch is absolutely without respect for God nor man. They work like the devil all the time they're afloat and they do what their officers require of em; they take their life in their hands every time they go to sea and they're ready to sail past the mouth of hell any time to get a healthy slam at Fritz; but they don't care to have no frills asked of em in the way of extra salutes or anything like that. The British Admiral comes aboard the other day for a little run outside, you understand. "Treat 'im like one of the crew," the Captain passes the word. "He don't like a fuss made over 'im."

And I'm blessed if they didn't. On the level, Ben, nobody on our ship ever looked like they seen him. They acted like admirals was common as warrant officers with them. They done it to please him, but they was pleasin theirselves a darned sight more.

Well, so here was this bunch of half-broke mavericks that had held in as long as they dared, and was just spoilin for something to make em bust out laughin or roughhousin; so I turned around quick and threw em a look that they read and understood the meanin of. "Play up," that look meant, "or I'll have it out of your hide the minute we get back to the ship," that look said, and they savvied it all right. Besides it appeared they were all too buffaloed by all that red coat and gold clothesline and monocle, to get to breathin natural yet.

"Mr. Allen of Missouri," I says, presentin that pirate, Joe Allen, who, if he got his just deserts, would never be called mister again in all his life.

"Mr. Allen! Aw—what a pleashaw—very great pleashaw—indeed, Mr. Allen," says the Duke, and gives Joe his good right hand in another one of them sidewise paw-the-air motions of his that passes for a handshake. Joe sparred around for some time before he found the hand, and then he must of twisted it or something, for the old boy winced.

"Pleased tuh meet yuh," says Joe. "Pleased tuh meet yuh." Ben, I'm off that expression for the rest of my natural life, for I'm blessed if every one of them twenty-five jackies that I lined up and presented, didn't say it. It sounds awful bourjwah after one has heard it about a dozen times. If they had said, "Howdy, Duke," or "What's the good word?" it would a been better. At last it seemed as if old Ma Ford did get it into her nut that there was too much simultaneosity about it all.

"Hello Duke. How you all's folks been a gettin along?" he drawls in that Texas way of hisn.

"So individual!" smiled the Duke, and Ma bein the last in line, or else bein a little juiced up, I couldn't tell which, hung onto the Duke's hand; or maybe it was just to make conversation. Anyway the old boy asks: "What state do you come from, Mr. Ford? Detroit, I suppose!"

"No; I'm not that Henry," says Ma, which is the first time I ever did know his name was Henry, too. And then he told his lordship where he did come from.

"Ah, Pater," breaks in the young Earl. "A great state, Texas. You have heard of Texas?"

"Texas—oh, er," says the old boy, something kind of wakin up in the way back of his mind—"Texas is where they raise cattle, and, and cowboys—the men who are so very, very dexterous with the—the riata." And the old boy's face lighted up and he lifted his hand and whirled it round his head. It seemed like he had seen a Buffalo Bill show once in London and he was all enthusiasm.

"Well, I reckon," said Ma, tryin to be modest though he don't know the name of the word. "Texas is the greatest cattle state in the whole plumb world."

"You ride, of course?" beamed his Lordship.

Now I got to explain to you, Ben, that Ma is one of these temperamental souls that when he's had about two tablespoonfuls of grape juice and a bottle of soda-water, gets all lit up like Broadway on New Year's Eve, and he had just about had the necessary ingredients and they was wearin off to the point where Ma was just talkative and dignified. Get him anybody to talk to and Ma's imagination and his eloquence was ripe to flow.

"Ride?" inquires Ma. "Why my dear Mister—Mister—Lallyskidden—My dear Duke—I was born in the saddle."

"Indeed!" and his lordship beams some more. "You throw the rope? You are skilful with the riata?"

Now there is nothin rouses Ma like havin his skill doubted, whether it's poker, or monty or authors, I don't care what. And he rose to the challenge like a trout to a fly.

"My dear Mister Lallyskittle," says Ma, jugglin his lordship's name again and missin it at least as much as before; "far be it

(Continued on Page 36)

Noted General Pays Tribute to Tobacco

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All my life I have heard that smoking was unhealthy until I read an article on Military Leadership and Training written by a high Army Officer.

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1st Lieut. Inf. R. C.

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"On outpost, all sleep is forbidden. What a comfort you will then find the pipe, which drives away drowsiness, speeds the weary hours, renders the rain less chilly, and makes hunger and thirst more easy to endure. If you have to make long night marches after the fatigues of the day, when sleep overpowering you is a veritable torture and cause of numerous injuries to the horse, nothing will keep you awake like smoking your pipe.

"In a campaign, where men's resources are so limited, there is nothing so trifling as to be devoid of value. The pipe is a medium of exchange, of pleasure and of duty in the fraternal associations of our military life; in certain cases, when loaned, it becomes a veritable means of relieving distress."

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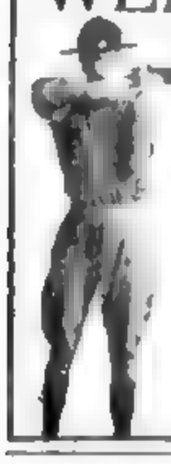

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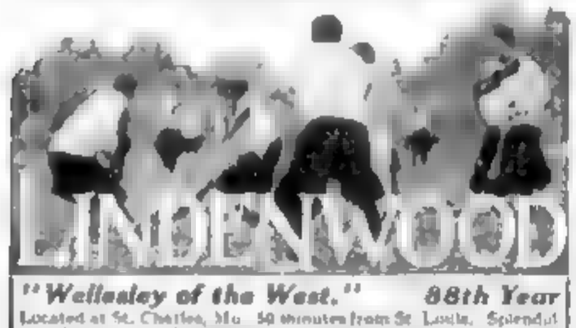

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(Continued from Page 34)

from me to boast, but—you see that ring?" Ma's mind was workin like chain lightning now, for he held up one of his ugly hands, on the little finger of which was reposin a gold ring that a girl at the skatin rink had let him wear till next Saturday night. "You see that ring, Duke?"

His lordship lifted his monocle and studied that ordinary lookin' gold band like it was a decoration from the King.

"Well," says Ma, "that ring was give to me as the second prize in a steer-tyin contest at Corsicana at the fall round-up in 1916 when I was home on a furlough."

Now I knew Ma was lyin about the ring, and I had a suspicion that he was lyin in toto, because I remembered bein stranded in Corsicana over Sunday six years ago, and I tried to hire a horse for a little ride, and there actually wasn't a saddlehorse in the town. I could get plenty of automobiles, but that part of Texas was just so blamed civilized and agriculturalized, you might say, that there wasn't anything doing at all in the horse line. I would bet that they hadn't had a thing like a steer-tyin' contest in Corsicana since Cleveland was president.

However, I thinks, a little lyin' will relieve old Ma and we can steer the Duke onto somebody else presently; but it seemed like the conversation was on tanglefoot flypaper. Every time Ma put a foot down it stuck him up that much more.

"I would be delighted if you would give my people a demonstration of what the feat is like," says his lordship, polite and kind of coaxing; and Ma, remember, Ben, was from Texas, where to oblige is a pleasure. He bowed perfectly grand and blinked his eyes, the old faker, like it would be the easiest thing and the greatest happiness in the world for him to rope and tie a bull elephant for the edification of the Duke and his outfit.

And the old boy really was eager! I didn't know but he was going to pull that gold clothesline off his chest and ask Ma to lasso the chandelier. Instead he led the whole party out onto the lawn and called for a rope; and all the while Ma was reelin' off one exploit of his after another, till naturally I begun to be convinced that he must know what he was talkin about. Probly he was a cow punch in his early days, I says to myself; that's how he got to be so fond of milk punch. Probly he has been a good roper once, and ropin is like swimmin or tight-rope walkin: Once a roper always a roper.

Anyway there they stood in the middle of the lawn, and there was one flunky bringing a rope and there was another herdin a beautiful spotted heifer round from the barns somewhere, and the *daynoumong* was comin soon, whatever it was.

Yet there was Ma, talkin away, grand as ever, till the Duke hisself, gettin impatient, presses the rope into Ma's hand. Ma took it, and it looked like then he understood for the first time that they was really expectin a demonstration right then and there. He looked at the rope and he looked at the heifer; but he was willin apparently. He took the rope in his hand and hefted it.

"Purty heavy," he says.

"Fetch a lighter one," says the Duke politely.

"It's got to have a ring in the end of it," Ma says, when they brought it, and he went on talkin, recallin how he bull-dogged a steer in sixteen seconds up to Cheyenne one time and had the whole northwest sore on Texas and him in consequence.

"Tie a ring in it, here," says the Duke, handin the rope to the Earl of Skibberreen.

"Tie a ring in it, there," says Skibberreen, handin it to somebody else.

"Tie a ring in it, there," says that person to another person, and so they kept on passing the rope down till it got to somebody low enough down in the social scale that they had sense enough to tie a ring in anything, and that person was a sort of groom. Anyhow he was dolled up like these grooms that I seen once at the horse show and he come edgin round to me.

"What kind of a ring," he says—"a finger ring?"

"No," I explained to him, "a small harness ring, bout a three-quarter inch ring, for the rope to run through." I done this so's Ma couldn't stall any more, for, besides bein tired of havin him monopolize our principal host like he was, I was gettin fed up on these yarns of hisn. Sober, old Ma Ford is one of the squarest shooters I know, but slightly illuminated, she's the biggest four-flusher in the destroyer flotilla; and believe me, Ben, that's sayin something. So, by the time Ma has got through describin a little incident down on the Rio Grande, where him and two other cowboys whipped a whole regiment of Villa's cavalry—an incident which I am morally certain never took place outside of Ma's brain, principally because I know Ma was layin at Mazatlan on the old prune barge at the time—why along comes the groom with the rope.

Ma, still talkin, takes it kind of mechanical like.

"That'll do," he says, testing the knot in the ring, and then passing the other end through it and drawing it up to form a noose, and then a windin and a coilin and all the while talkin, and I'm blessed if it didn't look like the man was used to handlin a rope, me forgettin at the time that Ma is a journeyman sailor by profession.

And they herded the heifer across the lawn again, and everybody kind of fell back, includin his lordship, and his earlship and her countessship too, and then all at once Ma seemed to recall something else.

"Oh," he says, surprised-like, "I couldn't throw it on foot. I have to ride."

At that I kind of heaved a sigh of relief, for I saw that Ma couldn't really throw the rope at all, and it looked like he had stalled out of danger and stopped the old boy for fair now. For a moment the Duke's face went so far into mourning that I felt sorry for him, but he come up smilin in a moment, chipper as a daisy and waved his hand toward the groom.

"Saddle Bouncer," he said, "and take him to the paddock. Fetch the heifer there too."

I seen then right off and to the full just how much of a lyin hypocrite Ma was, and it was some much, believe me, for in his eye for just about a second was a look of most awful pain and anxiety. But he covered well, I must say. He smiled and bowed with all that combination of dignity and grace which comes of bein born in Texas and tinctured with John Barleycorn.

"Yes, your honor," he says, with a grand wave of his hand. "Here I am just a stannin round like a stepchild, waitin for you all to give me a chance to throw." He give a sailor hitch to his sailor trousers and started to follow his lordship toward the paddock; but providence intervened to give old Ma respite and an hour or two more of most mortal agony.

"Tea is served, sir," said a flunkey that I hadn't piped off before, but he was dolled up like the others in knee breeches and frills of one kind or another.

"Upon me soul, it is tea-time," said the Duke, glancin at his wrist, and hesitatin as if disappointed. But he was a thoroughbred. He didn't linger a minute between his desire to see Ma rope the heifer and his duty as a host to us gentlemen of the U. S. Navy.

"Proceed within, gentlemen," he said—"proceed within."

They took us to that grand dining room we had seen before, and, Ben, you ought to a glimpsed that table. It was a long table, kind of egg-shaped, and the Duke took his stand at one end of it, and the Earl at the other, and the Countess in the middle; and the Duke he had Ma on one side of him, and Armour on the other; and the Earl, he had Astor Dorgam on one side of him and Daniels Kessler on the other, while the Countess of Kildare was just banked round with sailors, and opposite her, with the rest of the gobs strung out between us, was me planted strategic just where I could watch the whole of em. Besides about half of em was in kicking range under the table, and them that wasn't I give looks and grunts that they bally well understood.

And I must say, Ben, that for gobs that lives on ship-board and takes their daily eats on a destroyer where plates is tin, napkins is unknown and forks is dispensed with, and where the roll and pitch of the boat makes settin the table impossible, and every man takin his food gives an imitation of a monkey in the zoo takin his dinner swingin in the trapeze—for that kind of fellows these mothers little boys of mine did pretty well.

But they certainly consumed disgraceful. You'd think they'd forgot entirely them sandwiches the size of a brick, stuffed with ham and dill pickles, and them slabs of corned beef and pounds of butter and all the pies they had just ate.

"At tea," I kept tellin em sotto voche, "you aint supposed to eat. You just nibble a wafer and sip your tea."

"But just look at the grub they're shovelin at us," says Abner Anderson, who's a greedy devil anyway. "They must expect us to eat it."

Only there wasn't any meat! My gosh, how good a platter of cold meat would have looked, cold mutton, you know, Ben, or cold roast beef or cold ham—a sardine even—but there wasn't anything like that. But everything else. Scones, principally. Ever been introduced to a scone, Ben? Well a scone is a little kind of ginger cake with the ginger left out, but all the other good left in and something added. They pass em heaped up in baskets, and with bowls of marmalade or strawberry preserves, and butter—real fresh butter.

The scones is hot. You open em and lay in butter, and then you open em again and lay in jam or preserves on the melted butter, and then you open your lolliper and lay the scone inside and it just kind of dissolves downward like drippin honey, and when you're toward the last of the second dozen of em you begin to worry for fear you aint a goin to get to eat two dozen more.

And milk! And cream! They went right out to a kind of spring house by the dairy and brought it in in crocksful. Well, I told you the boys ate something scandalous. As for me, I honestly needed to take some sustainin nourishment because I knew what was comin off after a while. I knew as well as anything that they was a debacle a comin beside which the debacle when Eddie Collins stole home on Heinie Zim, last world series, wasn't no debacle at all but just a plain boner.

So I had several scones, and several ladles of preserves and marmalade, and I drank a couple of cups of tea, and then when they begun to broach them big crocks of cream—well I didn't want to seem like I didn't appreciate the Duke's hospitality, so I done my lota like the rest of em.

I got to admit though, Ben, that my conacious was beginning to trouble me awful, they was treatin us so doggone white. It's a durn shame, I says to myself, nice people like this, a foolin em thisaway, and I'm a goin to get up direckly and tell em its all a gosh durned lie. That none of us is named Astor nor Armour nor Daniels; that none of us is millionaires; that we're nothin at all in fact but just ordinary gobs from the little old U. S. Destroyers, that's not good for nothin much till it comes to stampin on the little tin fish of the Kaiser, and then we're sure there with the hob-nailed boots.

That's what I was inclined to say, Ben, but somethin told me to wait awhile. Some good angel, it must a been. Same time I was keepin a weather eye on Ma. Ma was a eatin and a talkin and a killin time to beat the band. Every time I looked up there she sat, a lyin like a German Press Bureau; and every minute the time was comin' when tea would be over and Ma would have to ride Bouncer.

There was some little speculation among the boys on my side about who Bouncer might be, but I didn't do none of that. Comin up from the beach I had had a glimpse of a sorrel colt with a white star in his forehead and three white feet, prancin round in a little pasture they call a paddock. He looked as full of power as one of our turbines, and he was all pep and ginger. He was the highest spirited animal I ever lamped in my life, and he didn't look to me like any human bein could stay on him unless he was lashed on him. So the moment his lordship says: "Saddle Bouncer!" I knew who Bouncer was and that Ma's chance of ridin him was just the same as my chance of gettin promoted to Admiral for gallantry in action at this here Duke of Lallyskittle's tea.

But here was the meal movin on, scone by scone, cup of tea by cup of tea, and crock of cream by crock of cream, to its everlastin end; and when it ended old Ma had to up and ride Bouncer and rope the Buttercup Queen or confess that he was a four-flusher and a quitter—two things that you could pull Ma limb from limb and reciprocatin action from reciprocatin action before he would do. I reckon that is the reason why everybody on the ship swears by that old liar the way they do. You just naturally got to stand up for Ma when he's illuminated for the virtues of Ma when his lights is burnin low and regular.

I don't know how his lordship done it, but it seemed like that meal was over all at once with a kind of bang, and the old Duke was standin up straight and dignified as a lamppost at one end, and the young Earl

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at the other end. At the same time the countess was up and all of us fellers was wrastlin to get up too, and stood there making one circle of blue-jackets round that table, each of em stuffed till he looked like one of these blue sausage balloons that the good old street pedlers sell back on the good old street corners of them good old towns that are back in the land that is fairer than day and by the picture post cards we can see it afar, etc. Get me!

But Ma's hour hadn't come yet. The Duke was too polite to suggest any man's ridin' on a stomach as full as Ma's, so he leads the way to a kind of arbor and the servants pass cigarettes and cigars, and if any man prefers, why there's a brand new pipe for him if he wants it—and a corncob pipe it was, too, right from old Missouri, for I seen the St. Louis brand on em. And the Countess of Kildare was right among us, puffin a cigarette, and lookin down through the smoke, kind of reflectin like, with her eyes squinted up just like a man's; and I'm blessed if she didn't look fetchiner than ever then. I never could stand to see a girl smoke, but aint it astonishin how vice becomes some women?

But all things have an end, even the politeness of this Irish aristocracy, and the time was now approachin when Ma had either to ride the bronch and lass the heifer or confess that he was a natural born liar, and I tell you Ma would a died before he would admit that.

"Oh, aw, by the way," remarks the Duke, casual-like as if he'd just remembered, "would you mind obligin' us now," he says, "with that demonstration of your skill with the—the rope?"

"Oh, would you not, Mr. Ford?" says this girl with the blue eyes and the black ringlets. "Do, I pray you," she says, and she turned them blue orbs on him full candle power.

Well, say! Ma would a charged the whole German army on a burro for that look.

"I jest nachelly will, Miss, Miss Lallyskallen," he says, "at *your* request!" And he turned to his lordship, brave as any knight at one of them old time tournaments.

"Lead me to em," he says, struttin something awful, with his chest and his elbows sticken out at once, and Ma bein bowlegged, his knees was also sticken out, as they led him to the paddock, the whole party followin. The heifer was there waitin and lifted up her mild eyes from the grass and took a look with a sort of a "woof" at the idea of all these folks in all their fine clothes paradin out into her pasture.

But I'm doggoned if Ma, looking down at his self, didn't find one last excuse for stallin.

"I generly have spurs when I'm goin to ride," he says, reflective-like.

"Bouncer," says my lord, kind of gentle and apologetic, "I think Bouncer is not used to being ridden with spurs."

Ma got one of them stubborn looks on his face, but inwardly he was probly prayin there wasn't a spur on the place.

"I aint used none to ridin without em," he says, just like that, short and decisive.

"Fetch spurs," says my lord, without another word, and hope fell in one bosom plumb down to the bottom of the thermometer.

Well, about the time they got old Ma blindfolded and one leg tied up, and backed him into them spurs, why here come Bouncer; and I got to tell you again, Ben, that Bouncer was some horse! He stood sixteen hands high if he stood an inch. Speed stuck out all over him and his feet touched the ground like they just hated it, little springy steps, you know, and you just naturally and involuntarily perceived that if he lifted up one of them after feet of hisn and took a shot at you, that he would kick you plumb into the middle of the bay. Horse? I never seen so much horse inside of one skin as that colt showed from the tip of his ears, right back to his tail; and there he stopped, for would you believe it, Ben, that beautiful piece of animal action didn't have no tail at all—just a little kind of stump about five inches long, with some wisps of hair hanging to it like a mourning plume.

Well, it sure outraged me to see a beautiful horse mutilated like that. Ma seen it quick, and his whole expression changed. He got sullen right away.

"Aint fitten for a cowhorse none—without his ta-a-ail," Ma drawls, kind of mutterin' like. "He caint balance his self. Never did ride no horse without no tail on him," he grumbled on, gettin' umgrammaticaler every minute.

But I could see that besides bein indignant for the horse, he was just plumb scared to death at the look of that 300 H. P. animal, for he knew he wouldn't never get on top of him even. Ridin him would be just the same as ridin one of our torpedoes when it gets nicely started on its way to Fritz.

"I dessay," says his lordship, "you will find that Bouncer can jolly well balance himself. He's been takin fences without his tail for a season or two and I've never known him to go down yet."

Takin' fences! Ben, that one idea burst in Ma's mind like a star-shell. This was a hunter then, and the minute Ma got on him, he was goin to make for the nearest fence. And yonder it was—not a fence, you know, but a stone wall, like all the fences in Ireland, and it looked eight feet high. "When Bouncer goes over that wall where am I goin?" That was the question in old Ma's eyes, just as clear as anything.

But there was a kind of a manner about his lordship that didn't exactly admit of monkeyin any more. It struck me once that his lordship was kind of in a hurry about somethin, and then again I thought he just might figure he was bein kidded; and the way his jaw come down, and his lower lip stuck out, I knew here was a guy that if he found out what we'd done to him, would go leakin right out to the Admiral; and in five minutes the Admiral would be flyin' the white ensign upside down and have every Destroyer Captain in the flotilla aboard the flagship to know whose men had been raisin Cane now, and when they got through I wouldn't have a blamed stripe on me but prison stripes—which I wouldn't mind so much, anything being a relief from life on one of these destroyers, only I'd hate not to be around when we lick the Germans. *When we lick the Germans*, Ben, get that? For we are agoin to lick those birds as sure as Germans bombs hospitals and sticks bayonets in little children.

Well, with all this pleasant vision floating through my mind, here is Ma doin the froze-with-horror act once more, for somethin else had struck him. His little round black eye had screwed up, till it wasn't no bigger than a gimlet, and the point of its glance was glued fast to the saddle. It was an English saddle, and an English saddle, to look at it, Ben, aint no more than a porous plaster stuck up on the horse's withers. Now a Texas saddle, if you've ever been in one, is kind of like a sleepin'-bag compared to this English saddle. It has a big high horn in front of you to hang on to, and it has a big high cantle at the back to hold you in when you're going up hill; and no horse that aint a trained acrobat can spill a man out of a Texas saddle that's got any hang-on to him at all, unless the said horse lays down and rolls over, which is a kind of German trick. But this English saddle was smooth in front and smooth behind. You could ride anywhere on the horse, Ben, from his ears to his tail, without any interruptions from the saddle. It would be absolutely neutral all the time.

Ma had another gasp comin when he looked at the stirrups. A Texas stirrup, Ben, is as big as an Irish house. You drop your great big clumsy foot into it and it's like lettin your leg down into a post-hole, and when you get both feet in the stirrups nothin can't hardly get you out, unless, as I said, you're turned upside down and shook out. But this English saddle just had two little loops of iron about an inch wide to put your feet in, and Ma looked at the spring in Bouncer's knees and the width of them stirrups, and he knew his feet wouldn't never be in em but once, and that would be the time he put em in there first.

You can bet there was an icy rivulet where Ma's spinal cord ought to a been, but I got to hand it to him, Ben. He never winced so anybody but me could notice it. And most all the while he kept on talkin casual like, one thing and another, to his lordship, and tyin the end of his throwin rope in the ring on the saddle, and then coilin it—but for all that I knew ol' Ma was just scared plumb into hysterics, and I edged round onto the other side of the horse, under pretext of helpin to make the throwin rope fast to the ring in the saddle, and old Ma kind of bent over so he could hear me across the horse's withers.

"Give it up," I whispers. "I'm ready to make a clean breast of the thing."

Ma didn't say nothin at first. He just looked. And when he did speak what he said was what you kill a man for down in Texas, unless he smiles at the same time, and Ma didn't smile. I wouldn't dast even to write it because it wouldn't pass the censor. I wouldn't dast even write it in my diary. Besides I want to forget it.

"What's your scheme?" I says.

"I'm goin to pop the spurs to this bronch and get to Helena Montana out of here," he ventriloquizes. "Kind of manage to get that there gate open behind you," he says, "and I'm agoin to make it look like old Bouncer bolted."

"You're a goin to run away," I says, "and leave us all in this hole you've got us into." Again he didn't say nothin for a minute; he just looked at me kind of straight and confessin like, and this time there was awful appeal in his glance. "In just about seven minutes from now," he says, "I'm goin to be waitin at the landin stage for a boat to take me off to the ship."

It was six miles to the landing, and Ma was allowin' himself the extra minute for viewin the scenery, I suppose.

"Where'll Bouncer be?" I says kind of reproachful. "Think of this fine horse."

"Damfino," he says, desperate, "and what's more, damficare. I wish Bouncer would a broke his leg while we was havin tea."

"Already!" says his lordship, actin like the starter at the race track, for his lordship was lookin at his wristwatch and sure gettin anxious about something.

"All set!" says Ma, with a kind of reminiscence of a Texas warwhoop, and the next thing I knew, here come the wide-legged trouser of a sailor, flyin over the off side of Bouncer with a spur on the heel of it, and one second later there come on my horizon, which was Bouncer's back, a sailor's blue blouse and a sailor's blue flat-topped hat with the name of the ship in gold letters on the front of it, and under it was the face of Ma, set like you see em set in pictures when soldiers are goin over the top. Well, old Ma was going over the top all right, but he was goin game.

"Stand clear!" he says, as I guided his foot into the stirrup, thereby doin the last thing I ever expected to do for poor old Ma.

I wish, Ben, you could of seen the figure of him. He didn't look no more like an equestrian on that horse than anything. He was hunched up like he was ridin the forward yard of the ship in a storm; and pawin at the reins. These English bridles have two sets of gear on em, you know, and Ma, with his throwin rope coiled in one hand, was all tangled up in these extra reins, while I, backin off quick, just seemed kind of accidental like to open the gate behind me, and not noticed either because everybody was lookin at Ma and Bouncer and the rope and the heifer.

"Typical American position in the saddle," explains his lordship, beaming round on all his retinue. "Quite typical—yes—Tod Sloan, you remember, high up on the neck!"

Bouncer was naturally impatient to get goin. He took one of those quick snappy steps of hisn, and it unsteadied Ma on this smooth round English saddle ridin which was like ridin one of these smooth round rockin buoys out in the channel, so that when Bouncer moved his starboard leg, why Ma rolls slightly to port, and grippin tighter with his own starboard leg, he pops the spur into Bouncer. Bouncer looked surprised, and then he looked like he thought it might a been a mistake, but just for luck, he bounced about seventeen feet sideways, goin clear over Midget Case, who's a nice little cuss but always manages to get right in front of any play that's comin off.

"My eye!" says his lordship.

"My Gawd!" I groans, kind of silent and prayerful like.

Ma strung off to one side like a piece of bunting, and then doubled up like a jackknife, but I'm blessed if when he come down, he didn't come down on top of Bouncer.

I reckon that was because the motion was kind of like one the ship makes when she's buckin' a souwester about two points on the port bow. You know how it is on a destroyer, Ben. We run with the bulkheads closed and there aint no way from the foc'sle to the engine room except over the open deck, and you start out at four A. M. to relieve the watch there that have been on duty now eight hours, because nobody couldn't get down to relieve em before, the storm is that bad; and feelin sorry for the poor devils that's got to stick

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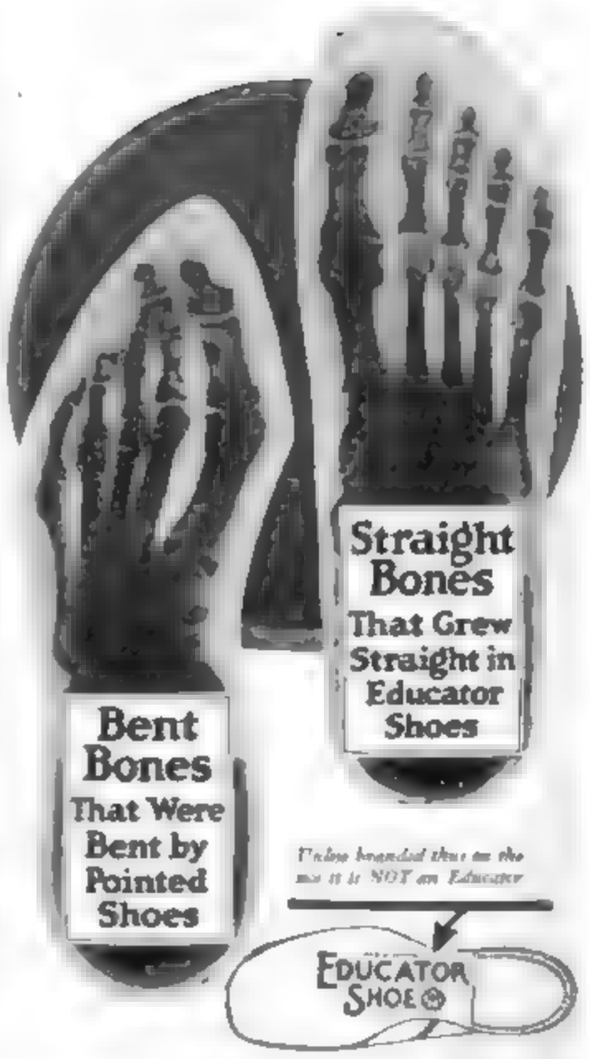
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Varnishes

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it out down there till their reliefs do come if its twenty four hours, and you're the only man in your watch that's got the guts to go, why you take a can of tinned Willie under one arm and a loaf of bread under the other and start, and its darkern the inside of a smokestack, and the wind is howlin and the waves is ragin, and you don't know but what you've shipped on a submarine. But you keep feelin your way till first thing you know the deck aint where you thought it was, and the ship aint there either, and you do a pitch and dive act and end up hangin onto a guidewire and swinging straight out over a mile deep sea, with the tinned Willie flyin one way and your loaf of bread castin itself on the waters in another direction.

Well, this move of Bouncer's was kind of like that, and so I reckon that was how come that Ma got onto it so quick. But it seemed that when she recovered herself, sailor fashion, she sideswiped Bouncer for about a yard with that port spur of hers, in consequence of which Bouncer hadn't no more than lit till he lit out again, and this time right straight ahead. It looked to me like he was aimin to knock his brains out on that stone wall. But no sir! he kind of squatted and shivered and went over it, just like the ship would have took one of them swells that used to come out of the Irish Sea off Holyhead last winter.

"Toppin!" shouts his lordship. "Toppin! Most daring feat of horsemanship I ever saw. Perfectly toppin!"

"Toppin hell," I says to myself. "We'll find Ma dead, gosh durn her, on the other side of the wall."

I give a leap, caught the top of it with my hands, pulled up and peered over for one satisfying look at his mangled remains, and there wasn't no mangled remains there; but off ahead of me [illegible] a kind of gentle springy thud on the turf, like the bouncin of a rubber ball on a nice thick carpet, and yonder was Bouncer, that little short tail of his stickin up like the poop of an old lime-juicer, and on top of him was a monkey in the uniform of a U. S. jack tar.

Yep; old Ma was still there, a rollin round on that saddle like the little white marble in the big bowl over at Bordeaux. And just then Bouncer [illegible]me to a nice wide ditch. He did it in three counts. One—he kind of squatted.

"Don't he take off beautiful," says my lord, who somehow had got up with his eyes above the top of the wall.

Two—he sailed over that ditch like one of these flyin fish down at Guantanamo.

And, Three—he put all four feet down together on a piece of turf at the other edge that wasn't no bigger than the Countess of Kildare's handkerchief. You never seen nothin like it, it was that artistic. Hornsby, clickin his heels at the plate, just before he squares off to lam out a three-bagger aint no neater.

And the next minute Bouncer was pointin his prow for another wall. You've heard of the great Chinese Wall, Ben? Well I never saw it but it wasn't no greater than this wall that Bouncer was makin' for now.

He rose at it and Ma seemed to kind of move back to the after-bridge, as it were. Bouncer undoubled them jacknife legs of his and Ma sort of scurried along the deck forra'd, and the last thing I seen of that jump was just two pair of heels. One was Bouncer's, his shoes shining like Ty Cobb's spikes when he goes into second. The other pair belonged to Ma and indicated that he was takin a nose dive from the crow's nest to the foc'sle deck.

"Individual style!" says his lordship to me, his face level with mine at the top of the wall now, because a couple of flunkeys was holdin' him up, while I was stickin up there with my toes.

"Yes," I says, "Ford always was kind of individual." And I scrambled over the wall feelin awful sober because I knew that this time when I got to the top of the rise over behind that other wall, I really was a goin to find them mangled remnants of Ma for sure.

Well, his lordship scrambled over that first wall right after me, and it appeared to me like he was also possessed with a kind of curiosity as to what was up there at the top of the hill, but he was too polite to say so, just goin along with me for company.

And the rest of the retinue was spillin themselves over the wall, and comin along as fast as they could—first a thin blue line of sailors, scared plumb to death, and then a bunch of these servants, mostly old and hamhocked or disabled, you know, people too old to go to war or people that's been and come back with game legs or caved-in slats or shell-shock, which, if you aint seen any of it, believe me, Ben, is somethin horrible.

They was streakin up the hillside after us for their first look at the remains of Ma, but when we come to look round for her she wasn't there; and for a minute there wasn't nobody in sight at all, and then we got a snap-shot of Bouncer toppin another wall two fields beyond us, for it seemed like he understood that Ma wanted to do a little jumpin and jumpin was Bouncer's business.

There was plenty of walls. Ireland, as far as I've observed it from the deck of a destroyer and a few innocent expeditions ashore, is cut up into little pieces for crazy-quiltin. Some of the fields are as big as Gramercy Park, and some is big enough to lay out a baseball diamond in, but everybody would be makin home runs and the scorers couldn't tell the outfielders from the in.

Well that makes plenty of fences, and the fences are walls and Bouncer was bouncin em and bless me if old Ma wasn't bouncin along too. Only it struck me as I glimpsed him now across two fields, that he wasn't hardly in the saddle at all.

Bouncer turned about that time and come bouncin back, and when he loped across the top of our field, there was Ma hangin with her head down and hands to the ground, and then in a minute she was hangin the same way on the other side of the horse.

"Doin stunts, bah jove!" declared his lordship. "Doin cowboy stunts with Bouncer while he's warmin him up for the ropin. Mos astonishin!"

"Mos!" says I, suspicionin there was something wrong but unable to figure it out at all, for Bouncer went on jumpin walls down the hillside for half a mile and then out of sight around the point, and then directly here he come jumpin back again. And every time he topped a wall, I caught sight of something blue, and I knew that was Ma and she was still stickin. Grit? Old Ma was as gritty as this here war-bread they gives you over here at the restaurants; and my hat was sure off to her.

Bouncer had been travellin in a circle round us and was down on the other side of the castle by this time. Me and his lordship started back that way, and his young lordship the Earl of Skibberreen, being behind us, was now ahead of us, while all the rest of the bunch that had kind of strung out over the fields and walls and ditches, was struggling in toward the house, when I heard a motor honk, kind of a funny sort of a honk, up the road a piece. And say! When that honk honked, his lordship turned and looked up the road startled-like, gasped and struck out runnin for the house like he was goin round the bases in eleven seconds.

Honest to goodness, Ben, I never seen gold lace, and a wig, and a red coat, and silk calves, fly like that combination flew. It looked like a daytime comet goin down the field. He bounced over that ditch like Bouncer. It had took two men to lift him over the paddock wall before, but now he just made one flyin leap and landed on top of it and was over and gone.

He hadn't said Goodbye, or Excuse me, or I'm sorray, or nothing like that, the way they do over here all the time to be polite; and I couldn't get him at all—not even when I saw his young lordship runnin too and shoutin something to the straggling crowd and roundin em all up and shufflin em out of sight, some to the barn and some to the house. Then, just as I got out of the paddock past the barns, I saw a big grey motor car that looked like she had engines in her as big as our ship's, come coughin round the corner and stop with a bang just as his lordship arrived at the—the curb, you might call it, where the car had stopped.

"Important guests," I says to myself, seein him stand rubbin his hands and hiccupin and beamin and smilin all at once, and frownin back the young Earl of Skibberreen, so's he could open the auto door himself.

"Must be the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland," I says, tryin to orientate myself and thinkin this would be the time to round up my crowd and skiddoo with the remains of Ma—if it wasn't, Ben, that I haven't got that big a streak of yellow in me, and have just naturally got to stop and see any mess like this right straight through and out the front gate.

Well, while I was lookin, a seedy old party with a grey suit, a short, stocky chap, with skimpy white whiskers and a golf cap cocked over one ear, got out of the car, turned his back on the Earl of Skibberreen, punched Lord Lallyskallen in the center of his red waistcoat with an elbow, made him get back out of the way and himself helped a young lady out, that was wearin a kind of an army uniform one of what they call "Wacks," W. A. A. C., you know. Her cheeks was red, and with her khaki and brass buttons she was just about the chickest lookin thing—get me, Ben, chickest?—that's one I picked up over to Havre—the chickest lookin' chicken you ever saw.

By the way this old party looked round, by George, he might have owned the place, and he went trudgin up the front steps of the castle, like, by thunder, he didn't give a darn for anything. And right after him comes Lord Lallyskallen, carrin his canes and umbrellas and the lady's little kind of satchel; and after him comes the Earl of Skibberreen, carryin two suit cases; and both of em mincin along like they would be much obliged if the old man and the girl would kindly walk on their necks. As they came up the steps out rushes that other little dream in calico, the girl with the black corkscrew waves in her hair and the wonderful blue black eyes, that I told you about.

For a time I stood watchin the play, and then, hailin the chauffeur who sat bolt and upright as a telegraph pole, waitin for everything to be took out of the car:

"Who's the old party?" I says.

"Lord Lallyskallen," he says.

"No, no," I says—"the old duffer that come in your car."

"Sir!" he says, lookin at me like I was some kind of molecule, "that was James Herbert, Lord Lallyskallen and Earl of Skibberreen. The lady with him is his niece and only heir, the Countess of Kildare."

Well, say, Ben! For just one second or may be two I felt like I had been gassed, and then I began to get my natural breath again.

"And who," I says, "is the fat old party with all the brass wire on his coat?"

"That is Hoskins, the butler."

The butler, Ben. Then I knowed I had been gassed. There was pains all through my chest—laughin pains, and hatin pains. But I controlled myself. I jolly well had to, for in just about ten seconds I expected to see Lord Lallyskallen's favorite hunter come gallopin by with his sides drippin bloody froth, with that fool Ma stickin to him still just like a lookout in the crow's nest. In such circumstances I just naturally knew from the look of this old duffer that he would take fire by spontaneous combustion and begin to scorch and blister everything about him. So, as already remarked, I controlled myself.

"And who's the young guy with plenty of local color on him but not so much brass?"

"That's the footman," says the chauffeur.

"The footman. Uh-huh," I says to myself, for I had suspicioned that already.

"I just got one more question," I says, when I saw that black-curled, blue-eyed dream come rushin out and begin to take the young woman's coat off her shoulders. "Who's the girl with the white apron?"

"She's the parlor maid," he says.

To think, Ben, that a woman could be so false! But she's probably innocent of any wrong intent, I says to myself, the way a man will make excuses for a pretty woman. But the fellers! The doggoned skinflints—a butler and a footman a hoaxin us that way!

And to think I was so soft I come near admittin to that vulgar old geezer that we had lied to him a little! I wisht I had Ma's spur so I could kick myself with it.

But just then the old duffer, the real Lord of Lallyskallen and Earl of Skibberreen, all in one, turned around on the top step of his house and give the place the final once over before goin inside. Me bein there, clutterin up the landscape, naturally he espied me. I didn't try to duck nor nothin' because I felt it in my boots that something was coming to me. There couldn't be no diversion created that would relieve me of facing the thing out—not even the sight of four men comin round the corner carryin the scrambled and salvaged body of poor old Ma, stretched out on the milk-house door. So there I stood lookin at him when his eyes shoaled up on me.

"Who's that man standing there?" he says to his butler, but knowing all the time jolly well who I was.

"He's an American sailor, sir," says his butler, and I could just imagine how that guy's knees were trembling. For a moment the old boy stared at me, straight as a whistle, and powerful fierce lookin.

"Come here, my man," he says, and he didn't look so fierce any more and his voice was kind of bland.

None of this "my man" stuff for me, Ben. I don't like it; but the old guy probably meant well.

"There's a party of em round here," explains the butler, soft and soapy, "and I may say, your lordship, that knowing your lordship's fondness for Americans, I took the liberty of havin em entertained at tea; and since that some of the servants have been showin em round the place."

"Quite right of you, Hoskins, quite right," says his lordship. "Why, there's a jolly lot of em yonder." His lordship's eye shot away over my head toward the barn, and sure enough here come the rest of the gang; but I couldn't see they was carryin anybody. They was sober as judges, though; but I knew the reason for that all right. It was the sight of poor old Ma with his back broke or something, but just then I made out Ma struttin long in the middle of em; walkin a little inconvenient-like, it seemed; but walkin nevertheless and holdin his head up prouder'n any peacock you ever saw.

"They're quite nice young gentlemen, I must say," goes on the butler, the hypocrite, "and very entertaining. In fact there's several very well to do young men in this party—the son of the Secretary of the Navy, and young Mr. Armour and Mr. Astor. This young man here is almost a millionaire himself."

Perhaps the old lord saw me blush, or discerned me hitchin round, or may be he read my mind, or just naturally had a little sense.

"Fiddlesticks, Hoskins, you old fool!" he sniffed, "they were spoofing you. But you did right to entertain them."

I was already feelin relieved about Ma, and now I gathered in one gulp that we was goin to come clear on the other counts too.

"Bring your men up here," says the Duke, for they had piled up back there in a bunch, sensing that something somehow was wrong.

"Fall in!" I says, snappy and sharp. "'Tension! Forward, column right, march—half left, forward, halt, right face!"

I had em standin in a line in front of the Duke, and I had their mouths clamped tight shut, so they couldn't ask any fool question that would give the thing away.

"Very soldierly!" says the Duke, eyin the line; and I got to admit that bunch of gobs standin there stiff as ramrods for a minute did themselves proud.

"Parade rest!"

I give them parade instead of at ease so's to slack up the strain a bit but without loosenin their tongues any; but it was an unnecessary precaution because the Duke began just then to make a speech to us all.

"Men," he says, "men of our sister-daughter nation; I am proud to know that you have been entertained upon my estate, and I trust the entertainment, poor as it must perforce be in these wartimes, was given with such a gracious spirit as made its poverty seem abundance."

I had to admit that it had been done with a fine spirit, all right, and I begun to forgive that old velvet-coat, who would right now have been laughin in his sleeve at us if he wasn't so awful scared that somebody would let out to his lordship how he had took him off and bunked us.

"I have heard of the work of the American destroyers," his lordship was goin on, "of their superior construction, of the wonderful seamanship with which they are handled, and the efficiency and skill which is displayed from the Captain on the Bridge to the last man in the boiler-room. Our Admiral has told me about it. All England rings with your praise. I understand that even your enlisted men are conspicuous for—for *imagination* ——"

I give Ma one straight look, where she stood in the middle of the line.

"—— for *audacity* ——"

I shot Ma another eyefull.

"—— and for sheer *hangin* on."

Ma give me back a look of gloatin triumph. The darned fool seemed to figure the old boy was talkin about him.

(Concluded on Page 46)

The Plug with the Green Jacket

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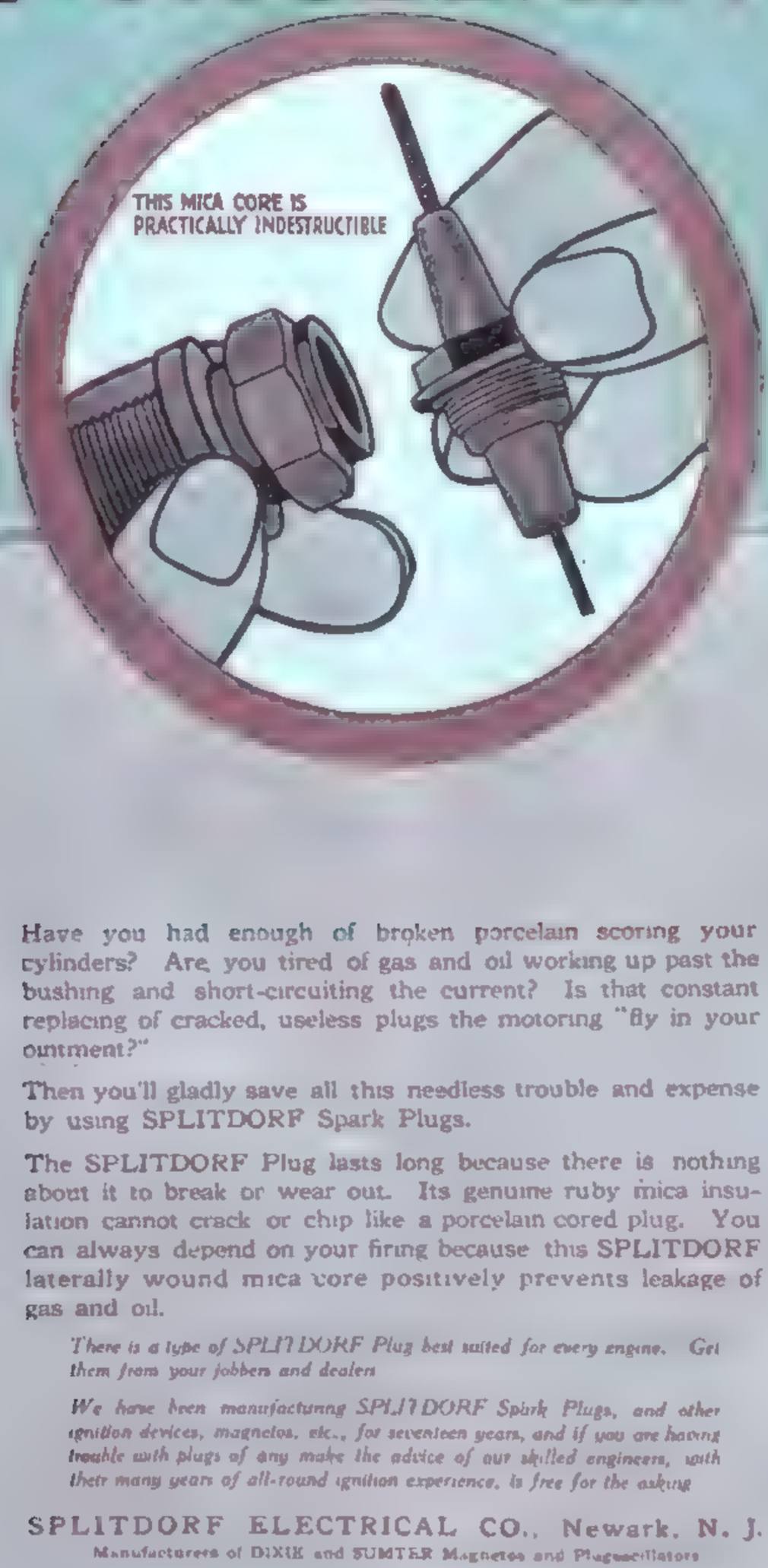

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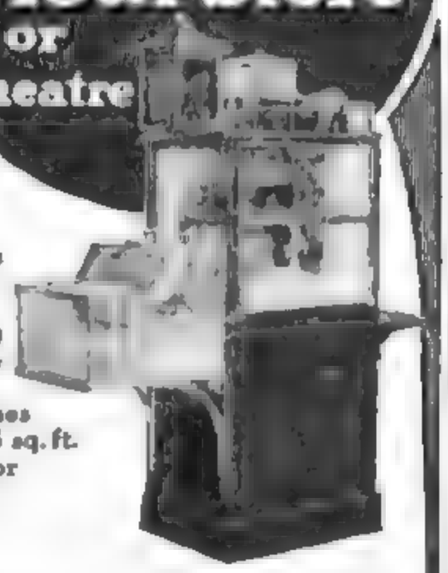

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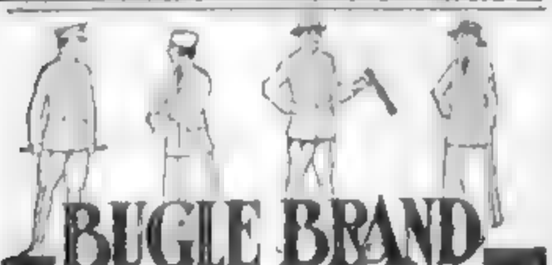

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(Concluded from Page 42)

"Soldierly qualities—every one of em," goes on the orator of the day. "Good afternoon, fellow-battlers, good afternoon. You are fighting the battle of civilization, and I invite you to come again to Castlecruagh when I hope to have the pleasure of receivin you in person."

"Three cheers for the Duke of Lallyskallen!" says I.

"And for the Earl of Skibberreen!" butts in Wart.

"And for Lloyd George!" says Ma, his darkened mind havin figured out the old lord that way.

They give the cheers, and they stuck on a tiger for good measure, and then I marched em down to the boat as fast as ever I could get em there.

I was feelin powerful lucky about our getaway, and at the same time I was feelin powerful humble at the mighty nerve of Ma, and wonderin and wonderin how in time he ever done it. It looked like "*imagination—audacity*—and *hangin on*" all right, the way the old boy got it in his speech, but

"How in Sam Hill did you do it?" I whispered to Ma, soon as I got the chance.

"Shucks, Bilge!" he says, and his old face looked as honest as honesty ever looked in its whole bloomin life. "Shucks! I found that after spendin just one winter buckin along the deck of an American Destroyer in these here British seas, sticken on to that jumper wasn't no trick at all. I could a rolled a cigarette on that there Bouncer's back any time, if I'd a had the makins."

Well, I knew there was something in what he said about ridin the buckin deck of our destroyers in the storms of winter, but I knew too there was a lie in it somewhere. It came out later when I see Ma perchin way up forward in the motor-sailer, foldin his arms about his front kind of tender and awful partickler about nobody touchin him.

"How'd she ever make it, stickin on to that bronch?" I says to Pete Corhan.

"She never rode that bronch at all," says Pete, short and ugly, because Pete's a natural grouch. "She was tied on."

"Tied on? How's that?"

"That ropin rope," explains Pete. "You tied it to the ring of the saddle, and when that horse made the first jump sidewise, Ma let go of the rope to hold on, and it swung round him. Then he grabbed it again for something more to hold on to, and there he was roped in. He kept windin hisself up in it all the time; and when we come on him down there in the field, Bouncer had his legs tangled in the end of it and was stopped; and there was old Ma cutely unwindin hisself and peepin over the top of the wall at us at the same time. 'Where's that gosh-darned heifer, now?' he says, when we come up to him."

And so, Ben, our picnic turned out a plumb success. But it come near to not, and just goes to show that life on a destroyer is tough any way you take it. You bums on the battleships has it easy.

So long, BILGE.

Comment on the Week

The Russian Case

WE ARE struck with admiration by the people who know all about the Russian situation and exactly how to meet it. There is plenty of evidence that nobody in Russia knows all about the situation there; or, in fact, very much about it. From those with the best opportunity to know and whose candor—whether they favor Allied military intervention or not—need not be questioned, one gets the most hopelessly contradictory reports. Russia hardly has a government. No particular group of men can speak for it with authority in any respect. It is a huge flux and swirl, in which nothing at the moment has much stability.

Germany is very busy there—with what actual effect an observer in Moscow or Petrograd can only guess. Whatever we do may be a mistake. That is one of the unavoidable hazards of the situation. Whatever we do not do may be a mistake also. Our reading table discloses a good many prescient Americans who can solve the puzzle at a distance of five thousand miles and map out the only infallibly right policy. They have this tremendous advantage: If they happen to be wrong nobody will remember it; if they happen to be right they can adorn themselves with prophetic laurels; and whether they are wrong or right they are not in the least responsible for the issue.

The man who bears the responsibility has better information than anyone else in the United States. Whatever decisions he takes will be meant for the highest interests of the United States and of the Russian people.

Better just leave it to him. Nothing is clearer than that this entire disturbance in Europe might have been stopped at any stage if only the infallible advice of people writing a year after the event had been followed before they thought of it.

Flinching

WE SEEM to see signs of a movement to get public-utility companies, at least in the larger cities, into the hands of the Federal Government. That there should be such a movement is not creditable to the country. The reason is that operating expenses have increased enormously and in some cases the local bodies having jurisdiction in such matters are too timid or too disingenuous to take the responsibility of authorizing an increase in the price of the service to cover increased cost.

As to cost of operation, these companies are in much the same situation as the railroads, whose expenses were running twenty to twenty-five per cent above last year even before the recent important advance in wages went into effect. For the railroads Director McAdoo met the situation with courage and intelligence by ordering a twenty-five per cent advance in freight rates and an even stiffer increase in passenger fares. The proposition is as simple as that which governs the management of a peanut stand: Selling an article for less than it costs means bankruptcy. And a mess of insolvent public-utility companies is one of the last things the country wants on its hands in this juncture.

Nor is there any valid reason why the Federal Government should burden itself with these concerns. It has plenty to do without taking responsibility for local gas and street-car companies. It will intervene, however, to raise wages for the purpose of preventing a strike, and some local bodies are either so hostile to privately owned public-service enterprises or so afraid somebody will accuse them of truckling to capital that they flinch from their duty. In shaping a course that will land public-utility companies either in bankruptcy courts or in the overburdened hands of the Federal Government they are doing all that lies within their power not to meet the war.

Disposing of Kings

MILTON declared: "It is lawful, and hath been held so through all the ages, for any who have the power to call to account a tyrant or wicked king and after due conviction to depose and put him to death."

All the same, killing a king is poor business. If ever there was a double-dyed traitor to a nation Charles I, whom Milton had in mind, was one; and his dispatch was managed with a certain grim orderliness that excites admiration. But for millions of simple souls the stroke of the ax transformed the treacherous king into a martyr and put a halo on his mischievous head. Pious contemporaries said his blood wrought miracles; and, in fact, it did—the miracle of that blind devotion which Englishmen paid to the Stuarts in the persons of his two crowned sons and to the memory of the worthless family for generations afterward. Fairly in our own day Gladstone was inclined to regard Charles as a martyr. When James II became unbearable the affair was managed much more intelligently—by simply kicking him out and winking at his escape to France.

Unquestionably for disposing of kings the boot is much more expedient than the ax. It kills the kingship even more effectually, for a king who can be kicked downstairs has lost his power for harm. The killing of Louis XVI and that of Marie Antoinette were stupid blunders.

As for melancholy Nicholas Romanoff, whatever may have happened to him personally is of small consequence. His house put to death numberless better men than he ever was, and murdering a czar by a palace intrigue is a fairly commonplace incident of Russian history. His assassination shows how lightly the idealistic Bolsheviki shed blood and illustrates the vast inaptitude for government which obtains in Russia.

The Evolution of Flight

NO OTHER invention ever struck the world in such dramatic fashion as mechanical flight. When the sun rose on a given day man had always been as helpless in the air as a fish on land. When the sun set that day he had flown. The feat stood out as a huge, abrupt departure from immemorial experience.

But a little table of figures that we recently happened upon puts it in a different light, for essentially mechanical flight is a corollary of mechanical power—a question of getting enough force without too much weight—and the evolution of the engine has been toward greater power with no greater bulk or weight. In 1903 the Wright brothers had evolved an engine that weighed a hundred and fifty-two pounds and delivered twelve horse power, or one horse power to twelve and seven-tenths pounds of weight. At that point it was possible for man to fly. Five years later the Wright brothers had an engine that would deliver a horse power for every five and a half pounds of weight. The best airplane engines now deliver a horse power for about one and three-quarter pounds of weight.

That is, with no disparagement of the inventors, mechanical flight fairly evolved as an incident of the steady, even march of progress. Every invention evolves that way. There is no break, no abrupt departure. It is all a step at a time. Our impatient radical friends who are expecting a slow old world to make itself all over in half a dozen years as a result of war must be disappointed. Nothing ever happens, or ever can, otherwise than a step at a time.

Dennison's CREPE PAPER BANDAGES

Save Gauze Crepe Paper Bandages can be used for 75 per cent. of all surgical dressings.

Save Fuel and Labor They eliminate the washing of gauze.

Save Money They cost only a fraction as much as gauze.

By the use of Crepe Paper Bandages, gauze is saved for the cases in which it is *absolutely necessary*; for this reason they have been adopted by city and military hospitals, factory clinics and practising physicians.

Dennison bandages are made of extra heavy white crepe paper and are very strong. They are 45 feet long; are made in five widths, 1 in., 2 in., 2½ in., 3 in. and 4 in.; and are wrapped separately in tissue paper.

Other Dennison conservation items are Towels, Napkins, Surgeons' Caps, Tray Covers and Sputum Papers —all made of crepe paper.

For Sale by All Dealers

WRITE FOR SAMPLES

Dennison Manufacturing Co.

The Tag Makers

FRAMINGHAM, MASS.

BOSTON NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA CHICAGO

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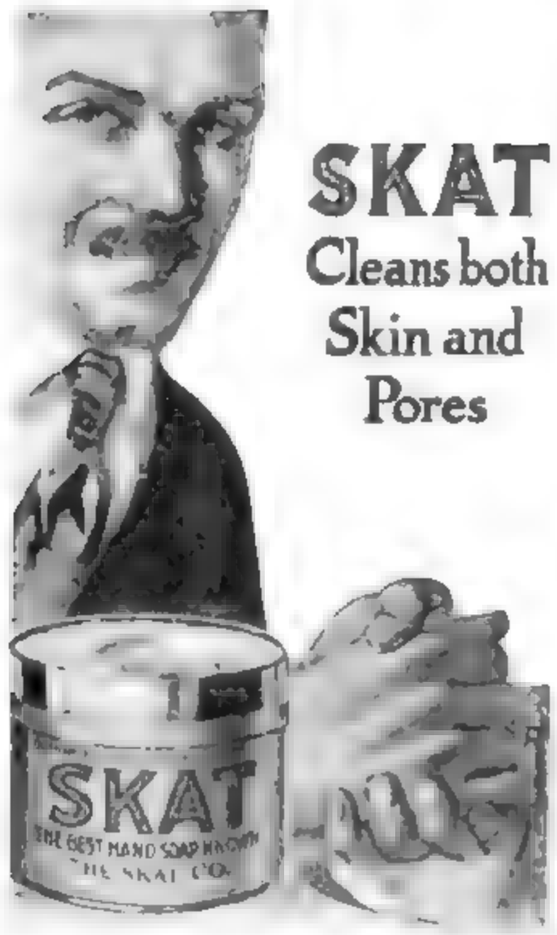

SKAT
Cleans both Skin and Pores

SKAT is a soft, neutral paste soap. It gets down *into* the pores and "rolls out" the dirt.

SKAT is the one soap to use after dirty jobs, such as fixing the automobile, motorboat, or working in the garden. Ordinary hard-cake soap removes some of the *surface* dirt, but for thorough cleansing, you must use SKAT.

At your dealer's or direct.

THE SKAT COMPANY
Hartford, Conn.

For Lack of Bran

Many headaches, many wasted days, are due to lack of bran food.

Systems clog without this needed roughage. It is Nature's laxative.

In Pettijohn's the bran is hidden in delicious cereal flakes. No finer dish was ever served at breakfast.

See what it means to your folks. Try it for one week. If it brings good cheer and fitness, serve it often. Your doctor will advise it.

You will never find a more delightful bran food.

Pettijohn's

A Flaked Cereal Dainty

80% Wheat Product including the Bran —20% Oats

A breakfast dainty whose flavory flakes hide 20 per cent unground bran.

Pettijohn's Flour—75 per cent Government Standard flour with 25 per cent bran flakes. Use like Graham flour in any recipe.

Both sold in packages only.

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THRIFT FOR AMERICANS

What We Must Put Into It—By James H. Collins

IN THIS matter of thrift for war purposes we are still in the First-Reader stage, because we think, talk and save only money.

But give us a little time, and we shall think and save in terms of energy, which is the real stuff to win a war.

In 1910 the sensation of Berlin was its new Luna Park, just imported from Coney Island. The German idea of pleasure up to that time had been to sit in a café and make one glass of beer last an hour, or to save ten-pfennig pieces for several months and squander the proceeds on a birthday party lasting all day Sunday at Kempinski's. Luna Park came into this philosophical scheme of life with its American velocity. It whirled the German round the loops, bumped him over the bumps, turned him upside down and inside out, and concentrated a year's excitement in about thirty seconds. He had never dreamed that life could be so speeded up.

The German probably does not yet see that our entry into the war means the introduction of Luna Park velocity. But he will see it eventually, because energy must be our characteristic contribution; and with just a little more time to get our great transmission line to France working adequately we shall give him energy a-plenty.

The Hun started this business fully understanding that modern war is a matter of materials, manufacturing and transport. Being prepared along that line he started out to walk roughshod over unprepared nations, superman style.

But we are the real supermen in that line! War is made with things like pig iron, coal, wheat, copper, petroleum, power, transportation. We smelt two-thirds of the pig iron in the world, mine one-third of the coal, raise one-fourth of the wheat, produce one-half of the copper and sixty-five per cent of the petroleum, and have the balance of horse power and railroad mileage. Of twenty great staples in metals, fibers and foodstuffs the United States leads the world in ten. We produce these things not only in greater quantity than other nations but with less man power per unit. We multiply other nations' units by five and ten in dealing with them, and fling them recklessly round our continent. They all spell energy, and are as irresistible as high explosive, and there is not the slightest doubt in the world but that when this characteristic American force is applied full potential on the battle front something will have to let go.

Positive and Negative Saving

However, before that becomes possible we have a job of diversion and transmission to tackle. Our energy must be turned from peacetime service and be delivered in France. Which is where the real war thrift comes in.

One of the most vivid illustrations of this job is that of Dr. Alonzo Taylor's three zones of a nation's war mobilization. The first zone is actual military mobilization—sending the fighters to the Front. The second zone is conversion of industries from peace to war products; and the third zone is entered when a nation realizes that war production must be speeded up forty or fifty per cent. Germany was prepared, and entered all three zones at once. France was not far behind. England took two years to enter the second and third zones; Italy took longer, and Russia broke down trying to occupy the second zone. We were not able to enter even the first zone when war was declared, but during the past year have occupied the first and second under a distance handicap of three thousand miles, and are now making rapid progress in the final zone.

And it is in this zone of speed-up that we shall find ourselves most at home. That is the zone of production and energy. It is where we have always lived and where we shall work out our war-thrift problems.

There are two distinct ways of being thrifty: One is to regard production of wealth and income as more or less limited and save something for a rainy day; the other is to regard production and income as expansible—even limitless—and hustle for bigger output, salary or wages. The first scheme of thrift is European—and negative. The other is American, Canadian, Australian, South African, British—and positive.

We entered the war as students of France and England, glad to profit by their experience until we could apply our energy. At the same time we arranged to put a little Luna Park into our war tools and provide them on large American lines.

A Nation's New Habits

Among other things we took over the European scheme of thrift for the time being. With shortage of food, and the Allies to feed, it became necessary to use wheat, meat, fats and sugar as cannily as a French peasant, and to go on rations of coal, iron, wool, electricity and transportation so that these might be diverted to war production.

We also began experimenting with tentative rations of money. The first Liberty Loan was floated with an enormous amount of explanation and persuasion, and some apprehension about the expense of war. Four million Americans bought two billion dollars' worth of bonds on credit, somewhat anxiously. Saving ten per cent of the national income for six months and putting it into government bonds seemed as great a sacrifice as enlisting—then! When Uncle Sam began selling a twenty-five cent government security the need for negative thrift was brought home to millions more.

But America's way out of such difficulties has always been to boost the tonnage and the haul, speed up the output and the wages, cut down the cost and the price. The tractor, gang plow and combination harvester and thresher settled the food problem in one crop year. American energy is fast settling the problems of shipping, munitions, fuel, transportation, labor and materials; and the shouldering of a six-billion-dollar loan this fall, with entire willingness to pay ten per cent income tax and eighty per cent of business profits on the year's turnover, settle for the war and get back to normal as quickly as possible shows that our high voltage is being switched where it is needed.

Rigid money saving will not only be needed, but is an individual obligation. War calls for rationing of materials, labor, power—everything that goes to make comfort and luxury in normal times. These are needed for fighting, and also for foreign trade, to procure raw materials not in sufficient supply at home, such as Brazilian manganese ore and Chilean nitrates. Rationing calls for new personal habits.

This rationing question might seem to take care of itself when we remember that fiscal 1918 called for a grand total of nearly nineteen billion dollars in Federal loans and taxes. With our total national earnings round forty billion dollars a year, and necessity for devoting nearly one-half as much to war finance—about one hundred and seventy-five dollars for every man, woman and child in the country—there must be some change in the habits of a nation accustomed to paying less than ten dollars apiece yearly for Federal government, and that chiefly through indirect taxes.

But here comes in an interesting paradox of war: There is work for everybody at undreamed-of wages in wartimes, and that brings the temptation to spend. One of the chief difficulties of the Food Administration, according to Herbert Hoover, is that of controlling wage-earners. In England, Italy and other countries, where wages doubled and trebled with war, the workers loaded their tables with the best food obtainable, until control was necessary.

When food was rationed they swarmed into clothing and jewelry stores, and bought pianos. Then it became necessary to ration them on finery and luxuries, because the piano makers were needed on airplane wings and jewelers on munitions work.

There are some strange kinks of human nature in negative thrift. The well-to-do business or professional man, finding that war has not diminished his income, but increased it, insists upon his individual table and waiter at hotel or club. Why not? He can afford it and still buy Liberty Bonds. The manufacturer and merchant in lines that begin to be discussed as nonessentials resent the suspicion of their trade and insist that people need their goods in war as well as in peace. While they are protesting, however, and preparing to protect themselves against government interference new habits of negative thrift are thrust upon them from every direction—the factory cannot get labor or materials to make its stuff, and the merchant cannot fill out his depleted stocks; and the finicky professional man who insists upon high-class service suddenly finds that the best thing available in that line now is service by himself in a cafeteria.

The same kind of conscientious objector is found among wage-earners.

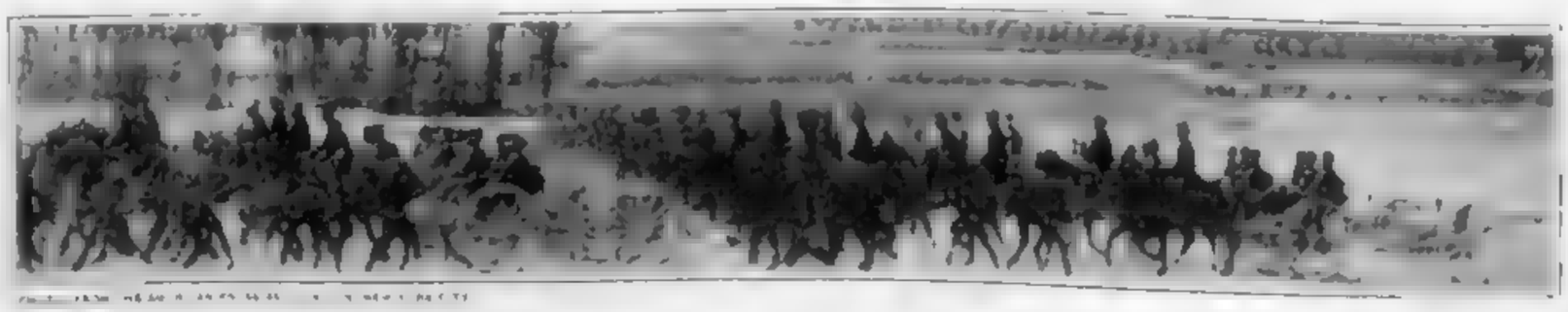
The Passing of the Loafer

In a certain Eastern dry dock the wages of riveters were increased so that the old-time shipyard wielder of the airgun, accustomed to knocking out twenty to twenty-five dollars a week, found he could make that much in three or four days. He lacked imagination to spend much more and was not touched at all by the suggestion that he work six days at higher wages and put the surplus away. Three days a week he would labor and three days pass in water-front recreation; and the growing scarcity of his tribe with plentiful work provided by new shipyards made it all the easier to persist in his standard of earning a living.

But the old-time water-front riveter too was led to change his ways by outside pressure, for presently the new shipyards began to fill up with recruits from the police force, the fire department, the post office, and even the professions, men not only inspired by the idea of service to the country, but with very level-headed notions about the money to be earned in the full six days each week, and the nest egg to be saved for a home, a business or a poultry farm.

The personal budget and the Liberty Bond, new frugal habits in spending, and the Thrift Stamp—these are an obligation upon everyone. In Germany the obligation is beautifully organized and automatic in its working, because, no matter how much

(Concluded on Page 51)



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Cars which have proved their reliability are in first demand. Their supply will be the first to give out.

For two-and-a-half years the Super-Six has led all other fine cars in the volume of sales.

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There is no doubt about the Super-Six except how long you will be able to get one.

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In its "loafing" range the Peerless is on half rations, consuming fuel sparingly, yet answering every requirement of ordinary driving with soft smooth agility and absence of apparent effort.
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POWER
In its "sporting" range it is a car of utterly changed character, exhibiting speed and power of which only the exceptional car is capable. One throttle controls both ranges.

IN THE PEERLESS you may use your power in just the least ripple—or in an all conquering tumultuous rush.

Not as in a single power range car!

But as in the ideally soft, smooth car that has sacrificed power and speed for the gentler virtues—

And *also* as in the exceptionally powerful, speedy car that has sacrificed ideally soft smoothness for the more rugged virtues.

The Peerless Eighty Horse Power Eight with its two separate and distinct power ranges excels in both extremes and runs the whole gamut of ideal motor car performance.

It is a war-time car for saving.

It is a war-time car for serving.

The Peerless Two-Power-Range Eight is completing its third successful year with an ever increasing prestige among those who know motor car qualities and values.

Let the Peerless dealer show you the delight of its remarkable contrasts in performance.

Seven Passenger Touring

$2550

Roadster $2550 — Coupé $3050
Sedan $3250 — Limousine $3690

All prices f. o. b. Cleveland subject to change without notice

The Peerless Motor Car Co.
Cleveland, Ohio

(Concluded from Page 48)

anyone earns, such-and-such a percentage is permitted for living expenses and the rest must go into the government saving banks to be turned over periodically for government bonds. In this country we have set out to do all that and much more through intelligent teamwork, and we are learning with astonishing rapidity. You can demonstrate this by your own experience if you will compare this year's knowledge of your thrift obligations with that of May, 1917. And you will be even more astonished at yourself when you look back this time next year. But it is the positive thrift of increased production and the stopping of collective wastes that will pay for the war, as well as win it

When it comes to thrifty personal habits France is the most efficient country in the world. The five-franc pieces in her famous woolen stocking save her from every disaster and keep her comfortable in normal times. But she is handicapped by certain shortcomings in her system. For example, because it costs money to haul things round on railroads, France feeds herself chiefly out of local supplies; and so it was a problem last winter to make our shipments of wheat count to the utmost, because France lacked grain elevators and grain-car habits. An American army officer threw the spotlight on this trait the other day, humorously observing that whenever the French Army needed meat it stopped and killed a cow.

Of course, we suffer from the shortcomings of our own system too—the Hun declares that we are materialists, with our grain elevators and three-thousand-mile railroad hauls, and have none of the refinements of life! But when we finally set out to get the Hun in earnest our Army will be fed Chicago-dressed beef from a modern refrigerating plant in France, and our blow will be backed up by all the pig iron, sixty-ton freight cars, petroleum, hydro-electric generating units, excess profits, school children's quarters and other materialistic sundries that we can hurl after him by positive thrift.

As an example of what we must put into this thrift business, take soft coal. Our production of 600,000,000 tons bituminous is half the world's total coal production. England and Germany each mine about one-half that quantity—and each country requires more miners to get the coal out than are needed in the United States for twice the quantity.

This is a fairly satisfactory standard of American energy for normal times. But everybody knows what war did to the coal business last winter, and when this industry is viewed from the standpoint of productive thrift we find opportunities for boosting output at least twenty-five per cent with the same man power.

A Cure for "Boss Trouble"

Three states mine one-half the soft coal burned in this country—Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Illinois. The soft-coal business is full of seasonal losses. Never having had to take thought ahead the public has always waited until cold weather before ordering coal. That has thrown the burden of mining and hauling onto a high peak in the worst weather. The soft-coal miner does not know from day to day whether he will work to-morrow, because the brisk cold snap that moves coal this week may turn to mild weather, pile railroad yards in cities full of coal and start a selling stampede. On the average the soft-coal miner the country over works only about two hundred days a year, and in Illinois this has dropped to one hundred and seventy-five days. Loss of one-third his working time is responsible for uncertain income, bad living and demoralization. When the nation, following the new road of productive thrift, learns to buy and store soft coal through the summer and trim down the seasonal peak the miners can get out additionally the equivalent of Germany's coal production, make a profit on their year's work—and probably cut the cost and the price.

Put to the test of war practically every American industry has disclosed wastes of this sort.

Another costly item is labor turnover—the hiring of ten workers yearly to get one who can swing the job and will stick to it. It is an exceptional business nowadays that hires, trains and loses a worker at an expense of less than one hundred dollars. So here we find an item of loss that would pay prosperity wages to every competent worker who sticks on the job, and give the boss a dandy profit.

Nine-tenths of the friction and discontent called "labor trouble" is strictly bad management—"boss trouble." And now, after years of buying work by methods that waste one-half the time a worker has to sell, productive thrift is being introduced into management by the biggest manager in the nation—your Uncle Sam. Both the wasteful buyer and the drifting seller of labor are being checked up by the Government and a beginning made in sorting this man power, putting it on to the right job and keeping it there.

Already Uncle Sam has worked out some principles that are basic and will never be disregarded again. One of them has been demonstrated again and again in American industry—that the best way to lower production costs and stabilize your organization is to raise wages. Another is the principle of letting the worker establish his own wages by setting fair piece rates and rigidly maintaining those rates, no matter how much money he makes, and even if the rate goes against you. In building up our shipyard organization this principle has proved so successful that Chairman Hurley says we need a Federal law to maintain every piece rate for at least a year after it has been set.

Uncle Sam is also getting down to brass tacks in such matters as minimum wages for unskilled workers in given industries and localities, based upon a decent standard of living instead of upon supply and demand. Instead of meeting the competition of long grinding hours in German factories after the war he means to hold his own with the eight-hour day, plus American energy and proper training for the job.

Send Your Savings to France

We are working out amazing things along this line amid the excitement and spending of war, with a general understanding that differences of opinion on such matters shall not be discussed until the war is won. Many of these government decisions—raising wages, reducing hours and settling labor disturbances—appear like emergency measures. But they reveal a comprehensive underlying policy. Many of them are permanent human betterments and permanent good business. It is no mere truce that enables the Government to work them out, but a splendid new spirit that leads people to pull together.

And every one of them makes for positive thrift. While we are settling this little affair with the Kaiser, and for a few years after, we shall need either a thirty-five per cent decrease in our spending or a twenty-five per cent increase in our production and earnings. For a nation of spenders like ourselves saving that much out of the old income is hardly feasible—even if we could learn to do it there would not be time. So we must speed up income, and this is being done to-day in ways that are clear to everybody. The results are in the pay envelope and the profit balance.

For every dollar brought in by increased effort and production, however, there is the solemn obligation to see that the money lands where it will do the most good in the big job we have on hand. Every American is a Federal trustee for that dollar, and his country looks to him to acquire the discretion of a trustee. No matter how great the increase in production and earnings, everything is for war. If we doubled our national income all should be poured out as energy on the big transmission line to France, so that the decision may be attained more quickly. Every American is on rations when it comes to the frills, and even the comforts. He is the custodian of our dollars, our coal, our power and transportation. He is Federal trustee for the piece of tinfoil that comes round his tobacco—for last winter's overcoat—for the mail carrier's legs—for the roast of yesterday which to-day is hash—for this copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, which will be welcomed by the Army when he is through with it.

By an intelligent combination of saving and producing we can win the war, and much besides. For the habits acquired will be permanent. Peace ought to find us with greater capacity for the production of wealth and better judgment in using it. We cannot put everything into this war-thrift proposition without getting something out of it. We are going to get a great deal out of it, as will be shown in a succeeding article.

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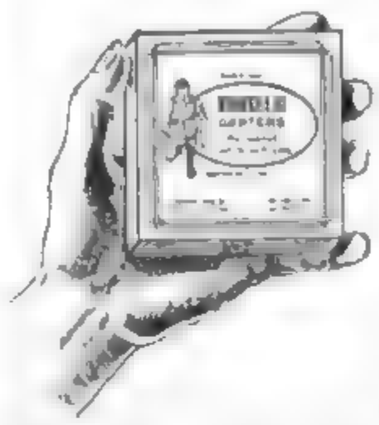

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100 POINTS

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The names of these firms are printed here. It gives us pleasure to feel that every one of them is as solidly associated with the Hammermill standard of quality, with Hammermill distinctiveness, and Hammermill success, as is the Hammermill factory itself.

Right now, these Hammermill Agents are congregating at Erie as they do annually for the purpose of furthering the close contact that is maintained between the consumer and the manufacturer.

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Make your pistons tight and stop the carbon jinx. Munger "Always Tight" Piston Rings FIT and hold compression so that you can adjust your carburetor ACCURATELY.
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Are You "Getting On"?
In Years?
In Income?

The two do not always go together.

Many a man the other side of forty finds his income standing still in the face of ever mounting demands upon his pocketbook.

BUT not W. W. Anderson, of California. His ever-increasing expenses are met by an ever-increasing income. He is one of scores of men who are "getting on" not only in age but in earning power, for he is building up a spare time business as a representative of *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman.*

Already his extra Curtis profits exceed $50.00 in a single month! And because his renewals will pay him the same as new orders, his business will steadily grow.

Do you want more money—for living expenses, for Thrift Stamps or for a "rainy day"? If you do, *whatever your age or income,* our plan will provide you with $5.00 to $50.00 a week, depending upon the amount of time you can give us. A postcard will bring you our generous cash offer if addressed

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
455 Independence Square Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

WAR AND SCIENCE

(Continued from Page 13)

three or more points where these automatic recording devices are located. By means of a rapid method of calculation the position of the foe's cannon is determined in a short space of time. American scientists have perfected a new recording apparatus of this type for our own use. Similar developments in the microphone make it possible for our men to detect the position of enemy mining operations when the Huns try to drive their tunnels under our trenches or gun emplacements.

It is also interesting to know that the education of our men in the theory of making war is not concluded here in the United States. In France our Army has a sort of post-graduate engineering school, where the very latest phases and most recent changes in military practice are explained. Of course it is not possible to give every officer a term in this school, but every commissioned man who does not attend here is obliged to receive instruction, especially in gas defense, from someone who has completed the course at the school. A certain number of men from the ranks who are found deserving of promotion are also sent here for training. The schedule of instruction includes bridge-building, and there are instances where details of 30 or 40 men have erected a steel bridge 104 feet in length in four and a half minutes. In accomplishing such a result each member of the crew has a specific job to perform, so that the whole operation becomes practically automatic.

In the mining section, where it is necessary to ascertain the location and progress of the enemy's underground tunneling, the plan is to employ the sensitive listening devices in such a way as to note at different points the directions from which these sounds appear to come. With these data in hand it is possible by means of simple triangulation to determine quite accurately the position of the enemy's tunnels. In addition to the instruction in actual listening and the plotting of results the men are taught the proper use of explosives in the execution of military demolition. Many men on both sides have been destroyed in these mining operations carried on at the Front, through one party catching the other squad of sappers unawares.

Tunneling Under No Man's Land

On some parts of the battle line in Flanders, where the enemy trenches are within 100 yards of those of the Allies, as many as 32 shafts have been sunk and tunnels driven per mile of front. Most of these main galleries were about five and a half feet by two and a half feet to three feet in cross section; branch galleries were four and a half feet by two and a half feet; with listening galleries, or "rabbit holes," only three by two feet, inside dimensions. In chalk it is possible to hear for a considerable distance, but in clay the sappers are likely to tunnel within a few feet of each other before the discovery is made. Grafting tools are employed instead of shovels, and no nails are used in the timbering, all sets being wedged with sandbags. Blankets are hung in the ends of the galleries to deaden the noise, and when approaching close to the enemy the men wear canvas shoes or work in their socks, and all conversation is forbidden. Practically all work is done by hand, even the water pumps and air pumps being hand-operated. The dirt is loaded into sandbags and brought out from the main galleries on rubber-tired mine cars. Hoisting is done by windlasses. Many of the sandbags are used for revetting and repairing trenches, which are being continually destroyed by enemy shell fire and weather erosion.

Pivots on Which Battles Turn

When a gallery has reached within striking distance of the enemy a large chamber is built and loaded with guncotton, which is connected up with detonators. By means of a double set of leads the explosive is fired at the right moment from the trench above by blasting machines. In clay soil, when the gallery is 20 to 25 feet below the surface, the explosion of such a chamber containing six or seven hundred pounds of guncotton will form a crater on the surface 60 or 70 feet in diameter. It is not unusual to fire a mine within three feet of an enemy tunnel, and in a number of cases the sappers have suddenly broken into a German gallery and had a fight with the boches underground. At the very best this business of tunneling under No Man's Land is not a healthy and happy occupation. Discovery means death, and the Grim Reaper, when he does come, generally gets the whole outfit.

In former times our conception of war was vague in the extreme, and we visualized the thought in our minds by drawing a mental picture of a soldier armed with rifle and revolver; or sabered cavalrymen astride their steeds dashing pell-mell into the fray. But the first onslaught of the Huns in 1914, when they battered the defenses of Liège and Namur into so much dust, gave us quite a different idea of modern warfare. Now we know that the whole hellish business is primarily a contest of guns, which at some place on the Front are lined up wheel to wheel. Back of these smaller cannon are the monster machines that are able to project a mass of metal weighing a ton at the rate of 2250 feet a second with such accuracy that eight shells have been known to form overlapping craters at a distance of 16 miles. In some of the recent offensives in France the opposing armies have concentrated as many as 50 batteries to each mile of front, and at times more than a million shells have been fired in a day.

When we think that less than 300 years ago Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, conquered the whole of Northern Europe and was practically invincible in his war efforts because of the fact that his army was equipped with 50 cannon that were

Ingot Leaving Reheating Furnace, Ready to be Forged Into 16-Inch Gun Tube

superior in mobility to the guns of his enemies we are brought to realize that the problems then and now are not so dissimilar. Some of the enemies of Gustavus had more fieldpieces, but were unable to move their guns in time to be effective.

That we have advanced greatly in the art of gun manufacture during recent times goes without dispute. It was only in 1845, when the sliding-wedge type of breech block was introduced, that the muzzle-loaders began to lose first place. Guns were first rifled in 1855, and it was ten years later that the importance of steady flight was recognized, and the long-tapered shell took the place of the round shot previously used. In 1880 the metallic cartridge case was introduced, and in 1890 the nonrecoiling carriage was invented. It has been only twenty years since time fuses were perfected and batteries of artillery have been able to lay a barrage of shrapnel fire that is accurate to a hundred feet.

One of our modern guns with its carriage has 7990 parts, exclusive of accessories. This fact alone proves that an up-to-date cannon is a mighty complicated machine. Great progress has been made in the rifling of such guns, and in one shop by means of a set of broaches the time of rifling has been cut from six hours to 45 minutes. We have also improved our cannon in rapidity, range and accuracy of fire, and all of this has occurred in a relatively short period of time.

However, artillery as a whole must be judged in its effectiveness by its mobility, and it is along these lines that the chief thoughts of our experts have been directed. An army cannot advance faster than its artillery can be moved from one place to another. Guns are the pivot upon which most battles turn. Reports indicate that up to the present time the infantry has been able to move about five miles an hour, which is nearly twice as fast as the artillery. If one of the armies now fighting in France should suddenly perfect and utilize developments that would enable it to double the rapidity of travel of its guns there is a possibility that such an improvement would revolutionize present methods of fighting and perhaps prove to be the decisive factor. It is just such uncertainties as these that hold all the armies in suspense and force our military leaders to assume an attitude of unrelaxing alertness.

Artillery Tractors Up to Date

Starting with the ordinary caterpillar farm tractor as a basis of development, engineers in our ordnance department have perfected a superior motor tractor that is now being furnished to our forces in France. In early tests this machine traveled over the roughest kind of ground at the rate of six miles an hour, at the same time dragging a 4.7-inch howitzer and caisson, which together weighed 10,000 pounds. On a level road a speed of 12 miles an hour was attained. This tractor is being built in three sizes; the smallest machine will handle the three-inch guns, the medium-sized tractor will haul six-inch guns and the largest motor will pull the fieldpieces of heavy caliber. To supply a requisite number of these tractors will be a job worth while, for our ordnance experts estimate that approximately 25,000 tractors and double-drive trucks are needed for a full army of 1,350,000 men.

Our new tractors can be turned in their own tracks by using a withdraw clutch, which stops the traction chain on one side. They also possess another advantage in being armored—vital spots are protected by quarter-inch steel plate. For fighting in an area where there are no roads these new motors will undoubtedly prove their worth They will prevent the enemy from having a breathing spell after the first three or four days of fighting, and he will have very little opportunity to improve his positions or to organize a counter offensive. When the time comes that the artillery can follow close at the heels of the infantry a curtain of steel can be kept ahead of the men, and the rate of mortality will be less. This development will also mark the commencement of a new phase in the present war.

The Feats of Engineers Abroad

Running neck and neck with the advances in the design of the artillery tractor is the development of the army motor truck. Some of these trucks have been built especially to carry the tractors and are provided with a sort of runway that can be let down for the purpose of permitting the tractor to climb up onto the truck. In this way a tractor that can travel only 12 miles an hour when moving along the road under its own power can be transferred at high speed to a vital spot back of the line where the artillery is assembling for attack. Another form of motor truck that is rendering good service is a type that has been designed to travel over plowed fields and through country that is not impassable to a wheeled vehicle, but is too rough for the ordinary rear-wheel-drive truck. This motor is fitted with a drive on all four wheels and is said to be as great an improvement over the commercial four-wheel-drive truck as the artillery tractor is over the farm tractor.

In addition to the many evident advantages of motor vehicles in warfare there is also an economic side to the question. Ships to-day are precious assets—valuable beyond computation. An artillery tractor in effective work is equal to 16 horses, but requires very much less space in a cargo ship than it is necessary to utilize in carrying this number of animals abroad. A horsed regiment of artillery handling six-inch guns requires 15 tons of forage a day, and this consumption goes on whether the animals are working or idle. If this same regiment employs motorized guns the daily requirement on a 50-mile march is only four tons of fuel and lubricants. The horsed regiment, in addition to its greater tonnage consumption, can travel only half as fast.

(Continued on Page 58)

Shrapnel Shells Ready to be Filled With Shrapnel Bullets

The HOOVER
electric suction sweeper

Only The Hoover Beats, Sweeps, Suction Cleans

All other electric cleaners rely mainly upon air suction alone.

Only The Hoover (1) beats out imbedded grit and (2) thoroughly sweeps beaten (3) using air suction.

The Hoover has a patented soft-hair Beating-Sweeping Brush. The motor revolves it over 1,000 times a minute.

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It sweeps the nap clean of the meanest-clinging lint and litter.

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We, the world's oldest, largest and most successful makers of electric cleaners, guarantee The Hoover to greatly prolong the life of all your rugs and carpets. 'Phone 'Buyers' Aid," or write, care of Box 28, for booklet

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AUSTIN

$390,000,000 for New Industrial Buildings How Much for Time?

$390,000,000 for steel, concrete, brick, stone, lumber and other materials, plus labor—this amount of money will be spent for industrial buildings during 1918.

And how much of it will be paid for that which is more valuable than all materials—the time it takes to put the buildings up?

For the longer the time, the longer that great capital will be deprived of earning power; the longer that labor will be tied to one job; the longer production will be deferred.

Austin Method Makes it Necessary to Think in Terms of Time

The Austin Method is to erect a complete, substantial, permanent factory-building in one-third to one-sixth the time it used to take.

The Austin Method is first, to assemble all the essential materials and labor in record time; second, to proceed immediately with construction; third, to have no lost motion or delays.

A concrete example—In 22 working-days from date of order the Austin Company delivered a complete building 100 feet wide, 400 feet long to the Dayton-Wright Airplane Company. This building is a substantial steel structure with brick exterior which conforms in architectural detail to its surroundings. It is the type of building that would ordinarily require three or four months for construction.

Another example—36 days ahead of a 95-working-day contract, the Austin Company delivered a complete crane-type building to The General Electric Company at West Everett, Mass.

An aëroplane plant comprising 27 acres of floor space—all under one roof—was completed and delivered in 90 working-days.

The building illustrated on these pages is of the type that is regularly built in 60 working-days.

These are examples of Austin Standard Construction. There are ten Austin Standard types ranging from light-manufacturing and storage buildings to heavy-machine and craneway shops. These standards, with their adaptations and combinations, are all subject to speedy construction. They have been found to cover most industrial needs.

Austin Book of Buildings

In the *Austin Book of Buildings* there are specific facts of interest to the man who contemplates the building of an entire plant and its equipment, or a single industrial building, whether of the light-manufacturing type or the heavy crane-equipped kind of structure. Copies of the book are gladly sent in response to requests written on business stationery.

THE AUSTIN COMPANY

Industrial Engineers and Builders

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PHILADELPHIA - 1026 Real Estate Bldg., Spruce 1221
WASHINGTON - - 1313 H St. N. W., Franklin 6430
INDIANAPOLIS 717 Merchants Bank Bldg., M. 6428
PITTSBURGH - - 421 Union Arcade, Grant 60[illegible]
DETROIT - - - 1430 Penobscot Bldg., Cherry 1466
CHICAGO - - 437 People's Gas Bldg., Harrison 8360

For Foreign Business: American Steel Export Company, Woolworth Building, New York. (49)

This type of building represents Austin Nos. 5, 6 and 7 Standards, built in 60 working-days for heavy crane operation.

STANDARD FACTORY-BUILDINGS

THE AUSTIN METHOD

There are ten types of Austin Standard Factory-Buildings. With their unlimited adaptations practically all industrial requirements can be easily met. Nos 1, 2 and 3 can be delivered in 30 working-days; Nos 4, 5, 6, 7 and 10 in 60 working-days; Nos. 8 and 9 in slightly longer time

The center aisles are approximately 40 ft. for No. 5, 50 ft. for No. 6, 60 ft. for No. 7. The two side aisles in each standard are 30 ft. wide.
These standard types can be built any length in multiples of 20 feet

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A NEW AUTO CAP $2.00
REGAL MAKE

Made from featherweight Olive Drab Whipcord. Thoroughly waterproofed. A comfortable, serviceable and stylish cap for motoring and general wear.

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Your dealer can supply you if you insist. If he will not do so, remit direct to us, stating size worn—we will see that you are supplied.

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(Continued from Page 55)

I have laid great stress on the importance of artillery mobility, and this brings us immediately to the question of an adequate transportation system behind the lines. Highways and railways are needed to get the guns to the Front, but such avenues of transport are even more vital in the all-important problem of furnishing food and ammunition to the men facing the enemy. It is in this railway and road building work that our engineers have best shown their mettle. Our construction and maintenance army in France is no inexperienced body of builders. The men composing it are the cream of the engineering forces that have created America's vast transportation systems.

When these soldiers landed in France they found the natives employing hand methods in quarrying and crushing rock. In this rather crude fashion one man could produce only one to one and one-half tons of ballast a day. Our engineers took over some of the quarries, brought in mechanical crushers, installed elevating equipment, bottom-dump wagons and end-dump motor trucks, and in this way expedited production, besides effecting a material reduction in man power. One contingent of Americans was producing rock from a quarry near the Front four days after the equipment arrived.

Military roads leading up to the battle-front in France must be constructed in the most substantial manner. The severity of the loads they must bear is evident from the fact that an ordinary battle tank travels on a four-foot wheel base and weighs 30 to 45 tons. Artillery loads of as much as 18 tons on one axle are not unusual. When we realize, therefore, that not only the roads but the bridges must sustain such loads, the size of the problem involved becomes more apparent.

Traffic Cops in the War Zone

Up near the Front the practice in many sectors is to construct plank roads so that fast-driving automobiles will not raise a cloud of dust and draw artillery fire. As a usual thing the traffic moves only one way and is regulated by military police. In signaling, these "traffic cops" use flags by day, and red, green and white lamps at night. In the matter of denseness of travel Fifth Avenue in New York has nothing on some of these military roads. That the police have their hands full there is no doubt, for when a brigade of artillery is called suddenly it gets the right of way and the cops must clear the road so the guns are not delayed. Instead of these roads' being lighted at night they are made visible by whitewashed wooden pickets.

Early in the game, however, it was discovered that the thousands of motor trucks in use wore down the roads quickly and were tending more and more to congest the more important highways. Increased numbers of trucks had to be employed to carry materials to repair the damage resulting from their own traffic. This caused our engineers to start constructing light railways which are devoted to the use of fast-moving autos, motor cycles and motor trucks. All heavy and bulky traffic as well as artillery trains goes over these narrow-gauge lines, and wounded men are brought back in better condition over these roads. Guns mounted on specially constructed cars can quickly change their position on these railways, and thereby not be so easily located by the enemy.

It requires about 2400 men to grade, lay and ballast one mile of light track a day. The average motor truck carries three tons; the average light railway train of six cars carries 60 tons of freight, or as much in the way of supplies as can be carried by 20 trucks. Back of a British sector a single line of this style of railway handled 2100 tons of supplies, or as much as could be handled by 700 trucks. It is also a matter of record that one system of light railways in a single army zone carried 172,000 men in one day. Steam engines are seldom used on the front end of these railways, due to the increased visibility that results. Petrol-electric or plain petrol locomotives are usually employed in the battle zones. It has also been found that a single-track line is not so easily discovered by the enemy. The matter of a proper material for ballast is also a problem. The common chalk of France is not desirable for the reason that its whiteness renders the line discernible from enemy airplanes.

As to the mileage of light railway that is required it may be stated that in British practice on a quiet front an average of about five miles of line are constructed for each mile of front. Concerning the immensity of the task of maintaining these lines some idea may be gathered from the statement that one single line of light railway was broken by artillery fire and repaired 95 times in one day. Much of our light railway construction is done over ground that is pock-marked by craters. In the beginning steel ties were used extensively; later practice favors the use of wooden ties, as they give a better bearing surface on the loosely filled-in ground the lines run over. It is of course to be expected that the labor of maintenance is high, and it is customary to assign about 14 men to each mile of track.

Perhaps the light railway has served no greater purpose than the remarkable impetus it has added to the effort of the armies to redeem every last pound of usable material from the battlefields. The salvage movement has recently taken very definite shape, and effective organizations are now in charge of this important work. Robert K. Tomlin, war correspondent for an engineering publication, estimates that 250,000 tons of usable material were recovered in a single army area. He says that in 10 days salvage parties in one sector recovered 1600 tons of wire; on one day 3500 shovels were sent back to be reissued; at one dump the week's haul included 12,000 shell cases, worth in the neighborhood of $25,000. Timber is one of the most valuable materials sought for, and in some places it is so scarce that special crews of tunnelers are organized to recover it.

Of all the problems that confront the American engineers in France none is of greater interest than the question of an adequate water supply. This work must begin with an understanding of basic consumption requirements. In a section where water is scarce an allowance of one gallon a man is made; if the troops are advancing at the Front under fire this allowance is cut to one-half gallon or less. Horses and mules are allowed seven to ten gallons a day, and just what this animal consumption of water means in tons of transportation through pipes and in containers may be gathered from the statement that back of the Front in the Verdun sector the French at one time had concentrated 175,000 horses, necessitating a daily water supply for these animals of nearly 1,500,000 gallons.

On some parts of the Western Front there is one horse for every six men. This ratio is materially changed during the height of an offensive, when at times there is one animal for every three soldiers. In this latter case the horses require two and one-half times as much water as the men, and the water-supply regiments are taxed to meet the situation. Much of their work is done under shell fire, and it is not uncommon for the enemy artillery to destroy one or more water-supply bases. Water pipes leading up to the Front are placed with two to three feet of earth cover, and are often laid in zigzag fashion to allow them a certain amount of play for shell disturbance. Canvas tanks are largely used as water bases in the support areas, and barrels are employed in the trenches. A 30-foot canvas trough will supply 200 horses an hour.

The water-supply engineers have problems of their own, and one of the best moves that has been made in connection with our work in France was the order that rendered our water regiments stationary units, permitting them to become familar with the geography of one district and stay there on familiar ground rather than move about with certain military units, always facing a new set of conditions. Up to the present time in most sectors wells varying in depth from 100 to 250 feet have been the chief source of supply. In certain localities river water is rendered drinkable by purifying it through a liquid chlorine apparatus. A considerable number of these purification plants are mounted on barges that can move from place to place on the rivers.

The Telephone as a Conscript

Like most other great inventions designed to further the arts of peace the telephone has been drafted as a weapon of war. Even in the early days of the present struggle the English military-telephone system was so complete that General French was able to direct the field operations of the British Army in Flanders by telephone from his home in London. Ever so many instances have occurred in the present war where local defeats and serious losses of life have resulted from the destruction of telephone junction boxes by shell fire, thus destroying communications with the advance trenches and preventing the timely arrival of reënforcements.

When the indomitable tank goes crawling across No Man's Land on its mission of destruction a soldier lying on top or standing within the monster talks through his telephone over a wire that is unwound as this moving fort goes forward. Thus are the operations of these machines intelligently directed. As the captive balloon ascends men on the ground pay out a telephone wire, which connects the observer in the basket with field headquarters. When the artillery train goes forward and takes up its position near the Front one of the cars is a telephone central station, and the messages hurled in over these wires are responsible for directing the fire of the big howitzers that are mounted on other cars in the same train.

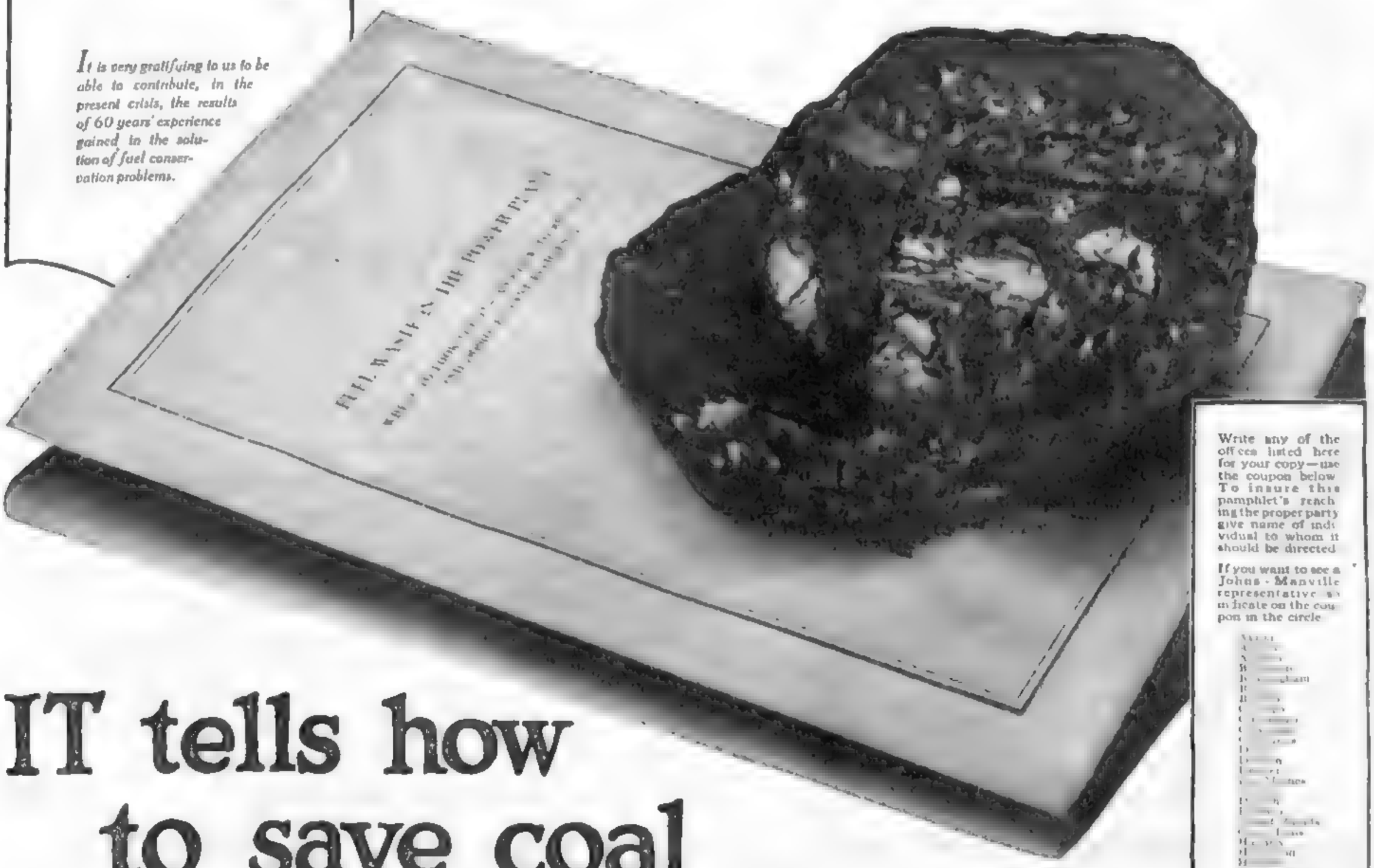
The telephone lines are the nerves of the Army. The soldiers and gunners deliver the blows, but the signal-corps men with the telephone tell how and when and where to strike. Our Secretary of the Navy at his desk in Washington can immediately talk with any of our naval stations in this country, or with equal ease he can speak to the captain of a ship 50 miles at sea. General Pershing at his headquarters in France can now communicate his wishes over an all-American telephone system to a port of debarkation or to a point in the front-line practice trenches.

But this is not all, for the telephone has been adapted to stranger uses. The army surgeon now finds that by connecting one terminal of a telephone with a moistened electrode applied to the patient's skin, and the other terminal to a metallic probe, it is possible to discover a bullet located in the man's body. Directly the probe touches the bullet imbedded in the tissue a grating sound is heard in the telephone receiver. This method not only reduces the time of search but prevents serious disturbance of the patient's

(Continued on Page 61)

The Latest Scientific Triumph—the Telephone Probe—Which, When It Touches a Bullet in the Patient's Arm, Is Said to Convey to the Listener a Noise Like the Falling of Coals

It is very gratifying to us to be able to contribute, in the present crisis, the results of 60 years' experience gained in the solution of fuel conservation problems.



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A real help sent free to Plant Owners & Operators

WHAT question could be more pressing to those interested in a power plant or factory than that of next winter's coal supply? Particularly now, when the government has added further emphasis to the situation by its move to cut fuel waste through a plant questionnaire.

The booklet offered above, *"Fuel Waste in the Power Plant,"* is designed to be of help in assuring coal supply—by suggesting, as it does, many simple and effective measures for the reduction of preventable waste, in the burning of coal and in the use of steam for power, heating or processing.

The pamphlet does not attempt to suggest radical and expensive equipment additions. It discusses plants as they are and indicates a score of individually small but collectively large losses commonly overlooked in the operation of the power plant and factory.

A reading of this pamphlet will be reassuring to manufacturers or other plant interests in showing how inexpensively and often how readily, waste power, heat losses, wear and tear and frictional losses can be reduced. Its timeliness speaks for itself.

For sixty years we have been developing and advocating the use of coal and power saving materials and feel that we can serve the common good by sharing our experience with plant executives and engineers—particularly now when coal and power saving mean so much to everyone.

We shall be glad to forward you a copy of *"Fuel Waste in the Power Plant,"* if you will write our nearest branch.

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Save Your Tires
Help Conserve Rubber

IN addition to economy reasons for care in the handling of tires the motorist today faces the problem of a shortage in rubber which may seriously handicap the running of his car.

The rubber situation in the United States is not yet acute; the seas are open to our merchant marine, but war needs must be served first. Since the war it has been necessary to divert ships from commercial activities to carry supplies and troops to Europe and the present outlook points to still further cut in supply.

This book, "How To Increase Tire Mileage," is part of the Firestone contribution toward helping car owners conserve tires. It will help you get the best tire service. It is the combined work of scientific tire-builders and practical drivers. It shows you how to get out of the tires the mileage that has been built into them.

We are not content merely to build in Most Miles per Dollar; we are helping you to get it out. This book will be of great service. There is no charge for your copy.

FIRESTONE TIRE AND RUBBER CO.
FIRESTONE PARK AKRON, OHIO
BRANCHES AND DEALERS EVERYWHERE

Firestone

(Continued from Page 58)

tissues. Another interesting device consists of a grouping of enlarged telephone receivers so arranged that it is possible to detect the approach of enemy airplanes.

When it comes to wireless telephony we immediately enter the realm of greatest possibility. It is already possible by the use of very weak power to limit the radius of transmitting and receiving messages to a distance of only 100 yards. Combine this with developments that permit an officer on the ground to direct the movements of each of a squadron of airplanes, and then remember that for military reasons I have told only part of the story—and you get a small idea of the progress that is being made in the science of telephony.

So much has been written concerning the airplane in war that I will pause in this field only long enough to call attention to the two prime problems that now focus attention. Both of these have to do with the operation of the airplane at great heights. When the flyer gets up three or four miles above the earth he finds that his motor is working with much less efficiency, due to the rarity of the air. To overcome this fault some plan must be devised whereby the airplane engine will get the same weight of air supply at a high altitude as it does near the ground. The other problem is a matter of devising some kind of propeller that will expand or automatically provide a greater blade surface, so that the same weight of air will be moved as the machine rises into higher regions and encounters a lighter atmosphere. When we can make the airplane as effective in operation at high altitudes as it is lower down, and then when we have also devised a direct-lift motor that will hoist the machine vertically, at the same time keeping the plane on steady keel, we shall have solved the chief problems that now appear before us.

The Weather Man in France

From the science of making guns and airplanes to the science of forecasting winds and weather may seem a long jump to the man in the street, but such is not the case, for war and meteorology are closely related. On the Western Front in France it is no longer a secret that the determining factor in the launching of most offensives is the nature of the military forecast of the weather. Winds are used to carry gas toward the enemy; fogs and mist are utilized to screen infantry movements or to hide an oncoming raid. Our flying forces and our masters of artillery do not dare ignore the prognostications of the weather men of our signal corps.

The ocean of air above us has its tides, its currents and its waves, and the navigator of an aircraft, like the seaman who guides a vessel, must know the world he sails through if he would have a safe and successful voyage.

The aviator who goes abroad must carefully study the climate of the region in which he is to fly. He must know the prevailing winds, the number of stormy days, the amount of precipitation and the occurrence of gales. When he finally gets into active service he must always know what weather to expect during the next few hours. All of this means an organized system of meteorological observations collected by telegraph and charted. General Pershing sitting at his desk in France may know for the asking just what the elements are doing in other countries far away; he may have before him in the space of a moment a careful prediction of what the weather is likely to be in the days to come.

The aviator who flies for Uncle Sam must know that the temperature of the air decreases one degree Fahrenheit for every 300 feet he ascends. If the temperature at sea level is 50° F., the flyer may expect to reach the freezing point at an elevation of about one mile. At the height of five miles the freezing point of mercury[−39°F.]is reached. The extreme cold that the aviator faces in his flights is overcome through supplying him with clothing that contains electric warmers. Even his face is thus prevented from freezing, but the problem of keeping the motor from freezing is still a matter of research.

Making Allies of the Elements

For several reasons pressure is the most important meteorological element in aviation. Not only does the flyer determine his altitude by pressure observations, but his engine performance and weather conditions as well depend largely on changes in this element. The mercurial barometer is the most accurate instrument for determining pressure in meteorological work; it is, however, unsuited for use in flying, and an instrument known as the altimeter is used by most aviators. The altimeter is an aneroid barometer graduated to show height instead of pressure. Were it not for the movement of the earth our pressure readings would prove an accurate prophet of winds and weather, but the fact that the earth rotates causes winds in the Northern Hemisphere to be deflected to the right. If we stand with our back to the wind in the Northern Hemisphere the pressure will be less on our left hand than on our right.

The atmosphere, in spite of its being well mixed vertically, has more or less of a layer structure, and these strata often differ considerably from one another in direction of movement, in velocity, in temperature and in humidity. The statement that a flyer got into a hole in the air is misleading. What really happened was that his machine encountered a different stratum of air with a changed velocity or direction of travel. There are no vacuums or partial vacuums in our atmosphere. When an airplane arrives on the dividing line between an ascending and a descending current the pilot will experience tips and bumps. Such conditions explain the talk of holes and pockets.

Pilot balloons and cloud observations furnish the best information concerning the direction and velocity of the higher air currents the aviator is to encounter, but much

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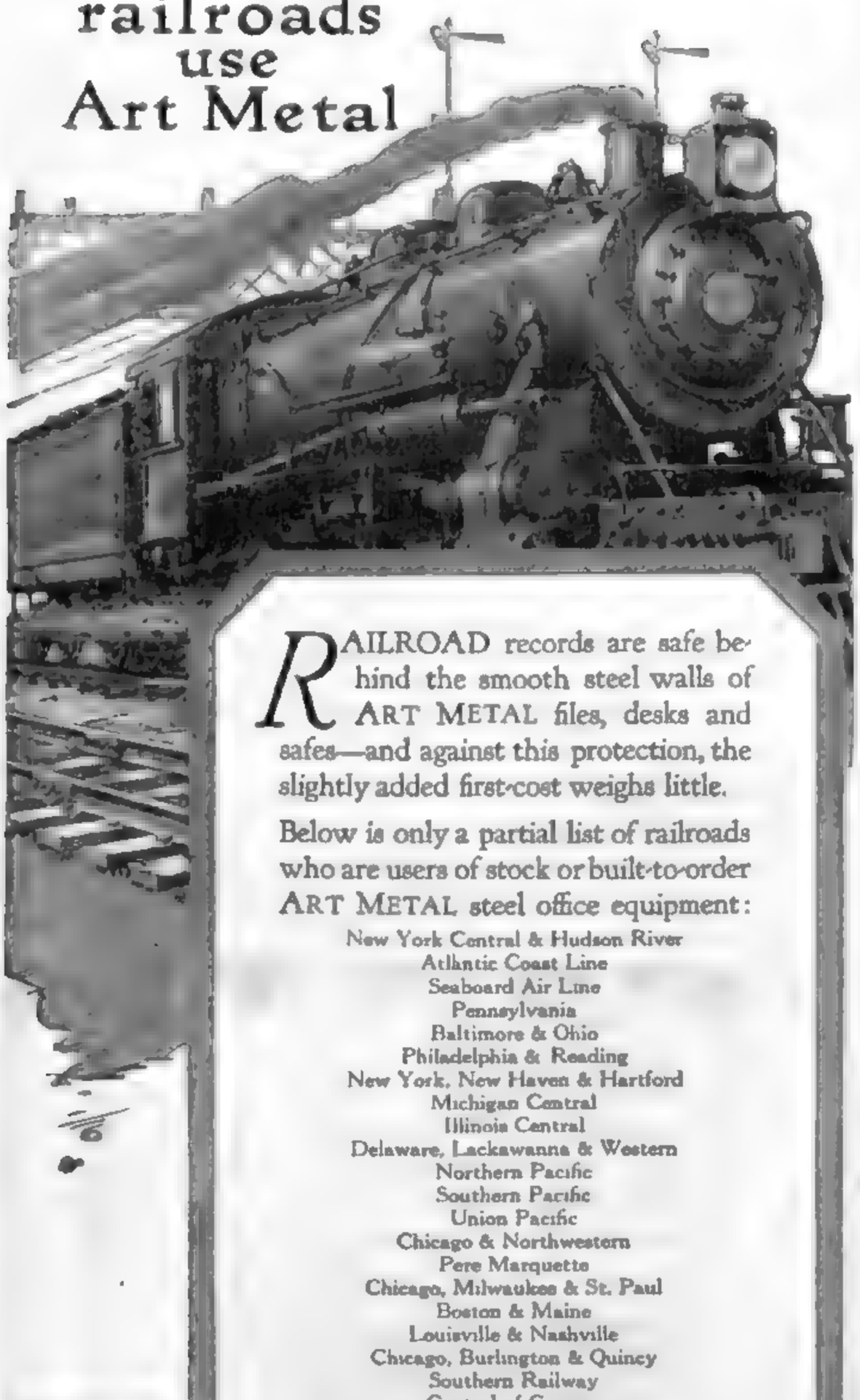

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of the flyer's success must depend on his own understanding of the numberless little signs each of which forecasts a condition. He should know that a freshly plowed field of dark soil is likely to be better warmed on a fair day and be the seat of greater activity of ascending currents than a field covered with crops or grass. He should know that the familiar fine-weather clouds, with their flat bases and bulging convex tops, known as cumuli, are "the visible tops of invisible ascending columns of air." He should know that the rate of ascent of warm currents is often 10 to 12 feet a second. He should know that the surface wind is generally less gusty at night, and that this is the best time for flying. He must know that winds are stronger over mountains and hilltops, and that eddies are common close to the lee side of an obstruction or a forest. Such knowledge is useful in landing.

The aviator must be a first-class weather prophet and understand that cloud sheets gradually spreading from the western horizon across the sky toward the east are a storm sign. So are rings—halos—round the sun or moon. Our flyer also has to remember that the general path of a storm can be foretold by cloud observation. If thickening mare's-tail cirri are seen diverging from the west or southwest they may serve as indications of a storm approaching from that quarter. On the other hand when such clouds are seen diverging from the north the storm is probably passing by to the eastward. One thing is certain—when the boys come home we shall have some really good weather prophets, and Ezekiel at the corner grocery in Squashville will have to look to his laurels.

It is difficult to conclude an article of this kind without embodying in it a discussion of our work in offensive and defensive gas warfare. However, as the success of this method of fighting depends almost entirely on the element of surprise it is impossible to give any of the details of processes developed and very little information concerning the results produced. The German turned this fight into a war of chemists and chemicals, and the United States has begun the contest in dead earnest. The combine that excels in scientific resources and inventive genius will be the victor.

Chlorine and phosgene seem to be the only gases that can be utilized in the form of a gas cloud, but a great number of other gases lend themselves to use in explosive shells. Just what this means in labor and material may be gathered from the fact that a single gas shell often contains six pounds of such material, and from 10,000 to 100,000 such shells are sometimes fired in a day. Mustard gas that is so much talked of is not a gas but a fluid. One authority estimates that the Huns used 7000 tons of this gas in an offensive lasting less than three days. Some time ago it was stated by officials that the American brand of mustard gas would be one-fourth more toxic than the kind used by Germany. This may or may not be true, but one German order issued in July to the Huns facing the Americans northwest of Chateau-Thierry states that one attack by the Yankees produced 500 casualties. The order continues: "Symptoms of sickness make us suppose that the enemy is using a new gas that resembles our Yellow Cross. This gas appears to have more harmful effects than any gas contained in shells up to the present time. Gas poisoning still occurred among those who took off their masks after wearing them for 12 hours. We evidently have to deal with a new gas."

The Work of the Herr Professors

Perhaps nothing is more horrible than mustard-gas poisoning. If inhaled it causes the lung tissues to break down like wet paper. The effect is called "chemical pneumonia." The chief danger of this gas, however, is from contact. A tiny drop will penetrate through the clothing to the flesh, and in a few hours the skin becomes puffy and red, the tissues swell and the victim has a serious burn. Any of it in the soldier's eyes blinds him. And this is what Kaisercraft has evolved for warfare.

That gas warfare was planned by Germany years ago is proved by descriptions of devices in Teuton papers as early as 1908. In 1899, and again in 1907, the delegates to The Hague Peace Convention condemned such barbarous methods. Realizing that the science of chemistry might be used cruelly in war the representatives of the nations gathered at The Hague pronounced in advance that the use of such weapons would be contrary to international law. But all this time the Herr Professors were secretly working in their German laboratories, patiently perfecting their agencies of death. Bernhardi in 1911, writing in his book How Germany Makes War, calls attention to the probable use of shells loaded with poisonous gases. He said that enemy soldiers would be rendered unconscious and none of them would be able to remain in the infected areas. Thus did the Huns plan for the horrors they have loosed on humanity.

It is difficult to be proud of any kind of achievements that border so closely on barbarism as do developments in gas warfare. However, it is a case of our life or that of the Hun, and the scientists of America have come to the rescue in noble fashion. The gas work was started under the supervision of Van H. Manning, director of the United States Bureau of Mines. Splendid results were accomplished, and at present under the able management of General Sibert the efforts to excel the Teuton in the fiendish enterprise he has forced on us are progressing in a manner that will please the most ardent American.

He Fights Best Who Laughs Best

We have perfected trench projectors for firing gas bombs; flaming guns; smoke barrages; incendiary darts; gas masks with improved eyepieces that will not become fogged; rubber-cloth fabrics that are impervious to poison gases; special inflammable and kindling materials; solid poisonous substances for armor-piercing naval shells; an absorbent for carbon monoxide—the only gas not handled by the present masks; a mask for horses; a special mask for artillerymen, who work harder than infantrymen; an oxygen mask for aviators; linings for gas shells to withstand corrosive gases; and a smoke funnel for naval vessels. It may be stated that smoke screens have proved very efficacious. Of eight ships attacked which employed smoke screens six escaped, while of 100 ships that did not employ smoke screens 75 were torpedoed.

Our chemists have found a cure for gas poisoning that will greatly reduce fatalities, and two of our physiologists have gone to France to put the method into operation. Further investigations cover smoke screens for airplanes and tanks, colored smokes for day-signaling and a hundred other important matters that will make our participation in the war quite apparent to the crowd of Germans who started the affair.

All of this, which is but a small part of our total effort along engineering and chemical lines, will go quite a way in backing up our officers in France who have the grit to say: "We regret being unable to retreat further. Our soldiers would not understand. It is unacceptable to our country's honor. We are going to counter-attack." If the Kaiser proposes to make war more atrocious than it ever was in the Dark Ages we have got to steel ourselves to the task set for us. We are fighting men who are beyond us all in egotism and who openly concede that any treachery is glorious if it is done for the Fatherland.

Our men fighting in France do not need to be spurred on by false hopes. They are not told on the eve of battle that this is the big "peace offensive"—the last fight they will have to enter. On the other hand Americans know what they are up against, and getting a little of the bitter with the sweet they are not going to "crack" if reverses come; and that is something more than Germany can hope for.

The American people have the happy faculty of grinning while they fight. We cannot any more hope to whip the Hun by moaning and weeping than we can fall upstairs. The thing the boches do not like and cannot understand is a laughing, howling bunch of daredevils coming at them from the trenches across the way. Nothing will sooner destroy Teuton morale than the sight of men going joyfully into the jaws of death. The Hun is fully aware that a soldier laughs because he has confidence in his superior ability.

We must go on fighting until we have done a clean job of it, and until we are sure future historians will make no mistake in conveying the thought that during the reign of William II—last of the Hohenzollerns—Teuton footprints on the sands of time were pointed the wrong way. We must stand shoulder to shoulder with our minds alert and our hearts afire, at the same time not forgetting that the side that laughs the most during the whole bloody business will use less powder and lose less lives.

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Our way of meeting this demand is another triumph for Regal shoemaking. It shows the value of the Regal policy of concentration. Our whole organization is engaged in producing a few styles that most people want, rather than a lot of styles that few people want.

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268 Summer Street - Boston

VENUS IN THE EAST

(Continued from Page 19)

golden adventure was done. No crawling on hands and knees, no lavishing of money would ever win her back to him. And Buddy McNair was in no mood to skin his knees again in her behalf.

At the pearl counter in Twillaway's there was nothing to be seen of their Mr. Shorewinkel's bald head. A brisk little man with snappy black eyes and a gray bang over his forehead came forward and explained that he was Mr. Craikie and that Mr. Shorewinkel was out of town.

"I guess you'll do," said Buddy, bringing the six loose pearls out of his pocket and clanking them on the show case. "Are you an expert?"

"I might be called so," the snappy black eyes modestly confessed. "I've been in charge of this department for several years."

"Well, I've got hold of these pearls and I'm anxious to know if they're from the Overbeek string—you know, the one that was lost."

"I know it very well," explained Mr. Craikie.

"If these pearls were on the string would you know them?"

"I'm quite certain I could tell if they were not," he said.

Mr. Craikie picked up two of the pearls and held them together under the light; then he gathered the four others, scrutinizing them one at a time. He held them under a glass, squinting closely as he turned them slowly over. He went over them one at a time, and the most humorous of smiles lit up his face before he had come to the fourth. Finally he brought them back and clanked them all down on the show case.

"These aren't pearls at all," he announced with the same amused smile.

"Great Henry's mother! What are they—gooseberries?"

"Nothing so natural as gooseberries." The smile broadened to a grin. "They are excellent imitations—probably made to resemble the Overbeek pearls. You'll probably find they've been manufactured by Eidelstein."

"Well, somebody lied," objected the now perfectly stupefied Buddy. "I bought these here a few months ago and paid two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars for the rope."

"Oh, you're Mr. McNair!" cried Mr. Craikie; then shook his gray bang and added: "I don't know how you got hold of these. They're most certainly not the ones you bought from us."

"Well, what did I buy from you, for heaven's sake?"

"You bought the original Overbeek pearls."

This scored heavily in favor of Terry's drunken revelations.

"I—I thought the Overbeeks were in possession of Mrs. Dyvenot," the victim feebly protested.

"I'm not supposed to know how they got into our hands," smiled the diplomat. "But you bought the original Overbeeks, with a few changes."

Buddy stood staring for a long time, not sure whether to laugh or to cry. He was quite dizzy. Possibly it was something he had eaten.

"Well, I'm much obliged for the information," he told the distant vision of Mr. Craikie swimming in the mist.

"Here are your—pearls," smiled that gentleman, having scraped the pretty beads together. "Would you be interested in comparing these imitations with the genuine Overbeek necklace?"

"It might be a pleasant pastime," was Buddy's crushed retort.

"It has been on sale all the week in the window of Stella & Zedlick, two blocks up the Avenue."

"You mean the Overbeeks have been on sale?" shouted Buddy into the whirling mist.

"Yes. The same string you bought here a few months ago."

It was obvious that Mr. Craikie was trying to make trouble for somebody.

"But who's trying to sell 'em now?"

"The owner, I suppose."

Buddy could not see his face, but he was sure he was smiling.

"I suppose."

Buddy McNair began weaving his way toward the outer world.

Admiration for Mrs. Dyvenot was reviving within him. But it was a new set of qualities in her which he now admired. Her genius for salesmanship quite outdazzled any light that had hitherto shone upon him from Venus, planet of vain things.

XXI

EVEN as the diminishing White Hope, having grown quite black and blue toward the close of the eighteenth round, hears distantly a voice tolling "Seven—eight—nine" as, struggling to his feet, he clutches dimly the padded post against which he leans, determined to take it standing, so Buddy McNair, having wilted against one of Twillaway's marble columns, faced Fifth Avenue and vowed that though defeated he would die with his boots on.

Of course there was nothing now but retreat. There would be an evening train for Chicago, and so on to Axe Creek. That would be the simple, direct way out. He could arrange by letter with Pontius Blint to settle the sale of his New York belongings, and in that way he could silence his creditors for a while. Then there would be another big royalty coming to him in June.

The carriage man had whistled up his handsome blue town car with its shining brass on the hood and wire spoked wheels. As he got in and ordered his man to drive him round to the Brokers' Trust Company he was already including this car among his salable assets. This one and the touring car would probably total five thousand dollars, secondhand. He had a picture of his furniture and objects of art going under the hammer. Mr. Varden, the fashionable auctioneer, would probably advertise the sale and conduct it in his gallery, where Middleton Knox would occupy a front seat, indulging in a carnival of wit, to the chaste amusement of the Mighty Few.

When the car stopped Buddy McNair gazed stupidly on the handsome façade of the Brokers' Trust Company. What had he to do with the Brokers' Trust Company? Oh yes! Money.

He went over to the auditor's window and inquired into the amount of his balance. After a slight delay the man at the window discreetly penciled a strip of brown paper and laid it on the shelf. The sum was easy to read:

$17.27.

"Does that represent dollars and cents?" asked Buddy after careful inspection.

"I believe so, Mr. McNair. Let me see."

The financier took the strip of paper and gave it the benefit of his inspection.

"That's right, Mr. McNair—seventeen dollars and twenty-seven cents."

Buddy went back to his car.

"Home," he commanded very gently, as though the word meant something in his desolate life. Just why he was going back to that junk shop was another mystery of this confusing morning. He had the dried-up feeling peculiar to one who has striven too long to make excitement do the work of honest sleep.

Of course he couldn't make seventeen dollars and twenty-seven cents take him all the way back to Axe Creek. There was no reason, save pride, why he shouldn't draw on Pontius Blint for any moderate amount. Or possibly he might work his way back West on the brake beams of freight cars, as he had once traveled to Denver in the days of careless youth.

Youth! It was gone. That was the trouble with the whole adventure. Prosperity had come to him too late in life, and he had been resorting to false joys for the lack of the real thing. But of this he was certain: He would never borrow of Blint. So here he must stay in New York, hiding under one humiliating cover or another, until he could sell enough junk to take him away from the farcical mess.

Buddy McNair was very close to the dregs that morning, close enough to have touched the psychological fact that out of the dregs the bubbles rise. And there glowed before him one last rosy expedient. Why go back to Axe Creek at all? As a matter of fact he was only poor for the time being. There was no reason to believe that the Supercyanide Process would play out or that he wouldn't be rich the next year or the next or for all years to come. He had only lost faith in himself, that was all. If New York had so sorely gone back on him, was that any argument that there were not higher, fairer states of civilization beyond the ocean?

Then he thought of Jascomb and London. There was a town where a man of means

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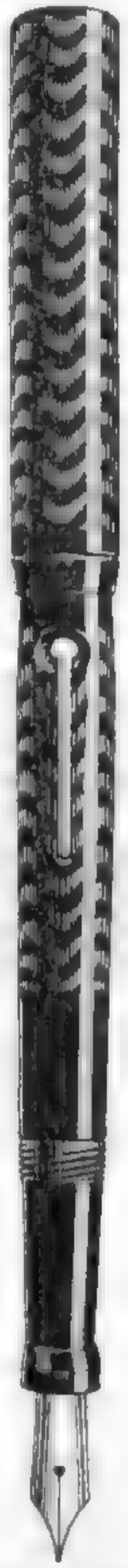

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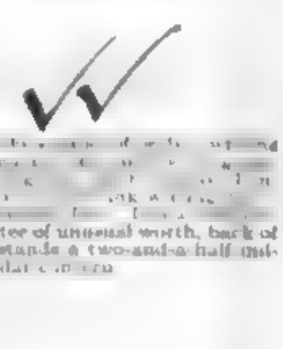

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could end his days in dignified luxury. There had always been a sort of reposeful boneheadedness and placid self-assurance about Jass, a calming influence which he had been taught to associate with the British character. Jass was a genuine Englishman—the only genuine thing he had encountered in New York. Jass had proved himself, had demonstrated all the sturdy dependability of his stock. Buddy had learned to lean on Jass; and it was pleasant to think of a nation that could be similarly leaned upon. It had been the fashion of the mining camp to regard Englishmen as outstanding and peculiar; but there was Jass as a living example of the race. The glimpse he had had last night of Jascomb's room with the portraits of a calm king and queen and a still calmer maidservant soothed him now in his hour of turmoil and distress.

Not that Buddy quite fancied the idea of living abroad permanently—he detested an expatriate. But he would interview Jass on the subject; and as soon as American affairs were properly disposed of they would be off for the old-world metropolis, where Jass would serve as his guide to gentility, where Buddy could make self-improvement his pastime, spending his days in the British Museum or attending lectures at the Royal Geographical Society. That was about all Buddy knew about London. But Jass—he knew!

Buddy turned the key to his apartment, the details of this new project intriguing him out of his despair. So absorbed was he, in fact, that he had gone half the length of his entrance hall before he became aware of male voices, angrily disputing. He stood stark still on the rug. The hallway being in semidarkness he enjoyed the spy's advantage, for he could peer through the glass doors of the library and see his faithful Jass violently debating some point with an elderly chin-whiskered stranger who was taking his ease in Buddy's favorite chair, while his voice, of the rawest Middle-Western quality, clashed against Jascomb's carefully modulated tones.

"But, father," Jascomb's words dropped out of a lull, "how can I? I am established as an Englishman now."

"Englishman be durned!" came the nasal twang. "Nobody took you for one nine years ago when you run away from South Bend and joined in with that high-falutin' English actor show."

"Well, I'm not in vaudeville any more," declared Jass. "I've gone to no end of trouble to learn the English manner, and it has given me excellent situations."

"Ain't that New York for you!" twanged the elder. "Spend nine precious years learnin' yourself to be a lackey—and proud of it."

"I am considered one of the very best in my profession," boasted Jass with unwonted spirit. "In less than two years I worked up from bus boy to the position of 'ouse valet in the 'Otel Merlinbilt."

"Where did you lose your h's?" snarled the father.

"I have carefully learned the manner," explained the son proudly. "My pronunciation has made me most valuable to the gentlemen I have served. Particularly Mr. McNair. Being a wealthy Westerner and none too particular in ordinary things he has seen fit to offer me a much 'andsomer salary than I could ever 'ave won by clarking in a South Bend 'ardware shop."

"Can you beat it!" sobbed Jass the elder.

"I dare say had I disclosed a disagreeable American accent he never would have considered me."

"I dare say he wouldn't. And now here's my proposition; take it or leave it. This one-horse hardware business you're so snippy about has swelled some. It's now Jascomb's Bazaar—carpets and linoleums on the fourth floor; go-carts, fishing tackle, ladies' notions and drugs on the third; cloaks, suits, boys' pants and musical instruments on the second; general dry goods, haberdashery and silverware on the first; household fixtures, hardware, paints, oils, varnishes, bathroom supplies and art department in the basement. Come back to South Bend and I'll put you in the way of becoming general manager—provided you take some sort o' gargle and get rid of that frog in your throat."

"Mr. McNair is quite satisfied with me as I am," quavered Jass.

"Well," twanged old Jascomb in his whining voice, "from what I gather, this McNair is about the damnedest fool ——"

With an uncontrollable snort Buddy McNair leaped into his library, a great light in his eye, his right hand extended toward the astonished elder.

"Shake!" he cried. "You've certainly said something, Mr. Jascomb!"

"Oh, but Mr. McNair, sir!" fluttered Jass the younger. "There was no offense meant, I am sure."

"Nobody can offend me any more," acknowledged the beaten one. Then turning to the proprietor of the bazaar: "Did I understand you to say that you're trying to naturalize your boy?"

"Well, that was about the idea," said the old man.

"Take a cigar." Buddy opened a box and held it eagerly toward Mr. Jascomb. "Put half a dozen in your pocket—smoke 'em on the train. Don't be sore, Jass. I've almost decided to become an American myself. It'll be kind of hard at first, but we'll find it easier as soon as we get west of Pennsylvania."

"Do you mean, sir, that I am dismissed?" asked the valet in so frightened a tone that Buddy lost his heart to be cruel.

"Not necessarily. I'll be traveling under a freight car back West pretty soon maybe; and if you think I'll do better with a valet, come on."

"Thank you, sir."

"I really believe he likes being a flunky," sniffed Jascomb the elder.

"I have chosen my calling, if I might say so," admitted Jass with equal deference to father and master.

"How in Sam Hill did you learn it?" asked Buddy, lost in the admiration of true art. "You certainly didn't learn the language in South Bend."

"No, sir-ree!" shouted Jass the elder. "Not while the fire department's working. He got it off them English actors, that's where he got it!"

"You see, sir," Jass volunteered, "I elected to follow the styge at an early date, so I left South Bend and engaged myself to a company of British jugglers, carrying plates for two quid a week and expenses. At the end of the year one of the troupe, a clever chap named 'Igginson, got jolly well done in with an Indian club. When he got out of 'ospital he went on the road with a vaudeville sketch entitled The Late Lord 'Amwex, myself appearing as valet at a three-guinea salary—merely a styge valet, sir, but I gained much valuable information.

"Presently I obtained a situation with no less a person than Sir 'Egerowe Keepe, acting as his man both on styge and off. At Liverpool Sir 'Edgerowe dismissed me out of hand, quite without a character. I learned very fast there, what with attending gentlemen at rather a smart club ——"

"He's regular proud of it!" groaned the South Bend department store proprietor, looking wryly at his changeling son.

"Why shouldn't he be?" demanded Buddy. "He's a darned good valet. As a matter of fact, I shouldn't wonder if Americans would make the best valets in the world if they went in for it."

It was a great surge of patriotism which prompted this remark.

"You wouldn't say, sir, that I 'aven't earned my salary," Jass ventured.

"I never could—not on my death bed. You've made a darned sight bigger success of New York than I have. At least hard work and perseverance have turned you into what you set out to be ——"

Buddy permitted himself to say no more for fear that once on his favorite subject he would go raving mad.

"Well, Mr. Jascomb"—he held out his hand to the bearded stranger, who was an elderly picture of his son, plus character—"if you're staying long in New York, why don't you take a room here? There's lots of it."

"Thanks very kindly, mister," acknowledged the old man. "But I'll be draggin' Henry away this afternoon."

"Drag away," invited Buddy. "And say—if there's another job waiting round your store I wish you'd wire me."

His abrupt exit from the apartment justified the elder Jascomb in his estimate of Buddy's standing among the fools of the world. For the old gentleman little knew what Buddy had endured and how the revelation that even Jass was a counterfeit had moved him to the point of a laughter that scorches away tears.

Buddy McNair hadn't much idea where he was going. The brute facts of life seemed to be gadding him from behind, bidding him run faster and faster. He was the little

(Continued on Page 69)

Part of Fleet of Troy Trailers operated by Downey Contracting Co
(Drawing made from actual photograph)

Delivering 30 tons of structural steel, in one trip by three five-ton trucks, from Philadelphia to Washington

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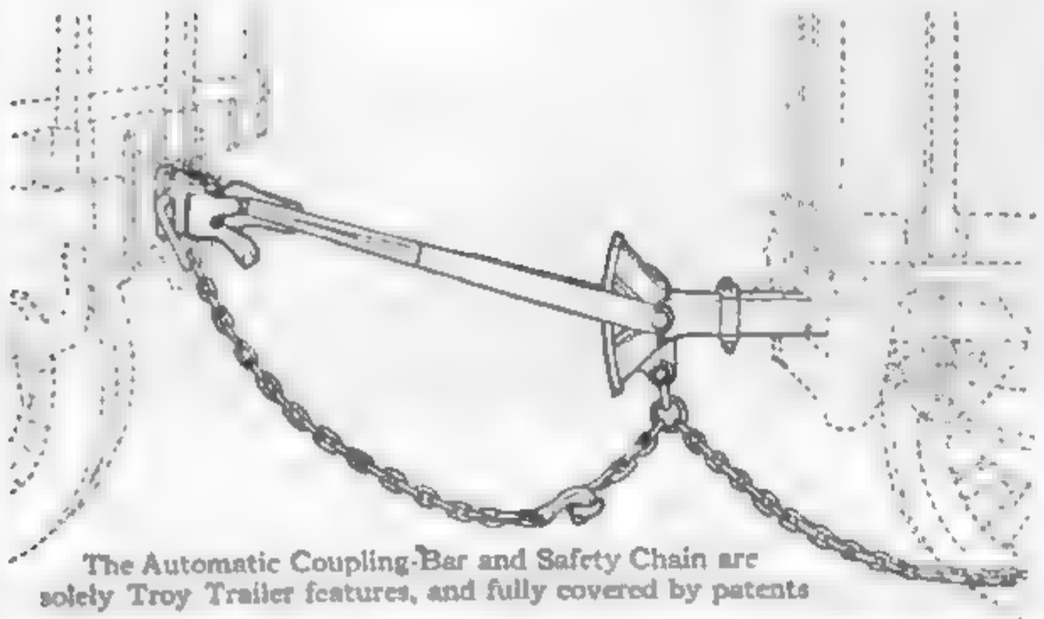

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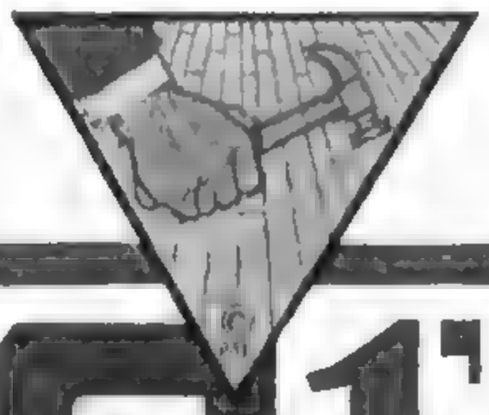

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PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISHES

(Continued from Page 66)

dog that had lost its master and was taking it out in trotting back and forth, barking feebly, its tongue hanging loose, madness snapping at its heels.

He disdained the chauffeur, who so subservientlyopened the door of his limousine as he came to the sidewalk. He wanted to walk more, to exhaust himself to the point of sleep. Acquaintances saluted him in vain as he tramped down Fifth Avenue, prodding the point of his horn-tipped cane in the hard, resounding pave. His eyes were set ahead of him, and the word that was whirling through his head was "Phony, phony, phony!"

He wished the noise would stop.

In the lower Fifties a vision of old Mr. Jascomb came to him, and he could hear his whining voice denouncing him as the damnedest fool. And Buddy, giving himself up to a fit of uncontrollable laughter, leaned against a lamp-post and held his aching sides. A policeman, swaying ponderously by, stopped and took a look at him. Buddy passed on.

Somewhere farther along he stopped before a black-marble front whose window displayed a crown collection of jewels on a little velvet platform which was, in turn, inclosed in a gilt-legged cabinet of cut glass. Instinctively Buddy clicked the six false pearls, which were rolling like so many marbles in his side pocket. He glared morbidly at the genuine articles on display. In the center of the exhibit, effectively surrounded by huge sapphires, emeralds and diamonds, a great string of pearls coiled round its velvet hummock. He glared at them with hateful curiosity. How he longed to wreck the window and throw that fearful collection into the street, to be scattered under the ever-rolling tires!

Instead he held his hand idly in his side pocket. Like the undiscovered criminal he was reviewing the evidence of his crime. For there in the center of the pretty show case was undoubtedly the Overbeek necklace, which Mrs. Dyvenot had again put up for sale.

He glanced up at the gilt-inlaid sign beside the door. Stella & Zedlick—this was the place where Twillaway's salesman had recommended his going to compare the hoax with the genuine article.

Ninety-two. He counted them all carefully; and then he brought out his six pretty beads and held them up, glancing swiftly from the window to the worthless trifles in his hand. How often he had seen Mrs. Dyvenot, herself a perfect imitation, posing calm and queenly, her neck encircled by the shining fakes. The first night he had seen her at the opera she had been wearing fakes! And what a treasure beyond price he had thought her, leaning there, her beautiful arm against the velvet railing!

Fakes!

This was what Buddy McNair had found in women—skin of glowing allurement over a foundation of cheap clay. Venus in the East—dazzling with false promises, shedding a specious light in the wrong quarter of the heavens. The girl on the train who had picked his pocket after an hour's acquaintance; the decorative apish Miss Blint with her vile snobbery; Mrs. Dyvenot, who had sold him out time after time and looked like an angel while she did it!

Oh well, Buddy had paid his tuition fee. In his hand he held the false pearls, by way of diploma from the hard school that had graduated him.

"Worth about six dollars!" he grunted and had closed his fingers over the hateful lot, fired with the idea of hurling them into the street, when a feminine voice at his elbow exclaimed: "In the name of goodness, where did you come from?"

Buddy turned and stared, as well he might. She was tall and slender, and there were red feathers in her hat. In fact, she was the girl he had met on the train!

In the palsy of confusion he attempted to click the six imitation pearls back into his side pocket, but one of them missed its mark and clattered down to the pavement. He stood helpless, gaping as she leaned over, caught the glowing bead in her glove and restored it to him. In her merry blue eyes there was something of the same quizzical expression he had seen on the day he had blushed upon her through a snowbank of talcum powder.

Her mouth was curled to a frank and boyish smile. And this was too much for Buddy McNair, who languidly contemplated calling a policeman—but Fifth Avenue was beginning to swim round, much as Twillaway's had done.

He bared his head and tried to speak.

"I've been looking for you all over the known world," she cried, coming a step forward.

"Looking—what for?"

"What do you suppose?"

Her eyes were snapping as she gazed down—even in his condition Buddy was aware of her superior height.

"I'm not guessing any more," said he in a sick voice.

"Why, silly—to give it back, of course!"

"Give what back?" he echoed like an idiot.

"Your money."

"Great Henry's uncle!"

Buddy McNair found himself taking a high dive into a vast calm sea. Down, down, down—everything under him was gone. It was rather pleasant. He realized that she was holding him up by a limp arm.

"You're all," he heard her saying distantly.

He was too weak to tell her he was merely suffering from shock. Somebody in New York was trying to give him back his money!

As soon as he had taken sufficient deep breaths to clear his head and had assured her that he was quite all right again he found her urging in her natural enthusiastic way: "Please don't let's waste a minute. I want to get it back to you before you fly again to the moon—or wherever you've been keeping yourself."

"Call it the moon," said Buddy faintly, "and I guess you've about located it."

She was swinging in her easy stride down Fifth Avenue, and Buddy had to stretch his legs in order to keep up with her. Given a chance to think it over he was not quite sure of her innocence, even now. He had learned but an hour ago how devious women can be, how plausible, how deft to snatch gold out of the hot crucible without scorching their pretty fingers. It was well within the range of possibility that this female, whose name he knew not, was at this very moment about to shear him for a second time.

His mind discolored by such thoughts, he took her in with many a sidelong glance. She gave the appearance of a wholesome air-loving American girl. No suggestion of barbered eyebrows or passion for late hours with fat foreign princelings. She walked with the suggestion of a stride, and the swing of her slender shoulders suggested good muscle beneath a graceful surface.

"If I ever talk to a stranger again without asking his name the very first minute—dad says I'm dreadful about that—and I don't know yours yet!"

"Gilbert Kernochan McNair, of Axe Creek, Colorado," panted Buddy, struggling to keep up.

"That's it—Axe Creek! I'm a perfect half-wit when it comes to names. How I've searched the atlas, raked the guidebooks for that town!—telegraphed and written to the post masters of Hatchet Canyon, Tomahawk River, Spearhead Gulch, every Western town on the map with a dangerous name—paged you from Dan to Beersheba."

"How could you have paged me, not knowing my name?" was Buddy's natural question.

"I asked for the dimpled gentleman in the wholesale drug business."

"In the which business?" he queried, puzzled, though duly flattered as to the dimples.

"Wholesale drug—didn't you tell me you were engaged in a mill full of some sort of deadly poison?"

"Wow!" roared Buddy, slapping his knee. "That's a new one on the Supercyanide!"

"My name's Harrison," quoth she with some dignity after that. "Martha Harrison."

"How do you do, Miss Harrison?"

He removed his hat, as the occasion seemed to demand. All this time he was glancing left and right, fully determined not to be surprised should plausible members of her gang come sauntering up with any fantastic plan under the sun.

"You must have had a sweet opinion of me all this time!" she volunteered with one of her wholesome giggles.

Nobody he had met in his fashionable adventures seemed to laugh like that, so it was natural he should ask, "Live in New York, Miss Harrison?"

"More than most people," she replied.

He wished she hadn't said that. It savored of the enigmatical, and he was jaundiced with enigmas. He was perfectly

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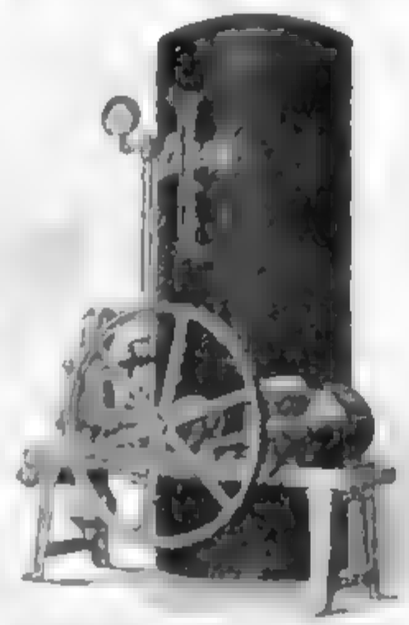

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sure that should this adventure turn out wrong he would become openly violent, run amuck with a gun or commit something more Western than the most desperate scenario writer ever dared devise. Fool that he was he found himself yearning toward this dubious acquaintance, longing to be generous with his confidence as he had been during their so short and so calamitous an intimacy on the train.

"You must have thought me a precious specimen," she repeated.

Upon this speech she stopped; and with her feet stopped Buddy's heart, because she was actually turning in at the entrance of the Fifth Avenue Bank.

They were within touching distance of great sums of money, and no wary confederate had joined her as yet.

"Well, I've seen you twice since I came to town," he confessed. "I had a sort of notion that maybe you were some sort of lady robber."

"Where did you see me?" she asked, her animation renewed.

"Once you were wheeling down the Avenue in a cab with a young man. Another time you were coming out of the dining room at Florio's."

"Why didn't you stop me—call a policeman or something?"

"I tried to," he explained; whereat she sent up such peals of mirth that he glanced nervously round, fearful that all Fifth Avenue would join in.

"Well, come right in."

She gave the invitation cordially, as though the bank belonged to her. He followed in her wake, saw her lean against a writing shelf, choose a counter check from the rack, dip a thoughtful pen, then stand reflective, gnawing its end.

"I think I'll give it back," she said, "in just the form I found it."

"I don't see anything the matter with your check," he protested, faith renewed.

"How can you tell?" she smiled. She was now writing busily. "You only met me on the train, you know."

Presently she came back from the window carrying a bundle of new bills, and with an amateur's clumsiness she began counting them out into his hand.

"Twenty-two fives and five ones," he acknowledged in a dry voice, bunching them all together and cramming them into an inside pocket.

"Don't put them away like that or you'll lose them too," she warned; but Buddy was only half listening. She had actually given it back! And so many things had been returned to him in that rumpled mound of bills.

"And now do you think a little better of human nature?" she was asking with her friendly smile.

"Miss Harrison—I ——"

He knew he was staring like an idiot. He was aware that his mouth was going, but no words would come. His tonsils seemed to have swollen enormously, and he was sure that if he made another sound he would be bellowing like a schoolboy.

"Honest, I can't believe it!" he got out at last in a hoarse whisper.

"I must have put you to an immense inconvenience," she said contritely; "and I'm as sorry as I can be."

"You saved me from blowing it with the rest, that's all."

"As bad as that?"

"Much worse."

He stood looking at her so long that she must have begun to feel awkward under his stare, for she spoke as if to break the silence.

"You'll come to see me, won't you—let me tell you how all that foolishness came to happen?"

"I guess I will!" he blurted out; but that was not to be all. He had taken her hand and was shaking it inanely. When at last he realized that she was going away the sinking sensation came upon him again. He could have clung to the hem of her garment, begging her not to leave him to himself. It was pitiful to see how the city had broken him in these few months.

"Miss Harrison," he found himself stammering, "have you got anything particular to do?"

"Well, that's a question." She stood regarding him carefully.

"Because, if you haven't—well, this doesn't seem to be one of the days when it's good to be alone. Hardpan—I've struck it flat—I—if you really want to save a life ——"

She bent upon him eyes that were almost maternal in their serious consideration before she asked: "What have you been doing to yourself?"

"I wish somebody could tell me. Maybe you can."

"When I saw you that day on the train you were hard as nails—you had a wonderful color—when the talcum was brushed off. You're entirely changed. I hardly recognized you. I don't say it isn't becoming, but ——"

"Go ahead. I want to hear about myself."

"You look a thousand years older and tireder. You must have been taking New York wrong ——"

"That's it—seeing it from the wrong side."

"Do you want to play this afternoon?"

"If I could actually—play!" he said huskily, looking away for fear she would know how close he had come to tears.

"This is a bully day for a loaf," she cried.

"I'll tell you what let's do!" Almost at once he had bounded to the height of her enthusiasm. "First we'll go over to Tanquay's for a bite of lunch. Then I'll call my car and ——"

"You'll do nothing of the kind," she laughed. "What you need is fresh air."

"We can motor out to some inn ——"

"You're in my care now." She pretended to be ever so stern with him. "It's the loveliest day spring ever made. I'm perfectly mad to go out to the Bronx Zoo and look at the animals. I always go once in the spring."

"Then we're off. I'll call my car and ——"

"I believe you'd want to play golf in evening clothes. No, thank you. If you're going with me it will be by the Third Avenue El. And I know the dearest little delicatessen store where we can get a picnic lunch in a paper bag."

"Now there's an idea!" said Buddy McNair, and under convoy set out for the magic delicatessen and the enchanted El.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

The Boy Next Door

THERE used to be a boy next door
Whom often I have longed to throttle;
I've wished a thousand times and more
That he had died while "on the bottle"!
Oft in the past it has been hard
For me to check my inclination,
When he had cluttered up our yard,
To hand him hearty castigation.

With freckles on his tilted nose
And ears that far in space protruded,
He was not one, as heaven knows,
To whom I in my prayers alluded.
Derisively he showed his tongue
And scorned the warnings which I gave him,
But now I list myself among
The ones who pray the Lord to save him.

How vividly I can recall
Him at the window, making faces;
I used to think that in him all
The impish traits had lurking places.
He stole the green fruit from my trees,
Not caring how it might affect him;
To-day he's fighting overseas,
And may the God of Hosts protect him!

From childhood into youth he passed,
And then my little garden flourished;
But still his friendship was not classed
Among the treasures which I nourished.
He tortured first a slide trombone,
And next he tried a squeaky fiddle;
His voice took on a raucous tone
That used to rasp me down the middle.

How soldierly our lad appeared
When with his comrades he departed!
I wonder if he knew I cheered,
Or guessed that I was heavy-hearted.
If I had damned him heretofore
I now retract each foul aspersion;
God bless the boy who lived next door,
And used to be my pet aversion!

—S. E. Kiser.

ARMCO IRON

IN its stupendous shipbuilding program, the United States is making good. The building of the Tuckahoe in 27 days and the great Fourth of July launching of American ships were bright auguries of the thousands of patrol boats, submarine chasers, merchant ships, and transports which will soon be striking at the Hun's vitals and shattering Von Tirpitz's dream of submarine conquest.

It is not enough to rush these boats into service. *They must be kept in service* to the last possible minute. That means more than dodging torpedoes. It means utmost durability for every part of every ship.

Metal parts are particularly susceptible, as a rule, to the action of sea-water and other corrosive influences. Not so with parts made of Armco (American Ingot) Iron—the purest iron made, the most even and rust-resisting. The Government is employing Armco Iron extensively for its sheet metal needs, including metal ship parts. Such parts—made of Armco Iron—keep on giving high-grade service for many years after ordinary metal parts have gone to the rust-heap.

The American Rolling Mill Co. also is busily engaged in making Armco Special Analysis Castings and Forgings for Government shipbuilding purposes. The well-known Armco standards of careful manufacture and rigid laboratory inspections are applied to these products just as in the case of Armco Iron itself.

The following ship parts are made of Armco Iron or fabricated in our Forging and Casting Departments:

BLUE ANNEALED ARMCO IRON: Boiler Casings; Boiler Breeching; Smoke-Stacks.

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FORGINGS: Solid or Built-up Crank Shafts; Thrust Shafts; Tunnel Shafts; Propeller Shafts; Tail Shafts; Rudder Posts; Stern Frames; Piston Rods; Inboard Coupling Sleeves.

CASTINGS: Rudder Posts; Davits; Stems; Pin Boxes; Stem Frames; Shoe Sections; Anchor Stocks; Crank Webs; Propeller Hubs and Bosses.

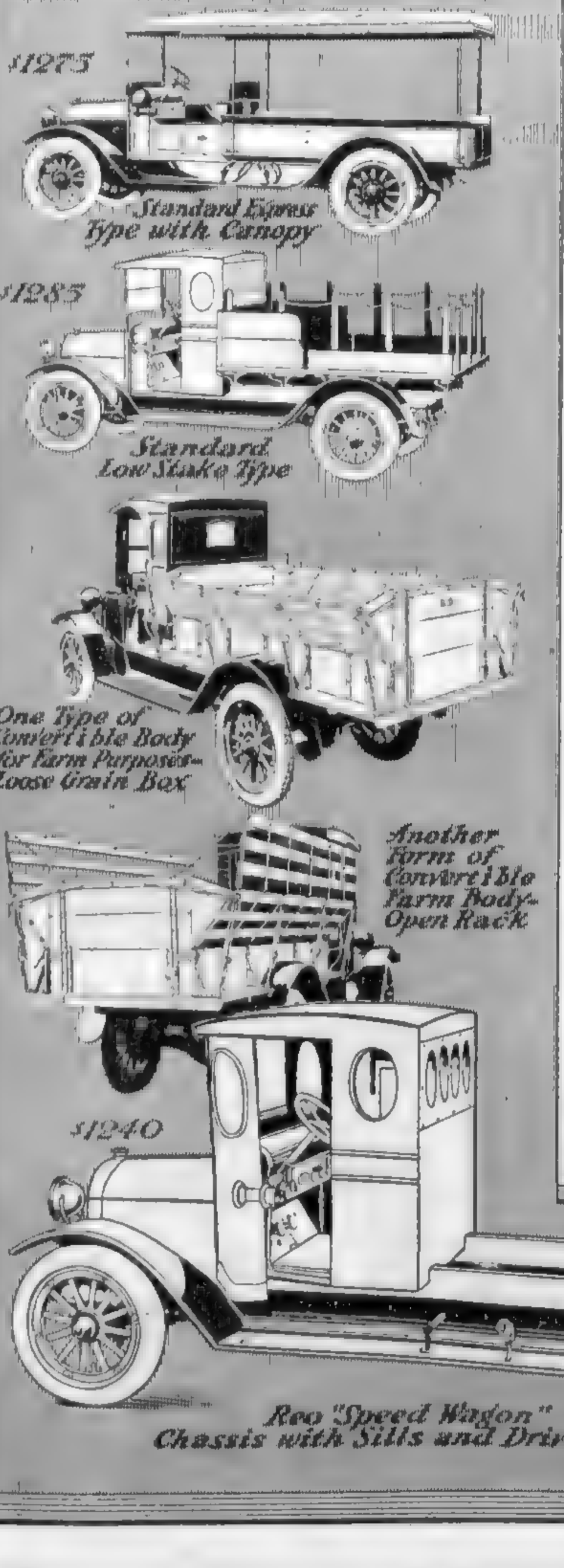
Marine engineers and ship builders should write for Armco Iron literature and ask for the advice of our specialists in sheet metal service.

The trade mark ARMCO carries the assurance that iron bearing that mark is manufactured by The American Rolling Mill Company, with the skill, intelligence and fidelity associated with its products, and hence can be depended upon to possess in the highest degree the merit claimed for it.

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL COMPANY

DEPARTMENT 930, MIDDLETOWN, OHIO

REO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Reo "Speed Wagon" Chassis with Sills and Driver's Cab

The Test of Time Is the Only True Test

IN SELECTING a motor truck you naturally desire to eliminate, so far as possible, the element of uncertainty.

FOR DEPENDABILITY is the prime requisite in a vehicle that is to play so important a part in your daily business.

THE MOTOR TRUCK WILL either conserve or waste a lot of valuable time, depending upon whether it will be always on the job or only intermittently.

THE VERY WORDS Reo and Reliability have come to be regarded by motorists as synonyms.

AND THAT REPUTATION could only develop from many years of use and continuous, consistent performance.

THIS REO "SPEED WAGON" was the pioneer of its type.

IT HAS THEREFORE seen more years of use.

UNCHANGED in any important detail or unit from the very inception of the model, its reputation rests not on brief trials in individual cases, but on several years of service in hands of thousands of owners in hundreds of different lines of business.

SO, WHEN YOU SELECT a Reo "Speed Wagon" for your own particular work, you do eliminate all element of risk and of speculation.

YOU OBTAIN A MOTOR TRUCK the quality, the dependability and the Low Upkeep of which are known quantities.

EQUALLY ADAPTABLE to city, suburban and rural service—to country roads and mountain trails as to city streets—this pneumatic-tired Reo has proven its stamina in all parts of the world and in almost every class of carrying.

DEMAND, ALWAYS GREATER than the output, is now still more insistent—due to War Speed which calls for speedy truck haulage.

SO THE ONLY WAY to be sure of getting a Reo is to see your Reo distributor at once and place your order.

TODAY won't be a minute too soon.

Reo Motor Car Company,
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THE REVIVAL

(Continued from Page 16

mind, when he would have liked to see some way round the point; but finally it was a question of yielding or not yielding.

"No!" he said with a venomous decisiveness. "I don't and I won't!" He stood up as though to go indoors, and repeated, glowering at them: "I don't and I won't!"

The iceman also stood up, with his little grin as of an urchin about to hurl a rock.

"Remember how you hollered for help when Pete Bangs chased you into the tool house with a corn knife, Bur?" he asked. "You had quite a lot of use for your neighbors then." Turning to Ben Gilson he added: "I told you talkin' to him wouldn't do any good. No use talkin' to a man unless he's got the fear of God in his heart."

That seemed to imply a threat, and Marsh flung back: "The man that comes foolin' around here after dark will get a load of shot."

But the iceman, tugging at his tawny mustache, only grinned—which enraged Marsh further. Turning to Uncle Jim Lamb, who was also rising, he sneered: "And you claim to be a Christian!"

"I don't believe in violence, Bur, nor in anything unlawful," the banker replied soberly; "but I taught a Bible class for twenty years. I remember there's a good deal in the Book about how necessary it is for a man to have the fear of God in his heart."

With an angry bite at his nether lip Marsh stumped abruptly into the house, leaving his callers to depart as they pleased. Going to the kitchen he prepared his own supper, in a bitter, obstinate temper, and ate it on the kitchen table; then washed the few dishes he had used. All that heightened his sense of being put upon and abused. He accused his daughter of heartless ingratitude. It came to him that this was the way he must live indefinitely: getting his own meals, washing the dishes, making his bed.

He had eaten supper an hour later than the usual time. When he returned to the living room and sat down it was twenty-five minutes to eight by the clock in a black-walnut case, which stood on a shelf against the south wall. There was a fluted column on either side of the clock case and a carved cornice across the top. Its glass door had been ornamented—below the dial—by a picture of a blue jay perched on a tree no larger than itself. The picture had grown so dim that only the outlines of bird and tree remained with a faded patch of color for the wings. His wife had set her silly heart on a clock, and earned money to buy it by tying grapes for a neighbor. That had been a good twenty-five years ago, when they lived in the old house—which, on building the new house, he had moved back and used as a tool house. It came into his mind somehow as he glanced up at the clock. She had been dead seven years now. The clock ticked with a melancholy loudness, like a tolling bell.

There seemed to be no abatement of his obstinate wrath, but he felt an odd sort of aimlessness as he sat twisting his beard. Somehow he didn't want to go outdoors, though the portentous emptiness of the house, with the clock ticking loudly, afflicted him. . . . They were all against him. Jim Lamb had talked of putting him out of the bank directorate. . . . That oppressive aimlessness increased upon him, as though he were all alone in a desert place or on the sea.

Eight o'clock; the faded timepiece on the shelf chimed it warningly. The daylight was beginning to mellow and fail a little. Then he was roused by the ringing of the telephone. He went to the instrument, attached to the wall, took down the receiver and said gruffly: "Hello."

"That you, Mr. Marsh?" a squeaky voice asked. "This is Tom Shed at Eit Mosier's. Couple of horses in your oats. Look sort o' like Faraday's from here. They must 'a' got in from the woodlot. Thought I'd tell you."

The speaker hung up without waiting for a reply.

Marsh took his hat and left by the back door. The woodlot lay on the opposite side of the quarter section. To reach the spot where it bordered the oats field involved a tramp of nearly half a mile. When Marsh reached it there was no sign of trespassing horses. The fence all along there was in perfect repair, nor had the young oats been trampled anywhere. He spent some little time making sure of these points—and at the end of the investigation had no doubt that some fool had been playing a silly practical joke on him. If a neighbor's horses had broken into his oats field, that would be exactly the sort of thing he would wish to investigate personally, instead of sending Hugh. That squeaky voice on the telephone had no doubt been disguised. Naturally he thought of Pete Bangs.

Yet, oddly, when he tramped back to the house he wasn't in a rage over the incident as he ordinarily would have been. They were all against him, pestering him. He merely felt a dull oppression.

Daylight was more decisively failing when he reached the house. Indoors, with the window shades half down, it was already twilight, yet an object in the living room at once struck his sight—standing out from all the rest. This object was a sheet of white paper, foolscap size, lying on top of the green-shaded kerosene lamp on the center table. Without picking it up he could read what was written on it, or rather printed in big, rudely formed letters:

WHITE CAPS TO NITE LOOK OUT

Of course someone had put it there since he left the room. It gave his nerves a strong shock, and for an instant the racing blood sung in his ears. An enemy had stood there, just where he stood, within a few minutes. He listened intently, his nerves prickling. There was no sound in the darkening house. He gnawed at his nether lip, waiting and listening. He might search the house; but instead he left it hastily by the back door and crossed the barnyard to his tenant house.

He'd had to build a new one when the old one burned, but he had wasted no money on it. There were four small rooms inclosed in a pine shell, with one coat of yellow paint. Two half-grown children playing in the twilight stopped their sport as they saw him approach, eying him dubiously, like young domestic animals in the presence of a hereditary foe. He asked them gruffly where their father was. The girl indicated the back door, so Marsh went round there.

The room at the back of the house was kitchen and dining room in one. At the open door he perceived that Hugh's wife was putting up strawberries and Hugh was helping her. They also looked up dubiously when the gaunt form of the master appeared in the doorway. Marsh took a twist at his beard and addressed his hireling:

"Hugh, I want you to come over to the house and stay to-night. I may need you."

There was no apology; simply a command.

The two in the kitchen gaped at him in surprise. The woman's billowy figure was inclosed in a worn and faded calico garment, and her carrot-colored hair was twisted into a tight little ball on top of her head. Her knobby face was redder than usual from the heat of the kitchen. It was she who finally spoke, in an eruption as astonishing to Marsh as though a volcano had broken out in his dooryard:

"He won't do any such thing! He'll stay right here with his family! He's got no call to help save your skin, Bur Marsh!"

Marsh reddened and his pewterish eyes twinkled at her wrathfully as he retorted: "He'll do as I say or he'll get off the farm. I ain't askin' you to come."

But he had aroused a long-suffering Tartar. Hugh's wife shook her huge iron spoon at him and flamed back: "He won't go one step! I hope they do tar and feather you! You're a mean old skinflint. You've treated Hugh like a dog; and me too! You've always made us do more work'n we're paid for. You've put on us every way. You cheated me on them chickens and you know it."

A host of wrongs rose in her recollection. He wouldn't mend their roof. He let his young pigs root up their poor dooryard. He wouldn't pay her a fair price for doing his family washing. He'd cheated her on the chickens. She poured out the indictment torrentially, her wrath rising as she proceeded, and wound up defiantly: "Hugh won't go one step! I wouldn't care if they hung you! They'd ought to!"

Hugh came up to his wife's shoulder—a broad, squat, bandy-legged figure, bullet-headed and with a red beardless face that

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Wherever Duty calls—in the training camps, in the trenches, on the seas—the GEM Service Outfit in its natty little suit of Khaki is the universal favorite among "our boys". Strong, light, convenient—fits in anywhere; equipped with the wonderful keen cutting GEM Damaskeene Blades that assure a quick, smooth, comfortable shave under any circumstances.
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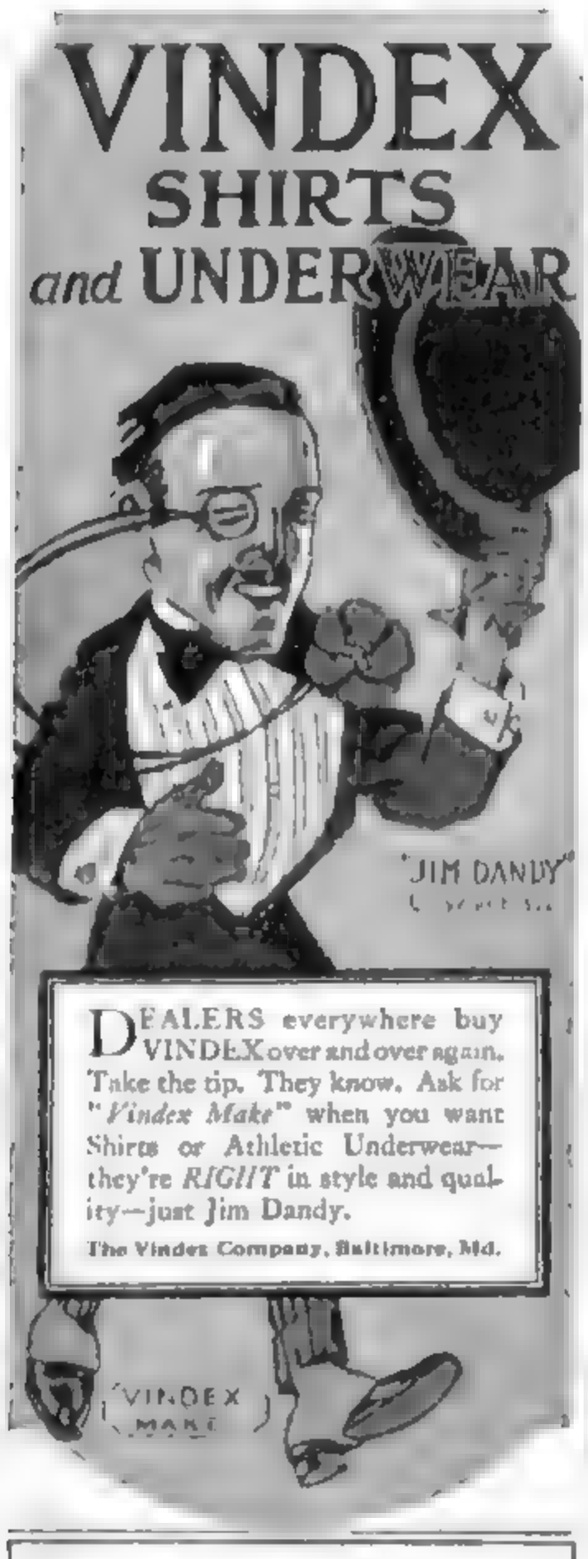

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The Rendezvous of Good

The earth is being torn by Armageddon, the great conflict between the positive forces of good and the negative forces of evil.

It is not necessary for the moment for all progressive world citizens to agree in detail upon all subjects, in order to work together for the establishment of righteousness on earth.

The fields of grain must first be saved from the destroyer before there can be need of final winnowing of the grain.

In the crucial hour the world is coming to recognize the uplifted standard of THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR, international daily newspaper.

The Monitor is standing firmly with democracy against autocracy, with abstinence and sobriety against license and unsobriety, with the cause of equality for the sexes against the forces which seek to perpetuate the disfranchisement of woman and with the cause of medical and religious freedom against the reactionary elements of organized medicine and proscriptive religion.

The Christian Science Monitor, 3c a copy, is on general sale throughout the world at news stands, hotels and Christian Science reading-rooms. A monthly trial subscription by mail anywhere in the world for 75c, a sample copy on request.

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usually expressed only moony good nature. Some people said only a simpleton would work for Bur Marsh and Hugh just filled the bill; but his capacity for bodily labor was extraordinary. His sleeves were rolled above his elbows and he was wearing one of his wife's large kitchen aprons—not to keep his clothes clean but to keep the fruit jars clean. So he was as unmartial a figure as one could well imagine. But as he listened to his wife's reprobation of the master he grinned with broad, shameless enjoyment.

"If you put me off the place I'll sue you for a lot of overtime work and damages and plenty of things," he said, grinning. "I'll git a judgment aginst you too. You ain't got no friends now. Everybody's agin you. If I git you before a jury they'll soak the life out o' you. Nobody's goin' to stand by you. Pete Bangs was tellin' me if you got gay with me just to punch your head. Nobody'd do anything to me. The boys would make up a purse for me."

And the idea of punching Marsh's head so delighted Hugh that he chuckled.

"Go ahead and put me off the place if you want to. I'll git even with you. Anybody can do anything he wants to to you. Nobody's goin' to stand by you. If I was to go to your house it would just be to carry one end of the rail."

Hugh was grinning from ear to ear over the idea that the formidable Bur Marsh was, after all, only a man of straw that anybody could buffet.

Turning abruptly Marsh walked slowly back to his house. Of all that had happened this was fairly the most disconcerting. His own hired man—the docile simpleton, Hugh, dependent on him for bread and butter—grinning at him and defying him. Of course Pete Bangs had been talking to him; but that did not make it less disconcerting.

He went into the living room and lighted the lamp, in a much profounder aimlessness than ever, Hugh's words revolving in his brain. He had no friends. Everybody was against him. Anyone could do anything he pleased to Bur Marsh. A jury would soak him. His daughter had left him. Jim Lamb had talked of throwing him out of the bank. Hank Likens wouldn't bring him ice. Mult Young talked of putting him out of the Fruit Growers' Association. Formerly when he stepped into Web Turner's grocery Web would be dancing attendance on him, anxious for his trade. Now Web Turner, who owed the State Bank six hundred dollars, was practically reprobating him to his face. Hank Likens, who couldn't clean up three thousand dollars to save his life, was blackguarding him on his own front porch.

The world seemed to have turned upside down. He knew well enough he'd never been popular, but that hadn't troubled him. People called him hard and stingy, but they had been welcome to. He hadn't valued himself on being kind or scrupulous. He had valued himself on his ability and success. He hadn't asked people to respect him as a good man. He'd expected them to take off their hats to him because he could get more money out of an acre of ground than anybody else round there; because he was rich by their standards. He hadn't doubted that they envied him and really truckled to him, whatever fool things they might say.

But now the power of his money and success seemed to crumble away. People seemed to have introduced a new scheme of valuations, according to which he was a beggar—much as though he had complacently pulled out a pocketful of bank notes and been coolly informed that they were counterfeit. . . . This patriotism business seemed to have turned the world upside down. . . . Everybody could blackguard him; his own hired man could defy him. He felt monstrously baffled, cut off and cast out of that web of mutual protection and mutual help by which men live, more alone than a man in solitary confinement, for he was open to attack on every side. He had plenty of enemies, and this new scheme seemed to give them all a free hand at him.

Fairly dark outside now. His nerves prickled again. In the dark they might be coming. He had his shotgun, and the letter of the law was on his side, but he was shrewd and experienced enough to know that the letter of the law is a dubious support against determined public opinion. Something much more potent than the letter of the law had been withdrawn from him—something that would have effectually restrained Hugh from thinking of punching his head and Hank Likens from thinking of riding him on a rail. Nobody wanted him to be protected any more.

He was twisting his beard in a great oppression from that sense of sudden isolated helplessness, something in him dumbly crying out for support, when his nerves jerked as though a string had been pulled, for a sharp thump sounded against the wall of the house near the window. A second and third like sound followed quickly. He realized at once that somebody, over by the clump of lilacs, was throwing stones at the house. He stood up, glowering. A stone came through the window, shattering the pane, tearing a big hole in the nearly drawn shade and striking his hip painfully.

He ran into his bedroom. In the dark his hand found the shotgun in the corner of the closet where it always stood and the small pasteboard box of shells on the floor beside it. Squatting in the dark he opened the breech of the gun and uncovered the box. His groping hand found only two shells. He thrust them into the gun and ran back to the living room, meaning to go to the porch and fire.

But something had been happening in his mind that took the aggressive edge off his temper. That baffled, helpless feeling was upon him—the sense of something strange and ominous in all his relations. Instead of running to the porch and firing he paused aimlessly between the bedroom door and the front door. For a brief moment nothing happened. Then a second stone came through the window, smashing another pane, ripping the curtain and thumping against the opposite wall. Its line of flight passed very near the green-shaded lamp on the center table, and Marsh's eye followed it, with an instinctive thought for the lamp. Thus his glance took in the sheet of foolscap paper with the warning rudely lettered on it.

At seeing the sheet the first time he had thought of Pete Bangs. That thought flitted again in his mind and brought up something else that had been lying just below the surface for the last thirty or forty seconds—namely, when Emma warned him that afternoon he had glanced into his pasteboard box and it had then contained at least half a dozen shells; but when he felt in it thirty or forty seconds ago it had contained only two shells—and meanwhile Pete Bangs had been in the house.

He broke the breech of his gun, extracted the shells and looked at them with some care. Their ends should have been smoothly rolled down, by machinery, over the gunwad on top of the load; but they were not so rolled. They looked as though the wad had been removed and afterward replaced by hand.

A third stone came through the window. Fairly without heeding it Marsh got out his jackknife, pried the wadding loose and poured out the contents of a shell in his hand. There was no shot in it—only gunpowder and some whitish-looking stuff. His first thought was that the trickster had meant to play a practical joke on him, getting him to fire a blank charge. But that whitish stuff looked familiar. He put a bit of it on his tongue and knew the taste, for he had used dynamite to blast out stumps with. He turned his gun toward the lamp to squint through a barrel; but he could not see through; the barrel was plugged. He stepped over to the table so the rays of the lamp would fall into the tube. Then he could see an obstruction—apparently a wooden plug—eight or ten inches from the breech.

Sweat broke out on his forehead. If he had run to the porch and fired, following his first impulse, the gun would certainly have burst in his hands, and in all probability he would have been killed. No mere practical joke this, but death. He felt the bony hand on his shoulder, and his stomach turned cold. Another rock came through the window, but Marsh only sat down in a chair weakly, and mechanically wiped the sweat from his forehead. In a half-detached way his mind perceived the devilish ingenuity of the thing. The man who did it was out there by the lilacs, still ready to murder him. He felt himself stark alone with his enemies and death; and a mighty fear descended upon him, penetrating to the marrow of his bones.

A moment later he sprang up, seized his hat, blew out the light and ran out of the back door.

Uncle Jim Lamb himself, newspaper in hand and his feet in black velvet slippers embroidered with blue beads—a Christmas gift from his twelve-year-old granddaughter—answered the ring, and when he opened the door the hall light revealed Bur Marsh's gaunt figure.

"You can put me down for fifty dollars for the Red Cross, Jim, and the next Liberty Loan I'll subscribe a thousand dollars," Marsh said the moment the door was fairly open—speaking hurriedly, and in the manner of one making an offer.

Uncle Jim shrewdly studied the caller's face an instant, and his own chubby face lighted with a smile as he extended his hand. "That's fine, Bur," he said simply. "The boys will understand. We all want to be good friends and neighbors, pulling together. There mustn't be any room for hard feelings once we get together."

Holding Marsh's calloused hand he put the other hand on his arm. "You see, those Germans have thrown a big scare into us. We don't know what they may do to us before we finally get 'em stopped. When men are scared, you know, they want to stand together. They don't like stragglers."

"I want to stand with 'em," said Marsh awkwardly, his voice not exactly steady and a new note of anxious humility in it. Somehow it reminded Uncle Jim of a cold and hungry man asking to be let inside. And that, as he shrewdly studied the caller's troubled face, gave him another idea. He spoke in friendly confidence:

"The way I look at it, Bur, religion's a case for a man to mind his own business. But it ain't a bad thing for a man to have the fear of God in his heart, nor anything to be ashamed of." Immediately he added in the most casual way: "Guess Emma's over at Pearsoll's. I saw her on the porch there half an hour or so ago. I'll tell the boys you've subscribed. They'll understand."

Marsh muttered "All right," and was scarcely aware of the banker's cheerful "Good night." He went off the porch mechanically, his mind preoccupied with a surprising idea. It was certainly odd—the way Uncle Jim brought it round to being the fear of God. When he had walked half a block he turned abruptly in his tracks and went back to Pearsoll's; and when his daughter confronted him on the porch there he said with an awkward baldness, fumbling at his beard:

"I've subscribed, Emma. I'd like you to come home with me."

It was a week after this that Henry Likens' wife unfolded a remarkable idea to her husband as follows:

"What do you think, Hank? Bur Marsh drove Emma down to the train to see Phil Tenney off and shook hands with him, and he's letting Emma use a horse and buggy to come to town to work in the Red Cross two afternoons a week, and he's told Hugh's wife she can keep chickens again and have all the money she gets for the eggs after paying for the chicken feed. I believe that man's getting religion!"

To which the iceman replied gravely: "I wouldn't wonder. Meanest man livin' can get it by just turnin' his face that way. You see, Sally, God's on our side. Bur's comin' over gives him a chance to get acquainted."

They can't take chances here

"STOP!" says the little lamp. And scores of lives are safeguarded. Railroads long ago realized the necessity for the MAZDA Lamp, to replace less reliable kinds of lighting. On the signals, in the cars, and in the locomotive headlight, Edison MAZDA Lamps are in use, making traveling safer, cleaner and more agreeable.

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What Would You Do?

What would you do—what *do* you do with a corn? Which of these ways is your way?

Way One is to pare and pad it, then pare and pad again. Such corns are never ended. The feet are never sightly. Corn aches never cease to threaten every joyous hour.

Way Two is to daub it with some harsh, mussy treatment. Or to apply, in other ways, old, unscientific methods. The bother, the soreness, the disappointments have led millions to keep their corns.

Way Three is Blue-jay—dainty, quick and certain, modern and scientific. A way invented by a famous chemist, and prepared by Bauer & Black—world-famed for their surgical dressings.

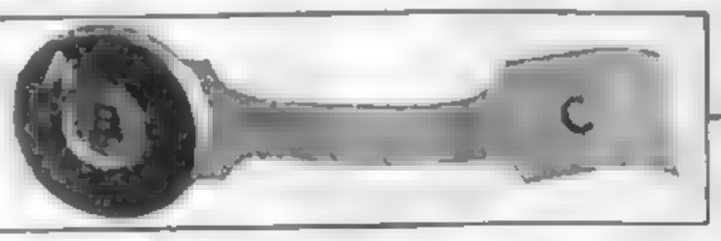
One applies it in an instant. The pain stops at once and forever. In 48 hours—hours of perfect foot comfort—the whole corn disappears. Only one corn in 10 needs a second application.

Millions of people have tried it. They even enjoy it, for Blue-jay is so soft, so snug, so comfortable. Those are the people, now met everywhere, who never think of corns.

Join them today. Try Blue-jay on one corn. Forget it for a day or two, and see what Blue-jay does.

Next time a corn starts you will do the same. Wrong methods will be banished. And from that day on you will never suffer corns.

Prove this now, in fairness to yourself.



How Blue-jay Acts

A is a thin, soft pad which stops the pain by relieving the pressure.

B is the B & B wax, which gently undermines the corn. Usually it takes only 48 hours to end the corn completely.

C is rubber adhesive which sticks without wetting. It wraps around the toe and makes the plaster snug and comfortable.

Blue-jay is applied in a jiffy. After that, one doesn't feel the corn. The action is gentle, and applied to the corn alone. So the corn disappears without soreness.

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Stop Pain Instantly—End Corns Completely

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(952

YOUNG BLACK JOE

(Continued from Page 8)

hold it too long you're apt to lose an arm or your life. That's why we are so particular about timing the movements.

"Well, one squad lined up out here in a field with their eyes bugging out like china door knobs. They were game enough but they weren't very happy. The moment the word 'One' was given a little stumpy darky in my battalion that we call Sugar Foot flung his grenade as far as he could.

"When the rest of the grenades had been thrown the platoon commander jumped all over Sugar Foot. He said to him: 'Look here, what did you mean by throwing that grenade before these other boys threw theirs? Don't you know enough to wait for "Three" before you turn loose?'

"'Yas, suh, lieutenant,' says Sugar Foot; 'but I jes' natchelly had to th'ow it. W'y, lieutenant, I could feel dat thing a-swellin' in my hand.'"

It may have been the same Sugar Foot—assuredly it was the likes of him—who gave us the salute so briskly as we sped out of the village on the far side from the side on which we entered it. Followed then a swift coursing through a French-held sector wherein at each unfolding furlong of chalky-white highway we beheld sights which, being totted up, would have made enough to write a book about, say three years back. But three years back is ancient history in this war, and what once would have run into chapters is now worth no more than a paragraph, if that much.

The One-Mule Traffic Line

At the end of this leg of the journey we were well out of the static zone and well into the active one. And so, after going near where sundry French batteries ding-donged away with six-inch shells—shrapnel, high explosives and gas in equal doses—at a German position five miles away, we emerged from the protecting screenage of forest after the fashion stated in the opening sentences of this article, and learned that we had landed where we had counted on landing when we started out.

It was the regiment we were looking for, sure enough. Its colonel, our friend, having been apprised by telephone from two miles rearward at one of his battalion headquarters that we were approaching, had sent word per runner that he waited to welcome us down at his present station just behind the forward observation posts.

So we climbed aboard the one piece of rolling stock that was left astride the metals of a road over which, until August of 1914, transcontinental trains had whizzed, and the ginger-colored humorist slapped the sloping withers of his steed and that patient brute flinched a protesting flinch that ran through his frame from neck to flanks, and we were off for the front trenches by way of the Fifty-ninth Street cross-town line on as unusual a journey as I, for one, have taken since coming over here to this war-worn country, where the unusual thing is the common thing these days. Off with an ex-apartment-house doorman from San Juan Hill, New York City, for our steersman; a creaking small flat car for a chariot; a home-grown mule for motive power; a Yankee second lieutenant and a French liaison officer for added passengers; and for special scenic touches alongside the bramble-grown cut through which we jogged, machine guns so mounted as to command aisles chopped through the thickets, and three-inch guns plying busily at an unseen objective. To this add the whewful remarks let fall in passing by the big ones from farther back as they conversed among themselves on their way over to annoy the Hun, and at intervals aërial skirmishes occurring away up overhead—'twas a braw and a bonny day for aërial fighting, as a stage Scotchman might say—and you will have a fairly complete picture of the ensemble in your own mind, I trust. But don't forget to stir in the singing of birds and the buzzing of insects.

The negro troopers we encountered now, here in the copses, sometimes singly or oftener still in squads and details, were dissimilar physically as well as in certain temperamental respects to their fellows of the draft regiment we had seen a little while before. They were apt to be mulattoes or to have light-brown complexions instead of clear black; they were sophisticated and townwise in their bearing; their idioms differed from those others, and their accents too; for almost without exception they were city dwellers and many of them had been born North, whereas the negroes from Dixie were rural products drawn out of the heart of the Farther South. But for all of them might be said these things: They were soldiers who wore their uniforms with a smartened pride; who were jaunty and alert and prompt in their movements; and who expressed, as some did vocally in my hearing, and all did by their attitude, a sincere and heartfelt inclination to get a whack at the foe with the shortest possible delay. I am of the opinion personally—and I make the assertion with all the better grace, I think, seeing that I am a Southerner with all of the Southerner's inherited and acquired prejudices touching on the race question—that as a result of what our black soldiers are going to do in this war, a word that has been uttered billions of times in our country, sometimes in derision, sometimes in hate, sometimes in all kindliness—but which I am sure never fell on black ears but it left behind a sting for the heart—is going to have a new meaning for all of us, South and North too, and that hereafter n-i-g-g-e-r will merely be another way of spelling the word American.

However, that is getting in the moral of my tale before I am anywhere near its proper conclusion. The reader consenting, we'll go back to the place where we were just now, when we rode over the one-mule traffic line to the greeting that had been organized for us two miles away. By chance we had chosen a most auspicious moment for our arrival. For word had just been received touching on the honors which the French Government had been pleased to confer upon two members of the regiment, Henry Johnson and Needham Roberts, to wit, as follows: For each the War Cross and for each a special citation before the whole French Army, and in addition a golden palm, signifying extraordinary valor, across the red-and-green ribbon of Johnson's decoration. So it was shortly coming to pass that a negro, almost surely, would be the first private of the American Expeditionary Forces to get a golden palm along with his Croix de Guerre. It might be added, though the statement is quite superfluous in view of the attendant circumstances, that he earned it.

Preparing for the Bush-Germans

Through the cable dispatches which my companions straightway sent, they being correspondents for daily papers, America will have learned long before these lines can be written and posted and put in type and printed, how Johnson and Roberts, two comparatively green recruits, were attacked at night in a front-line strong point by a raiding party estimated to number between twenty and twenty-five; and how after both had been badly wounded and after Roberts had gone down with a shattered leg he, lying on his back, flung hand grenades with such effect that he blew at least one of the raiders to bits of scrap meat; and how Johnson first with bullets, then with his clubbed rifle after he had emptied it, and finally with his bolo gave so valiant an account of himself that the attacking party fled back to their own lines, abandoning most of their equipment and carrying with them at least five of their number, who had been either killed outright or most despitefully misused by the valiant pair. If ever proof were needed, which it is not, that the color of a man's skin has nothing to do with the color of his soul these twain then and there offered it in abundance.

The word of what the French military authorities meant to do having been received, it had spread, and its lesson was bearing fruit. So we found out when the colonel took us on a journey through the forward trenches. Every other private and every other noncom we ran across had his rifle apart and was carefully oiling it. If they were including the colored boys now when it came to passing round those crosses he meant to get one too, and along with it a mess of Germans—Bush-Germans, by his way of expression. The negro soldier in France insists on pronouncing boche as Bush, and on coupling the transmogrified word to the noun German, possibly because the African mind loves mouth-filling phrases or perhaps just to make all the clearer that, according to his concepts, every boche is a German and every German is a boche.

Jim Henry says—

I dropped off at a small town the other day for a chat with an old druggist who is the wisest merchant of my acquaintance.

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Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

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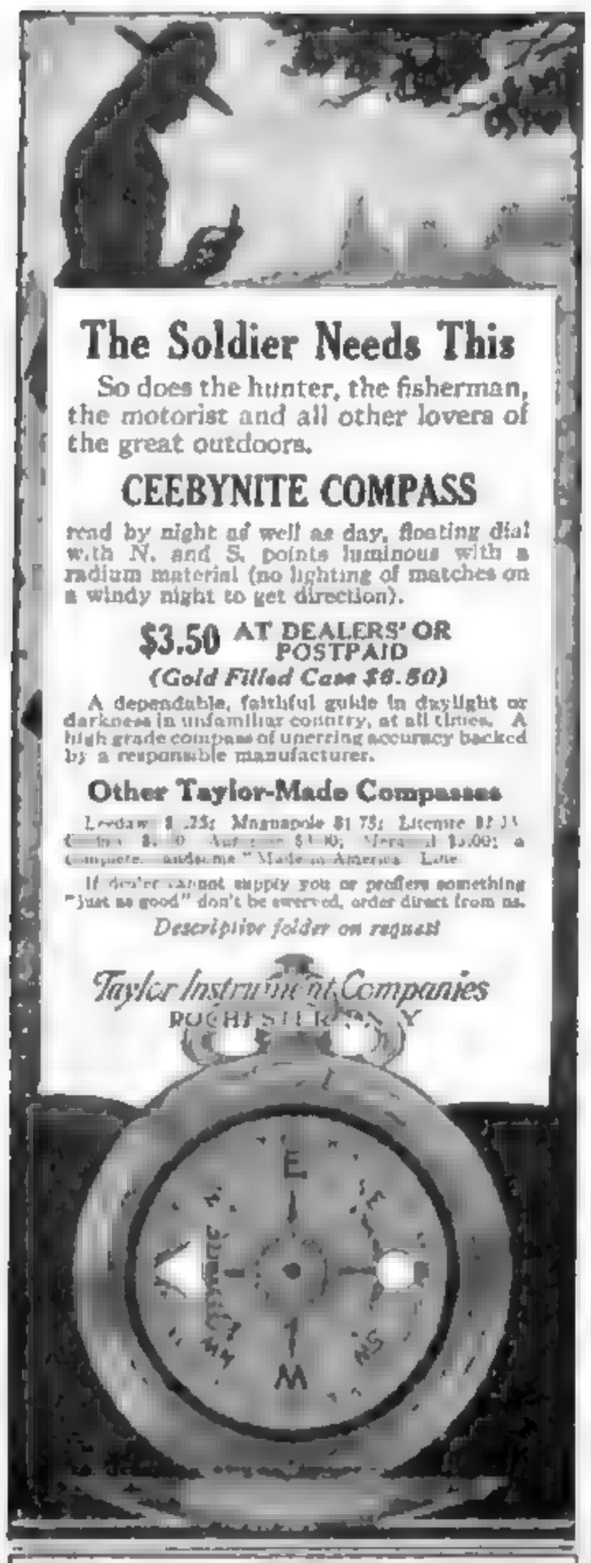

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Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

As we passed along we heard one short and stumpy private, with a complexion like the bottom of a coal mine and a smile like the sudden lifting of a piano lid, call out to a mate as he fitted his greased rifle together:

"Henry Johnson, he done right well, didn't he? But say, boy, effen they'll jes gimme a razor an' a armload of bricks an' one half pint of bust-haid licker I kin go plum to Berlin."

The most illuminating insight of all, though, into the strengthened ambition that animated the rank and file of these men was vouchsafed to us as we three, following along behind the tall shape of the colonel, rounded a corner of the trench and became aware of a soldier who sat cross-legged upon his knees with his back turned to us and was so deeply intent upon the task in hand that he never heeded our approach at all. On a silent signal from our guide we tiptoed nearer so that we could look downward over the bent shoulders of the unconscious one, and this then was what we saw: A small, squarely built individual of the color of a bottle of good cider vinegar, who balanced upon his knees a slab of whitish stone—it looked like a scrap of tombstone, and I am inclined to think that is exactly what it was—and in his two hands, held by the handle, a bolo with a nine-inch blade. First he would anoint the uppermost surface of the white slab after the ordained fashion of those who use whetstones, then industriously he would hone his blade. And all the while, under his breath, he crooned a little wordless humming song which had in it some of the menace of a wasp's petulant buzzing. He was making war medicine. A United States soldier whose remote ancestors by preference fought hand to hand with their jungle enemies was qualifying to see Henry Johnson and go him one better.

A Little Private Celebration

"They're all like that boy with the bolo, and some of them are even more so," said the colonel after we had tramped back again to the dugout in a chalk cliff, which he temporarily occupied as a combination parlor, boudoir, office, breakfast room and headquarters. "We were a pretty green outfit when they brought us over here. Why, even after we got over to France some of my boys used to write me letters tendering their resignations, to take effect immediately. They had come into the service of their own free will—as volunteers in the National Guard—so when they got tired of soldiering, as a few of them did at first, they couldn't understand why they shouldn't go out of their own free wills.

"They used us on construction work down near one of the ports for a while after we landed. Then here a couple of weeks ago they sent us up to take over this sector. The men are fond of saying that all they had by way of preparation for the job was four days' drilling and a haircut.

"Did I say just now that we were green? Well, that doesn't half describe it, let me tell you. This sector was calm enough, as front-line sectors go, when we took it over. But the first night my fellows had hardly had time enough to learn to find their way about the trenches when from a forward rifle pit a rocket of a certain color went up, signifying: 'We are being attacked by tanks.'

"It gave me quite a shock, especially as there had been no artillery preparation from Fritz's side of the wire, and besides there is a swamp between the lines right in front of where that rifle pit is, so I didn't exactly see how tanks were going to get across unless the Germans ferried them over in skiffs. So before calling out the regiment I decided to make a personal investigation. But before I had time to start on it two more rockets went up from another rifle pit at the left of the first one, and according to the code these rockets meant: 'Lift your barrage—we are about to attack in force.' Since we hadn't been putting down any barrage and there was no reason for an attack and no order for one this gave me another shock. So I put out hot-foot to find out what was the matter.

"It seemed a raw recruit in the first pit had found a box of rockets. Just for curiosity, I suppose, or possibly because he wished to show the Bush-Germans that he regarded the whole thing as being in the nature of a celebration, or maybe because he just wanted to see what would happen afterward, he touched off one of them. And then a fellow down the line seeing this rocket decided, I guess, that a national holiday of the French was being observed and so he touched off two. But it never will happen again.

"The very next night we had a gas alarm two miles back of here in the next village, where one of my battalions is billeted. It turned out to be a false alarm, but all through the camp the sentries were sounding their automobile horns as a warning for gas masks. But Major Blank's orderly didn't know the meaning of the signals, or if he did know he forgot it in the excitement of the moment. Still he didn't lose his head altogether. As he heard the sound of the tootings coming nearer and nearer he dashed into the major's billet—the major is a very sound sleeper—and grabbed him by the shoulder and shook him right out of his blankets.

"'Wake up, major!' he yelled, trying to keep on shaking with one hand and to salute with the other. 'Fur Gawd's sake, suh, wake up. The Germans is comin'—in automobiles!'

"Oh yes, they were green at the start; but they are as game as any men in this man's Army are. You take it from me, because I know. They weren't afraid of the cold and the wet and the terrific labor when they worked last winter down near the coast of France on as mean a job of work as anybody ever tackled. They were up to their waists in cold water part of the time—yes, most of the time they were—but not a one of them flinched. And believe me there's no flinching among them now that we are up against the Huns! You don't need the case of Johnson and Roberts to prove it. It is proved by the attitude of every single man among them. It isn't hard to send them into danger—the hard part is to keep them from going into it on their own accord. They say the dark races can't stand the high explosives—that their nerves go to pieces under the strain of the terrific concussion. If that be so the representatives of the dark races that come from America are the exceptions to the rule. My boys are getting fat and sassy on a fare of bombings and bombardments, and we have to watch them like hawks to keep them from slipping off on little independent raiding parties without telling anybody about it in advance. Their real test hasn't come yet, but when it does come you take a tip from me and string your bets along with this minstrel troupe to win."

When the Boys Say "Let's Go"

"My men have a catch phrase that has come to be their motto and their slogan. Tell any one of them to do a certain thing and as he gets up to go about it he invariably says, 'Let's go!' Tell a hundred of them to do a thing and they'll say the same thing. I hear it a thousand times a day. The mission may involve discomfort or the chance of a sudden and exceedingly violent death. No matter—'Let's go!' that's the invariable answer. Personally I think it makes a pretty good maxim for an outfit of fighting men, and I'll stake my life on it that they'll live up to it when the real trial comes."

Two days we stayed on there, and they were two days of a superior variety of continuous black-face vaudeville. There was the evening when for our benefit the men organized an impromptu concert featuring a quartet that would succeed on any man's burlesque circuit, and a troupe of buck-and-wing dancers whose equals it would be hard to find on the Big Time. There was the next evening when the band of forty pieces serenaded us. I think surely this must be the best regimental band in our Army. Certainly it is the best one I have heard in Europe during this war. On parade when it played the Memphis Blues the men did not march; the music poured in at their ears and ran down to their heels, and instead of marching they literally danced their way along. As for the dwellers of the French towns in which this regiment has from time to time been quartered, they, I am told, fairly go mad when some alluring, compelling, ragtime tune is played with that richness of syncopated melody in it which only the black man can achieve; and as the regiment has moved on, more than once it has been hard to keep the unattached inhabitants of the village that the band was quitting from moving on with it.

If I live to be a hundred and one I shall never forget the second night, which was a night of a splendid, flawless full moon. We stood with the regimental staff on the terraced lawn of the chief house in a half-deserted town five miles back from the trenches, and down below us in the main street the band played plantation airs and hundreds of negro soldiers joined in and sang the words. Behind the masses of upturned dark faces was a ring of white ones where the remaining natives of the place clustered, with their heads wagging in time to the tunes.

A Letter to His Mammy

And when the band got to Way Down Upon the Suwanee River I wanted to cry, and when the drum major, who likewise had a splendid barytone voice, sang, as an interpolated number, Joan of Arc, first in English and then in excellent French, the villagers openly cried; and an elderly peasant, heavily whiskered, with the tears of a joyous and thankful enthusiasm running down his bearded cheeks, was with difficulty restrained from throwing his arms about the soloist and kissing him.

Those two days we heard stories without number, all of them true, I take it, and most of them good ones. We heard of the yellow youth who beseeched his officer to send him with a "dang'ous message" meaning by that that he craved to go on a perilous mission for the greater glory of the A. E. F. and incidentally of himself; and about the jaunty individual who pulled the firing wire of a French grenade and catching the hissing sound of the fulminator working its way toward the charge exclaimed: "That's it—fry, gosh dern you, fry!" before he threw it. And about how a sergeant on an emergency trench-digging job stuck to the task, standing hip-deep in icy water and icy mud, until from chill and exhaustion he dropped unconscious and was like to drown in the muck into which he had collapsed head downward, until his squad discovered him up-ended there and dragged him out; and about many other things small or great, bespeaking fortitude and courage and fidelity and naïve Afric waggery.

Likewise into my possession came copies of two documents, both of which I should say are typical just as each is distinctive of a different phase of the negro temperament. One of them, the first one, was humorous. Indeed to my way of thinking it was as fine an example of unconscious humor as this war is likely to produce. The other was—well, judge for yourself.

Before the regiment moved forward for its dedication to actual warfare it was impressed upon the personnel in the ranks that from now on, more even than before, a soldier in his communications with his superior officer must use the formal and precise language of military propriety. The lesson must have sunk in, because on the thrillsome occasion when a certain private found himself for the first time in a forward rifle pit and for the first time heard German rifle bullets whistling past his ears he called to him a runner and dispatched to the secondary lines this message, now quoted exactly as written except that the proper names have been changed:

"LIEUTENANT SIDNEY J. MCCLELLAND,
"Commanding Company B, ——— ———,
A. E. F., U. S. A.

"*Dear Sir:* I am being fired on heavily from the left. I await your instructions.

"Trusting these few lines will find you the same, I remain, Yours truly,

"JEFFERSON JONES."

The other thing was an extract from a letter written by an eighteen-year-old private to his old mother in New York, with no idea in his head when he wrote it that any eyes other than those of his own people would read it after it had been censored and posted. The officer to whom it came for censoring copied from it one paragraph, and this paragraph ran like this:

"Mammy, these French people don't bother with no color-line business. They treat us so good that the only time I ever knows I'm colored is when I looks in the glass."

Coming away—and we came reluctantly—we skirted the edge of the billeting area where the regiment of Southern negroes was quartered, and again we heard them singing. But this time they sang no plaintive meeting-house air. They sang a ringing, triumphant, Glory-Glory-Hallelujah song. For—so we learned—to them the word had come that they were about to move up and perhaps come to grips with the "Bush-Germans." Yes, most assuredly n-i-g-g-e-r is going to have a different meaning when this war ends.

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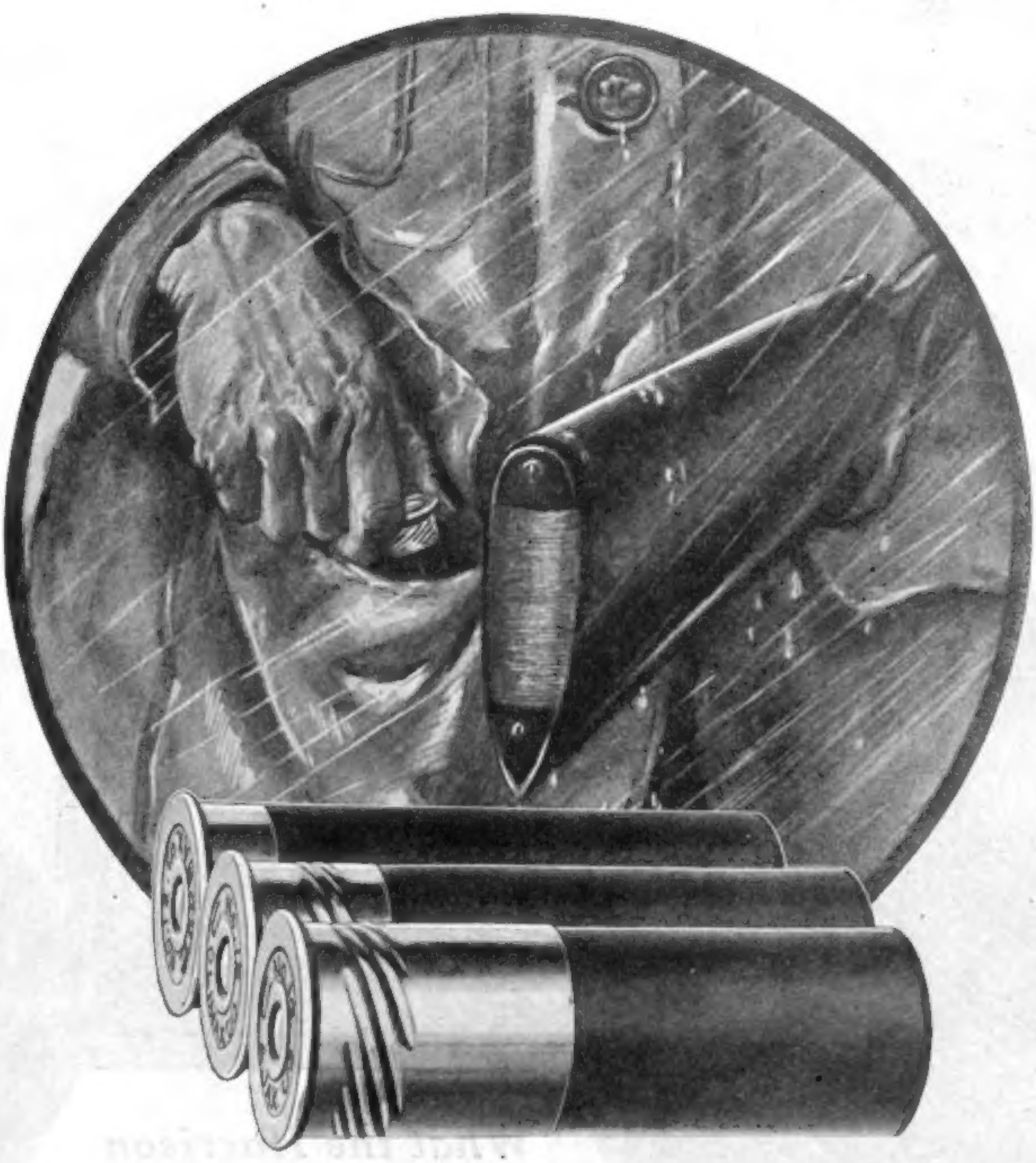

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